

My Father Smoked His Pipe

David Allan Coe

While my Father smoked his pipe
And my mother knitted things

I wasn't always into seeing things
It took me quite awhile
To travel til I cherished every mile
I remember asking questions
Early in the game
While my Father smoked his pipe
And my mother knitted things

And my brother took a liking
To the life wed always known
And my sister let some singer put her on
Then leave her with the youngins
And a lot of shattered dreams
While my Father smoked his pipe
And my mother knitted things

And the factories pumped their poison
And the people prayed for peace
While their sons and daughters
Searched for new release
And the workers paid the taxes
And the salaries of the kings
While my Father smoked his pipe
And my mother knitted things

Then the reason for believing started slowly through the change
There were laws, that laws were made to rearrange
There were cycles within cycles and the gifts the poet sprang
While my Father smoked his pipe
And my mother knitted things

And the million marching men or more
Kept marching through the maze
To the beat of just one drummer in those days
And so very few will ever learn to hear the songs we sing
While their fathers smoked their pipes
And their mother knitted things
Yes my Father smoked his pipe
And my mother knitted things

I wasn't always into seeing things
It took me quite awhile