

A Father's Song

Darrell Scott

I've missed fathers' days and birthdays and Sundays with my son
s
And hiking on the Blue Ridge with my daughter one-on-one
I've traded time for money, traded nursery rhymes for song
I've traded sleep for other dreams, traded always there for gone

Some dads run the country and some just run away
Some mop floors, some hang doors or anything that pays
I sing and play my music; I take it across the land
This glimpse of muse is brought to you by Abe and Gabe and Mahala Ann

I didn't travel when they were first born, no I kept the fires
at home
With lullabies and early rise, I didn't seek to roam
But the fire in me was growing; I couldn't keep it all inside
Now it's passing trains and aerial planes and another ticket to
write

Now some dads wear a three-piece suit, others boots and gloves
Some dads are out of work boys; I hope we face it all with love
I sing and play my music with heart and lungs and hands
This message too is brought to you by Abe and Gabe and Mahala Ann

Sometimes I take them with me and one will pick my shirt out
And one will set the stage and one will count the money before
we drive away
It goes without saying they made me what I am
A father who is singing too to Abe and Gabe and Mahala Ann

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