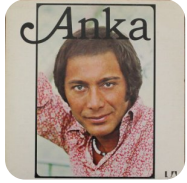


Papa – Paul Anka

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