

Anais Mitchell

"He Did"

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Love you, love you, love you
He did, he did, he did
He stood high above you
You were just a little kid

Your daddy was a farmer
His back was burnished red and gold
And every time he closed his eyes a rooster crowed
He sowed a hundred rows of corn
The summer you were born
And wondered what your life would yield

How it feels to be a child of his, how it feels

Your daddy was a builder
He swung his hammer brown and silver
Every time he closed his eyes a nail was drove
And you were always underfoot
Like a splinter in the wood
He couldn't pull you from his heels

How it feels, how it feels

Love you, love you, love you
He did, he did, he did
He stood high above you
Sky around his head
Sawdust in his hair
A scarecrow of a man
He couldn't draw you near to him

But you grew up straight and you grew up true
And he kept a blue-gray eye on you
Until the day he closed his eyes and left them closed
Your daddy didn't leave a will
He left a shovel and a hole to fill
And how it feels, how it feels

How it feels to be a child of his
How it feels to be alive like this

But who gave you an axe to grind?
Who gave you a path to find?

Who gave you a row to hoe?
Who gave you your sorrow?

Who gave you the break of dawn?
A pleasure just to look upon

Who gave you a barn to build?
And an empty page, to fill

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