

Daddy

The Statler Brothers

His deeds were never published for the public things
He did were never done for show
His name was never printed in the paper
Until about two days ago

He only filed a short form for his taxes
No one asked him how he felt about the war
He always had a good word for his neighbor
Now his good words won't be heard anymore

And through the rain, I heard the choir singing
"Nearer my God to Thee"
Through the mist I saw some children crying
And I felt nearer my God to Thee

His table was never full of plenty
His silverware was never the real thing
But the tears on the faces of his family
Were just as real as if he been a king

Preacher said, he'd always been a good man
But preachers always throw that phrase around
But the tears I tasted gave his words new meaning
Watching old friends puttin' daddy in the ground

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Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer my God to Thee

I threw my tears and saw some children crying