

Elton John - Son Of Your Father

Tom: Eb

I'll catch the tramline in the morning
 With your leave Van Bushell said
 He had further heard the cock crow
 As he stumbled out the shed

Then blind Joseph came towards him
 With a shotgun in his arms
 He said you'll pay me twenty dollars
 Before you leave my farm

Van Bushell saw the hook
 Which replaced Joseph's hand
 He said now calm you down my brother
 Let's discuss this man to man

It's no good you getting angry
 We must try to act our age
 You're pursuing your convictions
 Like some hermit in a cage

You're the son of your father

Ab Eb
 Try a little bit harder

Do for me as he would do for you
 With blood and water bricks and mortar
 He built for you a home
 You're the son of your father
 So treat me as your own

Well slowly Joseph well he lowered the rifle
 And he emptied out the shells
 Van Bushell he came towards him
 He shook his arm and wished him well

He said now hey blind man that is fine
 But I sure can't waste my time
 So move aside and let me go my way
 I've got a train to ride

Well Joseph turned around
 His grin was now a frown
 He said let me just refresh your mind
 Your manners boy seem hard to find

You're the son of your father...

Well there's two men lying dead as nails
 On an East Virginia farm
 For charity's an argument
 That only leads to harm

So be careful when they're kind to you
 Don't you end up in the dirt
 Just remember what I'm saying to you
 And you likely won't get hurt

Acordes

