

Loudon Wainwright Iii

"Father/Doaughter Dialogue"

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Dearest daddy, with your songs,
Do you hope to right your wrongs?
Can't undo what has been done,
To all your daughters and your son.
The facts are in and we have found,
That basically you're not around.
Dearest daddy, try as you might,
All you are is just uptight.
You sing of my mother and me,
Somewhat sentimentally.
You sing of a father and son,
But all you do from him is run.
You like to think that things are OK,
Singing things that you should say.
Dearest daddy, with your songs,
Do you hope to right your wrongs?

Darling daughter can't you see,
The guy singing the songs ain't me.
He's someone people wish I was,
But I can't do as this dude does.
And if the songs seem slightly pat,
You know life's messier than that.
They're just songs and life is real.
It's just my version, how I feel.
And you don't feel the same I know,
How it went down or how it should go.
My mistakes you label wrongs,
I expiate my guilt with songs.
Why I'm uptight or not around,
Those wives continue to confound.
Darling daughter can't you see,
The guy singing the songs ain't me.

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