I Love My Dad

Sun Kil Moon

When I was young my father taught me not to gloat
If I came home too proud of myself I get wrestled to the floor and choked
But I forgive him for that
He was an eighth grade drop out and I was being a brat
I forgive him, I do
I know that he loves me and he knows I love him tooWhen I was young my father told me, to each his own
The lady said as she kissed the cow
Some like the fiddle, some like the trombone
And I live by that rule
Your trip is your trip and my trip is my trip too
Yeah, I'll mind my own business
Oh, having no rules in my friend here have aI love my dad
I love my dad
I love my dad
I love my dadYour kid goes to the private Berkley school with one black kid
My kid goes to the public school, came home with cracked ribs
And when my kid's eighteen
He'll be out there like I was and probably chasing his dreams
And when your kid's twenty-two
He'll have an internship at a law firm and hey that's okay tooWhen I was five I came home from kindergarten crying cause they sat me next to an albino
My dad said son everyone's different, you gotta love em all equally
And then my dad sat me down
He said you gotta love all people, pink, red, black, or brown
And then just after dinner
He played me the album They Only Come Out At Night by Edgar WinterWhen I was young my dad taught me the beauty of patience
We'd go and hang with his friend Billy Brislin all day in his Stubenville basement
We'd watch wrestling matches on TV and Billy couldn't move cause he was handicapped
And I learned to shoot the shit
And how to care for those in need and to show respectWhen I was a kid my dad brought home a guitar he got from Sears
I took lessons from a neighbour lady but it wasn't going anywhere
He went and got me a good teacher
And in no time at all I was getting better
I can play just fine
I still practice a lot but not as much as Nels ClineWhen I was young my dad told me to pay gossip no mind
When people talk bad on you you gotta flick it off your shoulder like a fly
Learn to pick your punches, don't get no tussles, dead end ditches

Life is short young man
Get out there and make the best of it while you canI ain't trying to say my dad was some kind of a perfect saint
When something set him off, I hit the floor quicker than what Mike Tyson did to Ricky Spain
I hit the floor so fast
But that was so long ago and we both moved past
My life is pretty good
I owe it to him, my dad did the best he couldI love you dad
I love you dad
I love you dad
I love you dad

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/