

## **Daniel O'Donnell**

### **"My Fathers House"**

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Last night I dreamed that I was a child out where the  
pines grow wild and tall  
I was trying to make it home through the forest before  
the darkness falls

I heard the wind rustling through the trees and ghostly  
voices rose from the fields  
I ran with my heart pounding down that broken path  
With the devil snappin' at my heels

I broke through the trees and there in he night  
My father's house stood shining hard and bright the  
branches and brambles tore my clothes and scratched  
my arms  
But I ran till I fell shaking in his arms

I awoke and I imagined the hard things that pulled us  
apart  
Will never again sir tear us from each other's hearts

I got dressed and to that house I did ride from out on  
the road I could see its windows shining in light

I walked up the steps and stood on the porch a woman I  
didn't recognize came and spoke to me through a  
chained door  
I told her my story and who I'd come for  
She said "I'm sorry son but no one by that name lives  
here anymore"

My father's house shines hard and bright it stands like  
a beacon calling me in the night  
Calling and calling so cold and alone  
Shining cross this dark highway where our sins lie  
unatoned

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