

Mariano Barba

"My Father's Eyes"

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MY FATHER'S EYES (Marie Claire D'Ubaldo)
When I was just three my father left to fight
I remember his eyes looking at me
When would he come home?
I asked my mother
She'd always tell me "soon"
But one year followed the other
Candlelight casts shadows on the wall
Dark of night, footsteps in the hall
He'll come home, hold on to his memory
All I know is I feel his blood inside of me
He'll come home, like a lonesome bird that flies
In my dreams I see my father's eyes
They stopped saying his name
Mother took a lover
But I never gave up hope
Of seeing my father
I never let them see
The tears I held inside
I have my father's eyes
I have my father's pride
Someday soon, tomorrow or today
The full moon will light his way
He'll come home, hold on to his memory
All I know is I feel his blood inside of me
He'll come home, like a lonesome bird that flies
In my dreams I see my father's eyes
He'd lift me up so I could see the world go by
He'd kiss my tears away whenever I would cry
He'd always tell me that I was his little dove
But he never said goodbye
And I still feel his love

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