



What do you do
When your baby son is 32?
In so many way's he's wise –
A lifetime ahead of you
He holds your heart
He coaches you right on through
This exciting ride
Alongside a new generation

What do you do when your daughter's
A better mother – *and she's slim!*
You laugh 'n talk girl talk, look in the mirror
You cannot win. You say
"Look at that flab on my underarm –
It's enough to make me cry"
She says "My friends call those arms
'Waving goodbye' ..."



My girl says" Love you mum" and m' boy says "Me too"
And the whole world stops ... for a moment or two
I hold them in my arms. I will never wave goodbye
We are DNA, and all I can say, my babies, is 'I love you'

You watch them on the old male/female rollercoaster ride
You wanna tell them. They have to learn. You step aside
Next thing they're up there, stronger, you can see it in their eyes
You are proud they're breaking ground for a new generation

What do you do when your baby son is 32?
What do you do when your daughter's a better mother than you?
They hold your heart. They know you. They see you through
This exciting ride alongside a new generation

We are DNA, and all I can say, my babies
'We are DNA - way on through, and I love you'