

Sherwood, Lake Tahoe (For My Father)

These steps they remind me of places that I used to know,
The smell and the sand of Lake Tahoe,
The restaurants and strip malls and chimney smoke,
And these bricks remind me of places I used to go,
With log cabins lining a dirt road,
When my obligations were in the snow,

I miss home and I miss you,
When there's no one around and nothing to do,

And I still remember those weekends when I was nine,
And four hours seemed like a lifetime,
But look out the window son, you'll be fine,
And I traced the railroad through mountains and watched the trees,
The white powder resting on their leaves,
As I pulled a blanket over my knees,

Oh, I miss home and I miss you,
When there's no one around and nothing to do,
And I know that you're keeping busy too,
But I miss home and I miss you,