

Barry Manilow, Sunday Father

Hand in his hand though the park
All afternoon
A fine day to fly balloons or tell him a story
Hand in his hand to wonder
Till day is done
Sunday father and son
Sundays are there to explore
Alone by law
One day to keep the two from turning to strangers
One day to know the answers
Be firm, be fun
Sunday father and son
The father weaves through the weekend streets
Sunday done, Monday comin' on
He leaves the child by a modest home
That they share no more
With the woman who waits indoors
Till she knows he's gone
Where are the words or the games
A place to go
Someway to let him know you want to be with him
Somehow it's always ending
Just half begun
Sunday father and son
Sunday father and son