# Preschool Days

## Dogwood

All the things I've seen couldn't prepare me
For what I was about to experience
As a little boy growing up in a world
Made for all the big kids and the big toysSometimes, I'd sit around and wait
Play with my toys cars
Until the wheels would turn no more than I'd think to myself
Is my dad's car coming home or will this be another night
My mom, brother and I tucking ourselves in?I learned my alphabet to spell dad
How quickly dad turned to sad
In my preschool days and the rest of my lifeMy mother did the best she could
Brother stayed as strong as he stood
A father figure to me, my preschool daysI remember all the times that mom cried
Brother stayed strong by her side
And I'd stand and wonder why
There was three when there should be fourMaybe my dad got lost while driving home
Then again it wouldn't make sense, well, I feel aloneI learned my alphabet to spell dad
How quickly dad turned to sad
In my preschool days and the rest of my lifeMy mother did the best she could
Brother stayed as strong as he stood
A father figure to me, my preschool daysSo where has he been?
He's running out of time I haven't heard from him
And I hope he's doing fine
Money cannot buy years of missing them
Daddy gave it up, the kids forgave himI learned my alphabet to spell dad
How quickly dad turned to sad
In my preschool days and the rest of my lifeMy mother did the best she could
Brother stayed as strong as he stood
A father figure to me, my preschool days

Songwriters
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