Uncle Jack

Tom Paxton

Uncle Jack, your soup is cold
I fixed it just for you, you know
I know you couldn't eat a bite but you must try

Uncle Jack, your easy chair
I'll warm your soup, you'll eat it there
Oh Uncle Jack we're men and we don't cry

Uncle Jack, the sun is red
My bag is packed and on my bed
They're taking me away from you and I don't know why

Uncle Jack, they hate you so
You fought to keep me here I know
And now we must accept it and I'll try

Uncle Jack, I'm very young
So much to learn, so hard to know what's true
Uncle Jack, I love you
I'll remember all of this, I'll follow you
And it won't matter if they hate me too

Uncle Jack, you combed your hair
I see there's still some red paint there
I think you ought to soak your head in turpentine

Uncle Jack, I won't say, "ain't"
They say I'll get a chance to paint
You send me some of yours and I'll send mine

Uncle Jack, we're just too tough
And they can't hit us hard enough
I think I heard their car just now pull in the drive

Uncle Jack, you have to write
Unless you're just too tired at night
And eat enough to keep yourself alive

Uncle Jack, I'm very young
So much to learn, so hard to know what's true
Uncle Jack, I love you
I'll remember all of this, I'll follow you
And it won't matter if they hate me too

Oh, Uncle Jack, Uncle Jack
I'll remember all of this, I'll follow you
And it won't matter if they hate me too

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