

Bill Anderson

"Papa"

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Papa was a simple man papa loved his farming land
Guess I didn't understand please forgive me papa
You can't paint a picture of a man like papa with
something as empty as words
Cause there's no way to measure the thoughtness of
timber
And compare it to the softness of birds
Papa was both and yet he was neither just a hard
working God fearing soul
He gave what he had to the ones that he loved and I
guess he loved me best of all
For I was the oldest and we were the closest we worked
that old farm side by side
I guess that's the reason it hit me the hardest the
morning that my papa died
All I could think of was how hard he'd worked and what
little comfort he'd found
I guess that's the reason I hitched up the mule and
drove the old buggy to town
I picked out a lot in the big cemetery in the shade of a
tall maple tree
Figured it's the least I could do for my papa
After all the things that he's done for me
We gave him a funeral fit for a king and then we laid
him to rest in the sod
Somehow I thought that in that big pretty place he just
might feel closer to God
The women were crying as they passed by papa the
men stopped and all shook my hand
Most of the mourness had gone when I looked up and
noticed this white haired old man
He was dressed kinda shabby and he walked with a
cane his voice was shaky and low
I had to look twice before I recognized him he used to
work for us a long time ago
They told me this morning that the big boss had died
And I thought that I should come around
I went out to the homeplace to tell him goodbye
They told me that you done brought him to town
I remember your papa used to say that when he died
he didn't have but one request
He wanted to be burried out dare on that farm

He said there wadn't nowhere else that he could rest
When I heard what you'd done I fatched me a shovel
found me an old paper sack
I scooped up some dirt from up near the farmhouse
And thought that I'd just bring it back
I hope you don't mind if I just sorta scatter these few
little pieces of clay
It ain't gonna mess up your pretty green grass he just
might sleep better this way
Guess I didn't understand please forgive me papa

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