

Dan Hill, Memories

Memories of when I was a little boy, four years old,
Waiting for my daddy to come home,
And now I look into the eyes of my own son,
Wondering what he's thinking of,
Waiting at the window when I come home.
Watch his eyes fill up with joy and wonder.
He reaches out his tiny hand;
I feel the bond 'tween boy and man.

Memories of my mom cryin', my daddy gone for weeks at a time,
Not knowing how to comfort her,
Facin' my pillow, pretendin' not to hear.
Now I write this letter to my little boy.
I'm far away, not knowing really what to say
Except, "I'm sorry, oh so sorry."
I don't want to make these same
Mistakes my daddy made with me.
Still his voice rolls off my tongue
When I say, "Boy, protect your mom."

Memories of my wife cryin' on the phone
Wonderin' when I'm coming home.
My voice sounds detached and cold,
Reminds me of someone that I knew;
He had a funny attitude
When I needed him to be
All the things only a daddy could be to me.
And I don't want to make the same
Mistakes my daddy made with me.
Still his voice rolls off my tongue
When I say, "Not now, I'm busy son."

Memories of lying in bed with my wife and son,
Overwhelmed by so much love,
Tryin' to explain how a man can cry
Yet still be happy,
Thinking of all the dumb mistakes I've made.
Now I understand my father's pain;
He did the best with what he knew.
I love you daddy.
I watched my son fall asleep
And wonder what he'll think of me
When years from now he sees his son
Reachin' out his tiny hands for love.