

Robert Cole

Brent Best

hey little man she said
open your eyes lift your sleepy head
you know tomorrow's your big day
here are your clothes she said
so I put them on and made the bed
and I went outside to play
when a sun so huge it shined
and it baked the blacktop underneath my toes
playing hopscotch on the lines
till she howled my name
and a shriek it came
with a swell of shame of sadness
I just froze
with a pain I simply can't define
yeah and she said
I am your mother
I told your sister and baby brother
your dog Champ and your best friend
that your name is Robert Cole
and tomorrow you are nine years old
but you, you will not walk this road again
now your son's heart is fair
so I took your words and I kept them there
but a young boy's mind is of a different gauge
my father's words returned to me
from some stormy evening with my mother on her knees
my life is mine he swore and raged
and he left her there upon the floor
I can hear him curse and slam the door
yeah and he found me squatting in the dirt
and he spoke to me of family
and sacrifices unforeseen
I'll the change the children worth the work
yeah and he said
please tell your mother
your oldest sister and baby brother
your dog Champ and your best friend
your name is Robert Cole
and tomorrow you are nine years old

but you, you will not walk this road again
I scanned the yard and house
secured no sign of mother's work-worn blouse
but for my heart the world was still
each foot a heavy load
the blacktop baked and burned under my toes
around the curve and below the hill
and this is the blacktop road
that I was not to walk till I was old
if Jeani saw me she would snitch
and these are the tire tracks
that will lead you down and round to where
there is a car off in the ditch
and I heard the fireman yell
this one is smashed and torn to hell
and he could not recognize the face
and I am my mother's son
but now it seems that I've gone off and become
the one to take my daddy's place
please tell my mother
my oldest sister and baby brother
my dog Champ and my best friend
my name is Robert Cole
and tomorrow I am nine years old
but I, I will not walk this road again
please tell my mother
my oldest sister and baby brother
my dog Champ and my best friend
my name is Robert Cole
and tomorrow I am nine years old
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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