

To Be A Dad

Squeeze

I lost the children
But they can be found
Home in a red house just across town
Sitting in boxes
Of opened up toys
Watching The Simpsons
And making some noise
I lost the children
But they're in great hands
When I cook the dinners
Right out of tin cans
I lost the children
And I have to pay
Some heavy duty on life everyday
Cupboards need filling
With deadlines to meet
Here in my cheque book
My fountain pen weeps
I should be thankful
And thankful am I
I went to the cleaners
And came back with my life
For a moment it all looked so grim
It looked like I would not get a thing
For a moment it all looked so sad
But now it's so good to be a dad
I lost the children
They haven't lost me
We're still together and happy to be
Out in the summer
On beaches in parks
Home in the winter and up with the larks
I should be thankful
And thankful am I
I went to the cleaners
And came back with my life
From pushchairs to games of football
My back was against every wall
For a moment it all looked so sad
But now it's so good to be a dad
For a moment it all looked so grim
It looked like I would not get a thing
For a moment it all looked so sad
But now it's so good to be a dad
I lost the children
They haven't lost me