

**Legacies**

Is no one inside  
When I come to you  
Is it just your eyes  
I'll be looking through  
Even if I come  
Etched with all the lines  
You will colour me  
With your own design

***And what you see, I'll see  
Oh your shadow is so long  
If you know, I'll know  
Freedom to and freedom from  
What you hear, I'll hear  
In your beating of the drum  
Marching on and on and on***

Am I bad or good  
Filled with love or hate  
Praised and understood  
Or scolded every day  
When I'm soon set free  
To sail or run aground  
Your legacy is handed

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