

The Pretenders, Every Mother's Son

I was born with my hand in a fist,
And my eyes shut tight.
Any wonder that I cannot resist,
Punching blindly, in a fight.
First time I saw swans flying to the sun,
I wanted to be one.
Like every mother's son,
When I saw my life had begun,
I wanted to be someone,
Like my brother,
My one and only father,
And like every mother's son.
I was raised within a cause,
With a purpose to fulfill.
I was taught to defend what was mine,
And instructed not to kill.
My small mortal eyes can see eternity.
In the clouds that dissolve and then regroup endlessly.
Like every mother's son,
When a man showed me how to use a gun,
I wished I'd never needed one,
Like my brother,
My one and only father,
And like every mother's son.
Everything in domesticity,
Assumes its role better than me.
I'm a displaced person whose culture let me down.
I raise my own daughters in a pornographic town,
Like every mother's son,
I've lost some and some I've won,
Now I'm waiting for a new dawn,
Like my brother,
My one and only father,
And like every mother's son.
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help.