

Papa

Scott Helman

You don't have much time left so
Let's use up what we got
Yeah, it's on days like this I
Wish we believed in God

You're lookin' back at your life
I'm looking forward at mine
It's true but it don't make sense
That we're both running outta time

Remember Thomas the Tank Engine
And the sips of gin
On a jet-lagged winter night
Remember the way you drove
Those London roads
Had to hold on for my life
You were like "fee fi fo fum"
Coming up the stairs
We'd laugh, me and Jack
Saying, "Papa I'm scared"
Now I'm really scared

You talk just like the old you
And then you start to cough
I'm tryin to be strong but
It's obvious I'm not

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"Message received, Friday, May 31st at 11:33 PM."

"Jo, I'm in Buckley Ward I think, room 8. And I'm really knackered and I really wanna go to bed."

I'll always remember
Thomas the Tank Engine
And the sips of gin
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Saying, "Papa I'm scared"
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"Okay, I'll speak to you [?] tomorrow mornin'."
"Okay, I love you darlin'."