

Jonathan Cain

"My Old Man"

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Looking back, when I was growing up
How he'd guide me with his hand
I always saw in my father's eyes
What it takes to be a man
He was dedicated to the family trust
Swore we'd never let each other down

Born a saint, under a Southern Cross
Wandered to the midwest skyline
For forty years, he gave his life
To his woman and his dreams
Sure, all my memories
Will all trace back to him
I'm gonna miss him
Now that he is gone

There's no love
That could ever take the place
Of me and my old man
A father's son is coming home to stay
To the one that understands
We'd talk it out or drink all night
Remembering what I am
Remember my old man

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