

## Surviving Twin

Loudon Wainwright III

Last week I attended a family affair &  
A few remarked upon my recent growth of facial hair  
You look just like your father did  
With that beard someone said  
I answered back I am him even though my old man's dead  
I didn't want to be him will at first I did  
When I loved & looked up to him as a little kid

He sent me to his old school I was a numeral with his  
name & he gave me this gold signet ring  
And he wore one just the same  
And I guess that I believed him & probably it was true  
When he told me I was just like him  
That's what some fathers do

But a father's always older and my dad was rather tall  
Who says size doesn't matter, he was big & I was small  
I needed to be big enough to be someone someday  
& I learned I had to beat him & that was the only way

I learned I had to fight him, my own flesh & bone & kin  
Buyt I felt I was ust like him can a man's son be his  
twin

First we fought for my mother, that afforded little joy  
When he left she was heart broken  
& I was still their little boy  
But I started to get bigger & to win the ugly game  
When I made a little money & I got a bit of fame

& I saw how this could wound him  
Yes this could do the trick &  
If I made it big enough I could kill him off quick  
But how can you murder someone  
In a way that they don't die  
I didn't want to kill him, that would be suicide