

# The Randall Knife

Guy Clark

My father had a Randall knife  
My mother gave it to him  
When he went off to WWII  
To save us all from ruin  
If you've ever held a Randall knife  
Then you know my father well  
If a better blade was ever made  
It was probably forged in hell

My father was a good man  
A lawyer by his trade  
And only once did I ever see  
Him misuse the blade  
It almost cut his thumb off  
When he took it for a tool  
The knife was made for darker things  
And you could not bend the rules

He let me take it camping once  
On a Boy Scout jamboree  
And I broke a half an inch off  
Trying to stick it in a tree  
I hid it from him for a while  
But the knife and he were one  
He put it in his bottom drawer  
Without a hard word one

There it slept and there it stayed  
For twenty some odd years  
Sort of like Excalibur  
Except waiting for a tear

My father died when I was forty  
And I couldn't find a way to cry  
Not because I didn't love him  
Not because he didn't try  
I'd cried for every lesser thing  
Whiskey, pain and beauty  
But he deserved a better tear

And I was not quite ready

So we took his ashed out to sea  
And poured `em off the stern  
And threw the roses in the wake  
Of everything we'd learned  
When we got back to the house  
They asked me what I wanted  
Not the lawbooks not the watch  
I need the things he's haunted

My hand burned for the Randall knife  
There in the bottom drawer  
And I found a tear for my father's life  
And all that it stood for

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