

A Face Like Mine

Peter Bradley Adams

I never knew my father
He left when I was young
They say he was a proud man
As good as they come

He left like all the others
When no work could be found
He smiled and told my mother
I won't let you down

The autumn turned to winter
And the light left her eyes
No footsteps on the front porch
No word of him arrived

A promise torn to pieces
And tossed to the ground
Though at night she grieved him
She never made a sound

I know he had a reason
I know a man can get lost
Whatever he believed in
I know he suffered the cost

His picture's almost faded
But I filled in the lines
And nothing's unforgiven
So father don't you cry

Now the years have found me
With a child of my own
Another generation
That must carry the load

But somewhere there's a memory
In the back of my mind
I see my father smiling
With a face like mine