

Jan Howard, My Son

My son my son I pray that you'll come home to me my son my son
It seems only yesterday the most important thing on your mind
Was whether you'd make the baseball team or get the new school jacket
Like all the other kids had
And I remember how your eyes lighted up when you got your first rod and reel
For that big fishing trip just you and your dad
And I remember wiping the tears away when you hurt yourself on your sled
In those days it seems the house was filled with laughter and joy
Filled with your friends and they were all such good boys
And then came the day that you walked down the aisle
To receive that all important diploma
I was so proud but I couldn't believe that tall young man was my son my wonderful son
And then I remember the little girl that was always around kinda tagging after you
She's not so little anymore but she's still around who knows maybe someday
Then you received the call that I guess we knew would come someday
But it came so quick and now you're so very far away
In the land that until a short time ago I didn't even know was there
I know the time will pass you'll be home again
But until that time my darling take care take special care
My son my son I pray that you'll come home to me my son my son