

Fairfax, AK "My Father's Lullaby"

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All alone my father raised me
Supporting us on dock worker's salary
When I was young he took my hand
At the time what he said I didn't understand

He said to me,

"Son, all the good in this world's worth fighting for
Cherish what you earn 'cause nothin' is free."

He went to the pub at the end of the day
There was something about him the people would say

I'd peer through the windows
And listen to his words so profound and true
"Boys raise your glasses and sing away!
Sing, to what bothers you."

He stood on the table and let out a cry
And the boys sang an old lullaby

Now I'm old with kids of my own
I'm still longing for that feeling of home
To make extra bread I unload F. Johnson's truck
He slipped me a shiny silver dollar, and wished me the
best of luck

My wife worries we'll give the kids away to the
orphanage
If we can't make more
I said, "I can't do that, because someone once told me
That this is worth fighting for."

I go to my son in bed he lie
And I began to sing my father's old lullaby

A year ago my father had passed
After years of work he could rest at last
Thousands of faces came to the funeral that day
There was something about him the people would say

At the end of the service it came no surprise

That honoring the man's life wet our dry eyes

We went to the pub at the end of the day
I said, "Boys raise your glasses and sing away!"

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