

## Paul Anka "Papa"

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Everyday my papa would work  
To try to make ends meet  
To see that we would eat  
Keep those shoes upon my feet  
Every night my papa would take me  
And tuck me in my bed  
Kiss me on my head  
After all my prayers were said  
And there were years  
Of sadness and of tears  
Through it all  
Together we were strong  
We were strong  
Times were rough  
But Papa he was tough  
Mama stood beside him all along  
Growing up with them was easy  
The time had flew on by  
The years began to fly  
They aged and so did I  
And I could tell  
That mama she wasn't well  
Papa knew and deep down so did she  
So did she  
When she died  
Papa broke down and he cried  
And all he could say was, "God, why her? Take me!"  
Everyday he sat there sleeping in a rocking chair  
He never went upstairs  
Because she wasn't there  
Then one day my Papa said,  
"Son, I'm proud of how you've grown"  
He said, "Go out and make it on your own.  
Don't worry. I'm O.K. alone."  
He said, "There are things that you must do"  
He said, "There's places you must see"  
And his eyes were sad as he  
As he said goodbye to me  
Every time I kiss my children  
Papa's words ring true  
He said, "Children live through you.  
Let them grow! They'll leave you, too"

I remember every word Papa used to say  
I kiss my kids and pray  
That they'll think of me  
Oh how I pray  
They will think of me  
That way  
Someday

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