

# Lake Tahoe (For My Father)

## Sherwood

These steps they remind me of places that I used to know,  
The smell and the sand of Lake Tahoe,  
The restaurants and strip malls and chimney smoke,  
And these bricks remind me of places I used to go,  
With log cabins lining a dirt road,  
When my obligations were in the snow, I miss home and I miss you,  
When there's no one around and nothing to do, And I still remember those weekends when I was nine,  
And four hours seemed like a lifetime,  
But look out the window son, you'll be fine,  
And I traced the railroad through mountains and watched the trees,  
The white powder resting on their leaves,  
As I pulled a blanket over my knees, Oh, I miss home and I miss you,  
When there's no one around and nothing to do,  
And I know that you're keeping busy too,  
But I miss home and I miss you,

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