

Bill Anderson, Papa

(Bill Anderson)

Papa was a simple man
Papa loved his farming land
Guess I didn't understand
Please forgive me papa.

You can't paint a picture of a man like papa
With something as empty as words
'Cause there's no way to measure
The toughness of timber
And compare it to the softness of birds.

Papa was both and yet he was neither
Just a hard working God fearing soul
He gave what he had to the ones that he loved
And I guess he loved me best of all.

For I was the oldest and we were the closest
We worked that old farm side by side
I guess that's the reason it hit me the hardest
The morning that my papa died.

All I could think of was how hard he'd worked
And what little comfort he'd found
I guess that's the reason I hitched up the mule
And drove the old buggy to town.

I picked out a lot in the big cemetery
In the shade of a tall maple tree
Figured it's the least I could do for my papa
After all the things that he's done for me.

We gave him a funeral fit for a king
And then we laid him to rest in the sod
Somehow I thought that in that big pretty place
He just might feel closer to God.

The women were crying as they passed by papa
The men stopped and all shook my hand
Most of the mourners had gone when I looked up
And noticed this white haired old man.

He was dressed kinda shabby and he walked with a cane
His voice was shaky and low
I had to look twice before I recognized him
He used to work for us a long time ago.

They told me this morning that the big boss had died
And I thought that I should come around
I went out to the homeplace to tell him goodbye
They told me that you done brought him to town.

I remember your papa used to say that when he died
He didn't have but one request
He wanted to be burried out dare on that farm
He said there wadn't nowhere else that he could rest.

When I heard what you'd done I fatched me a shovel
Found me an old paper sack
I scooped up some dirt from up near the farmhouse
And thought that I'd just bring it back.

I hope you don't mind if I just sorta scatter these

Few little pieces of clay
It ain't gonna mess up your pretty green grass
He just might sleep better this way.

Guess I didn't understand, please forgive me papa...