

Dad's Song

After the Great Depression but before the Second World War
In a corner of Minnesota
A boy was born on an April morn
In a farmhouse on the prairie
Hundred Sixty acres and family
Billion stars in the Milky Way
Share a tub with his brothers on Saturday
Throw that dirty water outside
Back to the earth that gives us pride

That boy still likes to play in the dirt
Tend the garden in his old shirt
Play board games and cards
Get lost in the sky and stars
Tell stories about that farm
Holding my two girls in his arms

Playing farm in the side yard earth
Bombers over foreign lands
Mother's yelling "Hitler's dead!"
Crying, waving her hands
So many killed or gone through hell
Soldiers now safe and well
Horses growing old in the stable
Put a pheasant on the table
Those were the days that boy liked
Votes for Adlai and Ike

Playing games around the radio
Charting every frequency
From Nashville to Los Angeles

A suitcase for graduation
Leaving home, no vacation
Build that new interstate
American strong, that's our fate
At an Arctic base to stop the bomb
Some went off to Vietnam
Northern lights and the midnight sun
When I get home, we're gonna have fun

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