

## MY FATHER AND YOURS

I'd like to say a word about fathers,  
though a single word can never do  
to encompass all they've given  
to pass your very breath to you.  
Fathers are known for understanding;  
at times they haven't got a clue.  
But we cling precious to our fathers,  
that's why dying is such a cruel thing to do.

I see little girls and little boys  
walk next to daddy, hand-in-hand;  
The tuck-me-ins at nine o'clock  
after a story both long and grand.  
"my daddy is better than yours"  
as kids we say, and it will always be.  
Real dads never leave the pedestal,  
so don't die and go away from me.

Fathers spare the rod and love the child:  
they let it pass as discipline.  
A smile cocked one way is scolding  
when it's three a.m., and you just got in.  
They give you room to let you run  
'cause you can always run back home.  
I still need someone wise to talk to;  
if you should die I'd be left alone.

I don't know your father, I barely know mine;  
I don't know why they pass away.  
I wish I had one more conversation  
There's still so much to hear and say.  
It is instinctive to love our father,  
but how often do we see the man?  
Our time with dad is far too short:  
dying is more than his kid can stand.