Dan Hill, Memories (Revisited)

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 hands; 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 crying 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 Reaching out his tiny hands for love.