

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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