

When all your good intentions,
they just leave you feeling old
And your latest inventions
have all left you feeling cold
When it's then the gypsie says, "come on
over man, have no fear"

She says "Daddy died last year, and I wish he were
here"

So all your grand ambitions,
they're doing what they're told.
Down at the bottom of the river,
where the old white fingers scald
They say the women dug this river,
they filled it with their tears

And daddy died last year, I wish he were here.

So if you want to see me,
I'm at the bottom of the stair,
It's the place where no one looks for me,
It's the place where no one dares,
And if you think the times have been changin',
Well it's anywhere but here.

See, daddy died last year, and I wish he were here.

So the congressmen and the concubines
Are all happy in their cage,
And the women who surround them,
They're all cute and underage,
They say "At least we'll be remembered",
Screamin' "Revolution's near!"

And daddy died last year, well I wish he were here.

So the lawyers, they come bleedin' me
With papa's old harpoon.
They hold it in a glove,
Made of his barren woman's womb.
And she said, she wants my bones,
To decorate his tomb,

See, daddy died last year, and I wish he were here.
oh and daddy died last year, and I wish he were here.
Daddy died last year, and I wish he were here.