This Old Man

Warrel Dane

I remember this old man
And the wisdom that he shared with me
Upon his knee I'd listen
I remember words he spoke
And the look behind his quiet eyes
In silent bliss life gives little lessonsHe spun tales of worlds unseen
Now he sacrificed his youthful dreams
He lived his life again just for me
He raised children to be strong
They flew into the city lights, such busy lives
He wished they'd visit homeI will remember the words of this old man
Until my dying dayIt took his death to bring them home
To the empty rooms where they had grown
Where he died alone
And they buried him next to his bride
I held her hand as my mother cried
Just a child of five, now I understand

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