

## Springfield Rick

### "My Father's Chair"

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My father's chair's still standing there, all alone since  
the long night  
Now it's three years on and I still feel, he'll come home,  
we'll be alright  
So where's this healing time brings, I was told the pain  
would ease  
But it still hurts like the first night

That night my brother, my mother and I, were looking  
up at a distant star  
And wishing we could reach that far  
And back in the house and alone for the first time  
We told each other we cared, we avoided my father's  
chair

I watch my family, we hold on, we are strong and we'll  
be alright  
The clock continues counting down, all the while  
And every child will share the long night  
But do the spirits meet again, why am I still so filled  
with doubt  
Is my soul everlasting

And the far distant future, when I knew you'd be gone  
Came too fast and stays too long  
Why do they leave the weak of spirit and take the  
strong

But when the world turns sour and I get sick from the  
smell  
And I can't find no comfort there, I climb into my  
father's chair

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