

Dogwood, Preschool Days

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 toys...
Sometimes, I'd sit around and wait, play with my toy cars, until the wheels would turn no more,
then I'd think to myself... is my dad's car coming home or will this be another night, my mom, my brother

Chorus:

I learned my alphabet to spell dad, how quickly dad turned to sad, in my
preschool days, and the rest of my life. My mother did the best that she could, my brother
stayed as strong as he stood, a
father figure to me, my preschool days.

I remember all the times mom cried, my brother stayed strong by her side,
and I would stand and wonder why there was three when there should be four. Maybe my dad got lost
and then again it wouldn't make sense, I feel alone.

(CHORUS)

Break:

So where has he been? He's running out of time. I haven't heard from him. I hope he's doing fine. M