

## A Father's Arms

Yonder Mountain String Band

The news it came to me as a surprise  
And I knew that I would have to deal in time  
And as the messenger walked right off the porch  
A memory came to me from times before

I remember when my dad was called away  
My mother put his pictures all away  
And now the time had come for me to go  
To my love my tears I tried not to show

With tear drops on my face  
Thinking 'bout that old homeplace  
Riding across the planes in the rain

The letters from my dad described the war  
His food was canned, his boots they made him sore  
And one letter from my dad spoke of a friend  
Who got lost between the water and the land

Now I'm the one writing letters to my son  
I'll be home as soon as the fightin's done  
With my gun in hand I guess it's hard to see  
What it was that used to be inside of me

Today we moved in sight of the enemy  
Though I didn't even know what they had done  
The general yelled to me, when I count to three  
Get on your feet and start to run

That's the last event I can recall  
The tent was big but could not hold us all  
Though I'll never know what got the best of me  
I swear I felt my dad looking over me