

## **Steve Brookstein**

### **"Dance With My Father"**

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Back when I was a child, before life removed all the  
innocence  
My father would lift me high and dance with my mother  
and me and then  
Spin me around 'til I fell asleep  
Then up the stairs he would carry me  
And I knew for sure I was loved  
If I could get another chance, another walk, another  
dance with him  
I'd play a song that would never, ever end  
How I'd love, love, love  
To dance with my father again

When I and my mother would disagree  
To get my way, I would run from her to him  
He'd make me laugh just to comfort me  
Then finally make me do just what my mama said  
Later that night when I was asleep  
He left a dollar under my sheet  
Never dreamed that he would be gone from me  
If I could steal one final glance, one final step, one final  
dance with him  
I'd play a song that would never, ever end  
How I'd love, love, love  
To dance with my father again

Sometimes I'd listen outside her door  
I'd hear how my mother cried for him  
I pray for her even more than me  
I pray for her even more than me

I know I'm praying for much too much  
But could you send back the only man she loved  
I know you don't do it usually  
But dear Lord she's dying  
To dance with my father again  
Every night I fall asleep and this is all I ever dream

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