Red Letter Days

B.J. Thomas

Your Mom's not feeling well today
So I'll see you off to school
Yeah I missed your game last Friday
Had some things I had to do

No son I couldn't get to sleep last night
Been sitting here awhile
Just playing these old forty-fives
No I guess they're not your style

I look at you sometimes
It scares me so
'Cause I'm thinking
It was not so long ago
I stood there looking just like you
I know
Like you I know

Red letter day
When you're seventeen
It's all victories and tragedies
It's never in between

And I can see it in your face
Yes you're so wild and unafraid
I'm only trying to save you
From the same mistakes I made
On those red letter days

Well you've gotta get to school now
And I've gotta get to work
Didn't I mean to carry on so
But son for what it's worth

Just close the door and grow up safe
Whatever else you do
Know your old man had some dreams
And some of them came true

And I wish that somehow I could make you see
These days are moments
Not eternity
So every now and then son could you spend some time with me
Just you and me

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