

# FATHER TO SON

MUSIC & LYRICS BY CORINNE WEST

HIGH ON A CLIFF  
A YOUNG MAN'S THROWING STONES  
WHERE THEY LAND INTO THE SEA  
SAYS TO HIS FATHER  
WHAT'S THE POINT OF LEAVING HOME  
NOW THAT I AM TEN AND THREE  
THIS WORLD MAKES NO SENSE TO ME

THE OLDER ONE SAID TO THE WIND  
YOU MUST GO  
FEEL THE SKY UPON YOUR FACE  
THIS 'OL WORLD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT  
YOU MUST KNOW  
WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT YOU FACE  
WHAT YOU BELIEVE WILL BE YOUR PLACE

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS I SAILED ACROSS THE  
VAST AND MIGHTY OCEAN  
STRANGE WERE THE PEOPLE AND THE  
PLACES WHEN WE DOCKED IN  
FOR THE NIGHT  
MIXED WERE MY FEELINGS  
WILD RAN MY EMOTIONS  
BOY WAS IT HARD  
BUT BOY WAS IT A SIGHT

SING LA LA...

THE BOY PACKED HIS BAGS  
SAID GOODBYE TO HIS MA  
SHE WAVED FROM THE SHORE  
BOARDED THE GRAND SHIP WITH HER  
CAPTAIN AND HER CREW  
THE BOY WALKED THROUGH THE DOOR  
HE UP AND WALKED RIGHT  
THROUGH THAT DOOR

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS HE SAILED ACROSS  
THE VAST AND MIGHTY OCEAN  
STRANGE WERE THE PEOPLE AND THE  
PLACES WHERE HE DOCKED IN  
FOR THE NIGHT  
MIXED WERE HIS FEELINGS  
WILD RAN HIS EMOTIONS  
BOY WAS IT HARD  
BUT BOY WAS IT A SIGHT  
  
SING LA LA...

EARLY IN THE SPRING  
THE 'OL SHIP  
SHE CAME HOME  
WHERE SHE SETTLED FOR A STAY  
FATHER AND SON THEY MET  
EYES ONCE AGAIN  
TOOK A WALK ON ALONG THE BAY  
TELLING TALES TIL THE BREAK OF DAY