

Empathy

Bill Callahan

Dad, you dropped a bomb on me
When I was thirty
You said you got by without a father, so you figured why should I have one
Okay, okay, it made me wonder though
Can you get by without a son?

Every night, I've got to lift a glass to your honesty
Every night, I've got to lift a glass to your honesty

I remember the day I earned your respect
I showed you a three-thousand dollar check
From a show in New York City

Let me tell you something you never knew
Dad, I'm just like you

Although they're in the middle
I added these lines last
I don't know if they're true

Now I'm pushing sixty
With two kids of my own
I wonder what they'll think of me when they're fully grown

Broke my toe
I couldn't go
To the father/daughter dance, it broke her heart so
It broke my heart so

And I'm always screeching at my boy
To do this or that
But when I got back from the road
He hugged me so hard
I lost my hat

And now my daughter, she makes beauty
My son makes empathy
Yeah, my daughter, she makes beauty
My son makes empathy
So, so, so much
So much more than me
So, so much beauty
So much empathy
So much more than me

And there's two things I've recently come to know
Dad, I know your heart was broken long ago
And the two things that I've come to know
The two pieces of your heart rendered so
Rendered so
Rendered so