My Three Sons

Nelson Riddle & His Orchestra

Day is dawning, almost sounded like a warning
Wind was rushing through the trees almost roaring
I never thought that I'd become
The proud father of my three sonsHere's a fragment between the shame and the sentiment
For all the years that I might have been absent
I can't do what can't be undone
Oh no, my three sonsI love you more than I can say
What I give to one
The other cannot take away
I bless the day you came to be
With everything that is left to meHere's your pillow, go to sleep and I will follow
May you never have any more sorrows
That's not something you can count upon
Still I want it for my three sons
My, my, my three sonsDeep in the night I turn cold and sick
But I only curse arithmetic
I bless the day that you came to be
With everything that is left to meDay is closing, old men and infants are dozing
That's the kind of life I've chosen
Just see what I've become
The humble father of my three sons
The humbled father of my three sons

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