

Kellie Coffey, Dance With My Father

Back when I was a child,
Before life removed all the innocence.
My father would lift me high,
And dance with my momma and me,
And then spin me around 'til I fell asleep.
Then up the stairs, he would carry me.
And I knew for sure I was loved.

If I could get another chance,
Another walk, another dance with him.
I'd play a song that would never, ever end.
How I'd love, love to dance with my father again.

When me an' my Momma would disagree,
To get my way, I would run from her to him.
He'd make me laugh just to comfort me,
Then finally make me do just what my Momma said.
Later that night while I was asleep,
He left a dollar under my sheet.
Never dreamed that he would be gone from me.

If I could steal one final glance,
One final step, one final dance with him,
I'd play a song that would never, ever end.
How I'd love, love, love to dance with my father again.

Sometimes I'd listen outside her door,
And I'd hear how my Momma cried for him.
I'd pray for her even more than me.
I'd pray for her even more.

"I know I'm praying for much too much,
"But could you send back the only man she loved.
"I know you don't do it usually,
"But, dear Lord, she's dyin' to dance with my father again."

Every night I fall asleep and this is all I ever dream.