

John Berry "Forty Again"

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Still the same old neighborhood like many years ago
Houses sit in white picket frames like Rockwells in a row
I've always been the rebel son but daddy didn't mind
He wanted me to chase my dreams the way he did one
time
Now he's on the front porch as I get out of my car
And as my father's eyes meet mine there's one wish in
my heart
I'm wishin' my daddy was forty again
He would be young and I would be ten
We would go fishin' throw an old ball around
Wash his old truck go into town
We can never go back to the way it was then
Just for today I wish he was forty again

Now we'll sit and talk for hour of life out on the road
What I've seen and where I've been and journeys left to
go
Mama looks at both of us "you're like two kids I swear"
Then the stories turn to laughter
before the leaving turns to tears
I'm wishin' my daddy was forty again
He would be young and I would be ten
We would go fishin' throw an old ball around
Wash his old truck go into town
We can never go back to the way it was then
Just for today I wish he was forty again
Oh, and just for today I wish he was forty again

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