

Elvis Costello "My Three Sons"

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Day is dawning
Almost sounded like a warning
Wind was rushing through the trees almost falling
I never thought that I'd become
The proud father of my three sons

Years of fragment
Between the shame and the sentiment
For all the years that I might have been absent
I can't do what can't be undone
Oh no, my three songs

I love you more than I can say
What I give to one, the other cannot take away
I bless the day you came to be
With everything that is left to me
Here's your pillow
Go to sleep and I will follow
May you never have anymore sorrows
That's not something that you can count upon
Still I want it for my three sons
My, my, my three sons

Deep in the night I turn cold and sick
But I only curse arithmetic
I bless the day that you came to be
With everything that is left to me

Day is closing
Old men and infants are dosing
That's the kind of life I've chosen
To see what I've become
The humble father of my three sons
The humbled father of my three sons

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