

Fureys

"The Old Man"

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The tears have all been she'd now
We've said our last goodbyes
His soul's been blessed, he's laid to rest
And it's now I feel alone.
He was more than just a father,
A teacher, my best friend
And he can still be heard in the tunes we shared when
We played them on our own.

I never will forget him,
For he made me what I am.
Though he may be gone,
Memories linger on.
And I miss him,
The old man.

As a boy he'd take me walking by mountain field and
Stream,
And he'd show me things not known to kings
A secret between him and me.
Like the colours of the pheasant
As he rises in the dawn.

And how to fish and make a wish
Beside the holy tree.

I never will forget him,
For he made me what I am.
Though he may be gone,
Memories linger on.
And I miss him,
The old man.

I thought he'd live forever
He seemed so big and strong.
But the minutes fly and the years rolled by
For a father and a son.
And suddenly when it happened
There was so much left unsaid.
No second chance to tell him thanks
For everything he'd done.

Oh I never will forget him,
For he made me what I am.
Though he may be gone,
Memories linger on.
I miss him,
My old man.

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