Father's Eyes

Gostwyck

My Father, he keeps a watchful eye on me,
for iâ€™m prone to stray and wander,
us kids would play out the back of our house and climb,
under the fence.

We wonâ€™t stray too far,
away from our fathers eyes,
afternoonâ€™s spent shaking and dancing in golden sun,
then run on home,
we know its gets cold when the street lights start to burn.

My sister, we found that we would fight over,
the little things so novel to us,
never used to let her come near the things so special oh, so special

We wonâ€™t stray too far,
away from our fathers eyes,
afternoonâ€™s spent shaking and dancing in golden sun,
then run on home,
we know its gets cold when the street lights start to burn.

Lyrics Submitted by Darren

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