

Shultz "Daddy's Child"

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As he walks into his garden,
He observes the gentle land.
Elated of his journey,
He holds nature in his hand.
He plants his seed and waters
Knowing that the sun will shine.
His aura glows with pride,
He sees the fruit upon his vine.
He reaches down and comforts,
She looks up at him and smiles.
The fruit falls not far from the vine,
She is her daddy's child.
I'll watch you grow, I'll watch you go,
It hurts to say goodbye.
My baby's flyin' and daddy's tryin'
To keep his tears inside.
As she walks into his shadow,

She observes his withered hand.
Fearful of his journey,
Destination in demand.
She tries to give him shelter,
Knowing that the rain will fall.
Her aura fills with anguish
As his maker comes to call.
She reaches down and comforts,
Wipes the tears beneath his eyes.
The fruit cries out in helpless rage,
Why must my daddy die?!
You watched me grow, I'll watch you grow,
It hurts to say goodbye.
My daddy's dyin' and baby's tryin'
To keep her tears inside.

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