## 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 upstais

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 kess 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