

# 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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