

Hey Dad!

Franz Nicolay

I got a memory like a stream with a stick
The good ones flow by, the ugly ones stick
Gather around and block up the flow
'Til the kids come down looking for something rotten and wet to throw
Rainboots on and a plastic pitchfork
If it weren't such a pleasure, it'd only be work
Raincoats on, and run for the door
If it weren't such a pleasure, it'd be just a chore
Hey Dad! That river's running clear
It's a good old harvest those rotten leaves'll be good for topsoil another year
Hey Dad! That river's running clear
Good for the topsoil, bad for the deer
Mirror, mirror, on the wall
What happened to those good things that happened last fall?
Well, they all washed away with a nod and a grin
Sometimes a victory's just something you win
Well, they all washed away with a wink and a nod
The losses they gather like leaves on a log
Hey Dad! The riverbed's clogged
It's a long, lonely winter, and a long hard slog
Go get your sister, go grab that stick
Don't let 'em build up, get it done quick
Can't you feel it? What can I say?
The river brings, and the river takes away
I can see it! I can see where it goes!
It came down from the mountain, and it went with the snow
What can I give it? What will it cast away?
What will it raise up? What will it bring come day?
I can speak to it! I know what to say!
Rinse your hands in the river, then raise them to pray
Hey Dad! The riverbed's clogged
It's a long, lonely winter, and a long hard slog
Go get your sister, go grab that stick
Don't let 'em build up, get it done quick
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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