

## Hank Snow "What Is Father"

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Almost any evening about six an adult male can be  
seen taking off his shoes  
Putting on house slippers, picking up the evening paper  
And reclining deep in the softest chair in the living  
room of any well regulated home  
No sooner is he seated comfortably when small  
creatures called children  
Climb up on top of him, muss his hair, tumble in his lap  
kiss him and hug him  
And run for mother when he lets out a great big yell.

He is not a monster although he is sometimes accused  
of it when he loses his temper  
He is not exactly a stranger in the house although he  
mostly sleeps and eats there  
He is not a boarder although he thinks sometimes that  
it would be cheaper for him  
No he is none of these things, he is a father.

Father's come in assorted shapes, sizes and ages but  
all have one common creed  
To always provide to the best of his ability  
All the comforts of good living to his wife and family  
To always have a little extra change in his pockets for  
the children  
Bills of large denominations for his wife and family  
expenses  
And a secret hidden compartment in his wallet for bills  
of a smaller denominations  
For his own pleasures which are few.

Fathers are a necessary item in each home  
They are handy for putting up storm windows painting  
screens  
Mowing the lawn, nailing a shelf, lifting heavy objects  
Moving the furniture, wiping the dishes, cleaning the  
basement  
And they are perfect as a soft touch when the kids  
need spending money.

Children adore them, house to house salesmen hate  
them

Wives tolerate them and heaven and the insurance  
companies protect them  
At home a father is usually quiet, unassuming and  
casual  
He answers to names like daddy, dad, pop, popsey,  
the old man, that stinker  
And that loveable character of the mister of the house.

He answers most questions with inaudible mumbles,  
daydreaming glances  
Or house shaking bellows depending on the situation  
Get him into his best blue suit and well starched collar  
and he complains bitterly  
But once at the party he becomes the speaker of the  
evening  
He tells jokes he would never tolerate at home and he  
dances with all the girls  
Wears the lampshade as a hula costume  
And protests loudly when the last hour's finished and  
mother bustles him homeward.

Fathers are a paradox, they will fight man or beast to  
protect the family  
Yet an upset stomach or a minor pain is reason enough  
to cause  
Loud moaning and groaning  
And checking to see if the last will and testament is in  
order  
He walks ten miles on the golfcourse but takes the car  
to mail a letter at the corner  
He eats like a horse but uses sacchrine in his coffee  
because he is on a diet.

He hollers bloody murder when the bills come due  
But always manages to come up with a nice gift at the  
appropriate time  
He is a devil, an angel, a saint, a gallant gentleman, an  
uncouth creature  
A wise business man and a sucker for a sob story.

Fathers are people who snore the loudest, use the  
bathroom the longest  
Can't find shirts, underwear and socks the oftenest  
And hollers the loudest when mother and the kids are  
not dressed  
And ready to go when he is.

Fathers should never be bothered when they are  
reading the paper  
When monthly bills arrive  
The 15th of March and on Sunday mornings

Fathers like books, golf, a good smoke, open necked shirts  
House slippers, tweed suits, a soft bed, cards,  
hammocks, after-shave lotions  
Sports, sleeping late, lodge nights and one woman

They are not so much for company, neck-ties, shaving, perfumes  
After dinner speakers, crowds, lawnmowers, relatives, mother's new hat  
Diets, cuff links, collar buttons empty refrigerators  
Tuxedos, garters and dentisits.

They remember business appointments, luncheons, sporting data and taxes  
But forget birthdays, anniversaries, grocery lists and the ring in the bathtub  
Yes, father's are strange customers  
They holler and beller and complain, they never seem to do things the right way  
They bundle the kids off to sunday school then sleep through church  
They are outwardly tough and inwardly sentimental  
And they are the little boys of yesterday grown up.

And yet when this big rough tough rugged self-sufficient man  
Talks with his Lord  
When and where no other human can see him in his humility  
He will invariable say something like this.

Dear Beloved Father, thanks for seeing my family safely through another day  
In these uncertain times  
Thanks for the health the food and the goodness you have bestowed upon  
My loved ones  
Thanks for helpin' to make of me the man my kids think I am  
Thanks for forgiving my transgressions and short comings  
And for helping me to walk closer in Thy way  
Thanks again for my wonderful home and family  
And above all thanks for the woman you have blessed me with  
The mother of my children my wonderful understanding wife  
Please watch over them while I am away  
And bring peace to all families like ours everywhere

I ask this in your name  
Thanks Father  
Amen

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