

Hill Dan, 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.
all songs transcribed by Sean Wang