

Randall Knife

Guy Clark

My father had a Randall knife
My mother gave it to him
When he went off to World War II
To save us all from ruin Now if you've ever held a Randall knife
You know my father well
And if a better blade was ever made
It was probably forged in hell My father was a good man
He was a lawyer by his trade
And only once did I ever see
Him misuse the blade Well, it almost cut his thumb off
When he took it for a tool
Now the knife was made for darker things
And you could not bend the rules Well, he let me take it camping once
On a Boy Scout jamboree
And I broke a half an inch off
Trying to stick it in a tree Well, I hid it from him for a while
But the knife and he were one
And he put it in his bottom drawer
Without a hard word one There it slept and there it stayed
For twenty some odd years
Sort of like Excalibur
Except waiting for a tear My father died when I was forty
And I couldn't find a way to cry
Not because I didn't love him
Not because he didn't try Well, I'd cried for every lesser thing
Whiskey, pain and beauty
But he deserved a better tear
And I was not quite ready So we took his ashes out to sea
And poured `em off the stern
And then threw the roses in the wake
Of everything we'd learned And when we got back to the house
Well, they asked me what I wanted
Not the law books, not the watch
Oh, I need the things he's haunted Oh, my hand burned for the Randall knife
There in the bottom drawer
And I found a tear for my father's life
And all that it stood for

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