

Father

Make Do and Mend

I watched the fireworks explode,
and from your shoulders I could see a different world.
No lies, no hate, no fear, no pain,
just flashes of blue and yellow flame.

I smiled, you smiled, but smiles can fade.

How am I a product of this man?
I've watched the sunrise on his skin;
I've felt the warm touch of his hand.
Father I hope you understand,
that I've been running from your eyes,
but now I'm coming back again.

(Father!)

Calendar pages hit the floor
counting the days and years before
sons become men, plans change, paths bend,
'til I'm not your little one anymore.
And the winters pass,
now I see your face in the mirrored glass,
reminding me to slow down.
(well I've got to slow down)
'Cause my early grays,
and the bags under my eyes prove the case
that I can't handle the weight.

How am I a product of this man?
I've watched the sunrise on his skin;
I've felt the warm touch of his hand.
Father I hope you understand,
that I've been running from your eyes,
but now I'm coming back again.

I don't want to be here,
I don't want to be here alone.
Father it's been to long,
take your son's hand and walk me home.

And I watched the fireworks explode
Father, Father, Father!

How am I a product of this man?
I've watched the sunrise on his skin;
I've felt the warm touch of his hand.
Father I hope you understand,
that I've been running from your eyes,
but now I'm coming back again.

Father I hope you understand,
that I've been running from your eyes,
but now I'm coming back again.