Papa - Paul Anka

Every day my papa would work to Help to make ends meet To see that we would eat Keep those shoes upon my feet Every night my papa would take me And tuck me in my bed Kiss me on my head After all my prayers were said Growing up with him was easy Time just flew on by The years began to fly He aged and so did I I could tell That mama wasn't well Papa knew and deep down so did she, So did she When she died, Papa broke down and cried All he said was, "God, why not take me?" Every night he sat there sleepin' In his walkin' chair He never went upstairs All because she wasn't there Then one day my papa said "Son, I'm proud the way you've grown Make it on your own Oh, I'll be ok alone" Every time I kiss my children Papa's words ring true Your children live through you They'll grow and leave you, too I remember every word My papa used to say I live that every day He taught me well that way

Every night, my papa would take me

And tuck me in my bed
Kiss me on my head
After all my prayers were said
Every night, my papa would take me
And tuck me in my bed
Tuck me in my bed
All my prayers were said





Słowa: brak danych Muzyka: brak danych