

Chris Smither

"Father's Day"

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He'll find his way, but you know what they say,
He's gettin'on
Can't stay past noon, he'll check out soon,
He won't be long

He moves slow, but he don't care,
He says "time's slow too, but it gets you there."
'There' is what we'll call it, when we won't recall just
what we're headed for.

The days don't fade, they just come crashing down.
It's the thoughts that fade, they don't make a sound.
It's the lonesome, not the quiet,
That leads us to deny it 'til we're down.

Hey, 'fore you go, how 'bout you lemme know what's
going on?
Can't we just see what's become of me before you're
gone?

Not lost no more, I'm still not found
Still afraid I found a way to let you down
Still wonderin' what I'm missin' always listenin',
Always hangin' round.

"Small time left to make that small talk right
It takes so long to say more than good-night."
Those last lines are the toughest,
Last one out please shut out the light.

Well it's not OK, no matter what you say,
But thanks a lot.
I'll take it for today, it'll always be that way,
It's what we got.

Can't fix it now, maybe it was never broken
And if it was the fixes would be nothin' but the tokens
For what we thought for years, the silent fears,
They were never, ever spoken.

I took all you gave or ever wanted to

Ain't I done good? I needed that from you.
And all I've got to say is, by the way,
You done good too.

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