

# The Hawk

Ned LeDoux

Well he always dreamed that he could fly and feel free just like the hawk

There is magic in the dreams he had that lead the path that he'd walk

And though he left us years ago his spirit took to the sky  
And through life lessons and stories his memory will never die

Now we all do miss him very much, but you know God has a plan  
He may have sent him back to earth to soar over this land

Might be reincarnation or maybe a wish come true

Well I believe dad came back as a hawk watching over me and you

Well, he'll track us along the old dirt road from the house down to the barn

Just keeping a watchful eye on us then he'll follow us all back home

And if I'm feeling down and I need my father's advice

Well, I know just where to find him, he flies along those Western skies

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Well, I remember a few days after he passed, my mom took a walk outside

She said this hawk had followed her everywhere and never let her out of his sight

And the strange thing is Hawks are rare, you don't see them much on the ranch

But ever since Dad's been gone, well, there's been one, sitting up on that branch

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Yeah, I believe my dad is that old hawk and I guess dreams do come true