

Teach Your Children
(Written by Graham 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 goodbye

Teach your children well
Their father's well
Did slowly go dry
And feed them on your dreams
The ones they fix
The ones 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 you 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 cry

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