

Children of Children

Jason Isbell

Pictures of the farm before us
Old men in a gospel Sephia and saddle horses
Easy on the reins
'81 a motor in your
Mama's 17 again
She's squinting at the dusty wind
The anger of the plains
You and I were almost nothing
Pray to God that God was bluffing
17 ain't old enough to reason with the pain
How could we expect to stay in love
When neither knew the meaning of the difference of sacred and profane
I was riding on my mother's hip, she was shorter than the corn
All the years I took from her, just by being born.
Didn't mean to break the cycle
At 17 I went by Michael
No one ever called by my own name anyway
Half full generations
Living all these expectations
Giving way to one, late to have a baby on the way
You were riding on your mother's hip she
was shorter than the corn
All the years you took from her, just by being born.

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