

# Son of Virginia

## Clutch

It was the morning of All Saint's Day, '98 When that old blind dog started roaming around the  
graveyard

Wouldn't have bothered me so much

Were he not walking on his hind legs and smoking cigars Recite my lineage and genealogy

You've got to know your history,

Son of Virginia Everybody's in the church believing they're a sinner

And looking for a sign from the True Son of Virginia When the storm blew over we made our  
way

To the old hay wain to infiltrate the sarcophagus

By the dim light of a narrow window we saw

The God's honest truth staring right back at us

Recite your lineage and genealogy

You've got to know your history,

Son of Virginia Everybody's in the church believing they're a sinner

And looking for a sign from the True Son of Virginia Stare into the embers on the first of  
November

And remember you were born a True Son of Virginia I was thrown to the ground as my world  
broke asunder

Truly we are living in an Age of Wonder It was the morning of All Saint's Day, '98 When that  
old blind dog started calling me associate

Wouldn't have bothered me so much were it not for the fact

That was the truth of it Recite our lineage and genealogy

You've got to know your history,

Son of Virginia Stare into the embers on the first of November

And remember you were born a True Son of Virginia

I was thrown to the ground as my world broke asunder

Truly we are living in an Age of Wonder

I wept like a child as the son rose above her

Truly we are living in an Age of Wonder.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>