

# Elvis Costello, My Three Sons

Day was dawning  
Almost sounded like warning  
Wind rushing through the trees almost roaring  
I'd never thought that I'd become  
The proud father of  
My three sons

Here's a fragment  
Between the shame and the sentiment  
For all the years that I might be absent  
I can't do what can't be undone  
Oh no, my three sons

I love you more than I can say  
What I give to one  
The other cannot take away  
I bless the day you came to be  
With everything that is left to me

Here's your pillow  
Go to sleep and I will follow  
May you never have any more sorrows  
That's something you can't count upon  
Still I want it for my three sons  
My my, my three sons

Deep in the night I turn cold and sick  
But only curse arithmetic  
I bless the day that you came to be  
With everything that is left to me

Day is closing  
Old men and infants are dozing  
That's the kind of life I've chosen  
Just see what I've become  
The humble father of my three sons  
The humbled father of my three sons