

Turning Into Dad

Wayne Watson

I guess I figured he would live forever
That I'd always have a place to turn
A shoulder I could always lean on
And a teacher for those lessons yet unlearned

But good fathers too are only mortal
Yeah, they long to rest in Jesus' arms
They want to walk the golden streets of heaven
When the vanities of earth have lost their charm

So, I will treasure the high
And the finer things within him
And I know as he would have it
I will lay aside the bad
Of all the things
That I could still become
I could do a whole lot worse
Than turning into dad

It was early on a springtime morning

The small hours of the sixteenth day
I was shaken from my fitful sleeping
In the not-so-very-merry month of May

I cannot explain it, I just knew it in my heart
That my hero had breathed his last and said goodbye
We are flesh and we are spirit
And it's appointed to us
Once to really live, and once to die
So, I will treasure the high
And the finer things within him
And I know as he would have it
I will lay aside the bad
Of all the things
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