

Teach your children

Crosby Stills & Nash

You who are on the road
Must have a code that you can live by
And so become yourself
Because the past is just a good-bye

Teach your children well,
Their father's hell did slowly go by,
And feed them on your dreams,
The one their picks, the one you'll know by

Don't you ever ask them why,
if they told you, you would cry,
So just look at them and sigh
And know they love you.

And you, of tender years,
Can't know the fears that your elders grew by,
And so please help them with your youth,
They seek the truth, before they can die.

Teach your parents well,
Their children's hell will slowly go by,
And feed them on your dreams
The one they picks, the one you'll know by

Don't you ever ask them why,
if they told you, you would cry,
So just look at them and sigh
And know they love you.

Ce groupe américain était vraiment magnifique;
Guitares et super chorus; Pour moi des maîtres dans
un genre folk-song quasi indémodable;