

Paul Anka, Papa

Everyday my papa would work
To try to make ends meet
To see that we would eat
Keep those shoes upon my feet
Every night my papa would take me
And tuck me in my bed
Kiss me on my head
After all my prayers were said
And there were years
Of sadness and of tears
Through it all
Together we were strong
We were strong
Times were rough
But Papa he was tough
Mama stood beside him all along
Growing up with them was easy
The time had flew on by
The years began to fly
They aged and so did I
And I could tell
That mama she wasn't well
Papa knew and deep down so did she
So did she
When she died
Papa broke down and he cried
And all he could say was, "God, why her? Take me!"
Everyday he sat there sleeping in a rocking chair
He never went upstairs
Because she wasn't there
Then one day my Papa said,
"Son, I'm proud of how you've grown"
He said, "Go out and make it on your own.
Don't worry. I'm O.K. alone."
He said, "There are things that you must do"
He said, "There's places you must see"
And his eyes were sad as he
As he said goodbye to me
Every time I kiss my children
Papa's words ring true
He said, "Children live through you.
Let them grow! They'll leave you, too"
I remember every word Papa used to say
I kiss my kids and pray
That they'll think of me
Oh how I pray
They will think of me
That way
Someday