

Richard Ruane, Light Of The World

My father died two months before my oldest child was born
Driving alone, well I'll talk to him still
I tell him about my children and the things they've said and done
How they dance and how they sing and all the fevers and the chills

Through the light of the world we make our way
We live our lives like we're here to stay
Through the light of the world and the light of the sky
We'll be passing by and by

My father was a kind man, he worked through all his days
He could whistle like a swing band and he could touch you with his smile
My mom and he raised four boys, three that now remain
There were hard times and rough times and good times just the same

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We'll be passing by and by

I can't tell my son and I don't know why
What it means when people die
When you call a name and there's no reply
When you have to say that last goodbye

But some day we all find ourselves with a friend no longer there
Talking to the air to the person we once knew
To my dad I tell him stories of the kids he never saw
Talking makes it better and maybe somehow it gets through

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