

Memories

Dan Hill

Memories of when I was a little boy, four years old
Waiting for my daddy to come home
And now I look into the eyes of my own son
Wondering what he's thinking of
Waiting at the window when I come home
Watch his eyes fill up with joy and wonder
He reaches out his tiny hand
I feel the bond 'tween boy and man
Memories of my mom cryin'
My daddy gone for weeks at a time
Not knowing how to comfort her
Facin' my pillow, pretendin' not to hear
Now I write this letter to my little boy
I'm far away, not knowing really what to say
Except, "I'm sorry, oh, so sorry"
I don't want to make these same
Mistakes my daddy made with me
Still his voice rolls off my tongue
When I say, "Boy, protect your mom"
Memories of my wife cryin' on the phone
Wonderin' when I'm coming home
My voice sounds detached and cold
Reminds me of someone that I knew
He had a funny attitude
When I needed him to be
All the things only a daddy could be to me
And I don't want to make the same
Mistakes my daddy made with me
Still his voice rolls off my tongue
When I say, "Not now, I'm busy son"
Memories of lying in bed with my wife and son
Overwhelmed by so much love
Tryin' to explain how a man can cry
Yet still be happy
Thinking of all the dumb mistakes I've made
Now I understand my father's pain
He did the best with what he knew
I love you daddy
I watched my son fall asleep
And wonder what he'll think of me
When years from now he sees his son
Reachin' out his tiny hands for love

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>