Forty Again

John Berry

Still the same old neighborhood like many years ago
Houses sit in white picket frames like Rockwells in a row
I've always been a rebel son but daddy didn't mind
He wanted me to chase my dreams the way he did one timeNow he's on the front porch as I get out of my car
And as my father's eyes meet mine there's one wish in my heart
I'm wishin' my daddy was forty againHe would be young and I would be ten
We would go fishin', throw an old ball around
Wash his truck, go into town
We can never go back to the way it was then
Just for today I wish he was forty againNow we'll sit and talk for hour of life out on the road
What I've seen and where I've been and journeys left to go
Mama looks at both of us, "You're like two kids I swear"
Then the stories turn to laughter before the leaving turns to tears
I'm wishing my daddy was forty again

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