

Dad

One day when Bruce was just a lad
First starting out in school,
He came into my workshop
And climbed upon a stool.
I saw him as he entered
But I hadn't time to play,
So I merely nodded to him
And said, "Don't get in the way.

He sat a while just thinking.
As quiet as could be.
Then carefully he got down
And came and stood by me.
He said, "Old Shep, he never works
And he has lots of fun.
He runs around the meadows
And barks up at the sun.

"He chases after rabbits
And always scares the cats.
He likes to chew on old shoes
And sometimes Mother's hats.
But when we're tired of running
And we sit down on a log,
I sometimes get to thinking
I wish my Daddy was a dog.

"Cause then when I came home from school
He'd run and lick my hand,
And we would jump and holler
And tumble in the sand.
And then I'd be as happy,
As happy as could be,
'Cause we could play the whole day through,
Just my Dad and me.

"Now I know you work real hard
To buy us food and clothes,
And you need to get the girls
Those fancy ribbons and bows
But sometimes when I'm lonesome
I think 'twould be lots of fun,
If my Daddy was a dog
And all his work was done."

Now, when he'd finished speaking
He looked so lonely there,
I reached my hand out to him
And ruffled up his hair.
And as I turned my head aside
To brush away a tear,
I thought how nice it was
To have my son so near.

I know the Lord didn't mean for men
To toil his whole life through,
"Come on, my son," I said, "I'm sure
I have some time for you."
You should have seen the joy
And sunlight in his eye,
As we went outside to play--
Just my son and I.

Now, as the years have flown
And youth has slipped away,
I've tried always to remember
To allow some time to play.

When I pause to reminisce
And think of joys and strife,
I carefully turn the pages
Of this wand'rer's book of life.
I find the richest entry
Recorded in this daily log
Is the day that small boy whispered,
"I wish my Daddy was a dog."