

MARC COHN, Rest For The Weary

My father was a working man
But his work was never done
He stood behind a counter
And he smiled at everyone
He bought himself a business
Worked seven days a week
Took a holiday for Christmas
Then he fell asleep beside the tree
But one day
One day
There's love for the lonely
One day
They walk in the sun
One day
Rest for the weary
Rest for the weary ones
Now my mother stood beside him
She did what she could do
But if you look at some old photograph
She looks tired too
I hope there was some laughter
'Cause I know there were some tears
Now all I can say is I pray to God
That after all those years
After all those years
That one day
One day
There's love for the lonely
One day
They walk in the sun
One day
Rest for the weary
Rest for the weary ones
Now I'm just another traveller
On another winding road
I'm trying to walk some kind of line
I'm trying to pull some kind of load
Now sometimes I move real easy
Sometimes I can't catch my breath
Sometimes I see my father's footsteps
And man it scares me half to death
But one day
One day
There's love for the lonely
One day
We walk in the sun
One day
Rest for the weary
Rest for the weary ones