

Clare Bowditch & The New Slang

"A Little History"

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You were the master of small things
Those little ideas that filter down the traps
For twenty or so years
The clicking of bottled beer
the odd uncomfortable tear
so weird that we thought you might pop

You were a man of small flaws
You hid chocolate in your car
(Now how else was a dad to keep some for himself?)
You loved our Mother like no other man could've
But you work too many hours:
She kindly took the flowers

All my life
I knew you were doing all those little things
Barely worth mentioning
You wereâ€¦

Not "perfect"
I know you felt the pressure: Dads always do
Not perfect. Who could be?
So despite your limitations, you made a little history

You were a man of good hope
You fought for justice with jokes
Spent weekends under cars or smoking to the stars
Chose your words carefully
You gave us both lock and key
A little wink and wave
And now you're on your way

All my life
I knew you were doing all those little things
Barely worth mentioning

Not "perfect"
I know you felt the pressure: Dads always do
Not perfect. Who could be?
So despite your limitations, you made a little history

All my life
I knew you were doing all those little things
Barely worth mentioning

You were good

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