Saturday Fathers

Dean Friedman

By dean friedmanSaturday fathers never win.
They're punished each day of their lives for their horrible sin.
They carry your picture. they show it to all their friends.
Daddy I know this isn't fair. but how can you love someone and not be there?Scooter, I can't come out and play.
My daddy's coming today.
He's taking us all away.
Listen, he's gonna be here soon.
I'll wait all afternoon.
My daddy's coming it's saturday.Saturday fathers ache at the thought.
Their children's affection can be easily bought.
They take you to the park and they watch you grown.
Daddy I wish to God I knew. how come I try so hard to be not like you?Scooter, I can't come out and play.
My daddy's coming today.
He's taking us all away.
Listen, he's gonna be here soon.
I'll wait all afternoon.
My daddy's coming it's saturday.Saturday children have no say.
You tear out their guts and they grow up anyway.
And the awful demands you make on our loyalty.
Daddy it's stuck inside my soul. how you make a choice like that and still be whole?Scooter, I can't come out and play.
My daddy's coming today.
He's taking us all away.
Listen, he's gonna be here soon.
I'll wait all afternoon.
My daddy's coming it's saturday.Saturday, saturday

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