

Got the news the other day,
a child's innocence taken away.
(You were never scared, I'll always care)
Grandson to son and a memory we'll never lose in time.

Am I making you proud of me?
'Cause I know you can hear me.

You were too young, too fast for you to go
and now I don't understand why.
I can't stand to watch a mother and father cry.
I look up to you.

Four years your younger brother caused me to always wonder why.
(If it's the only way, I'll talk to you)
Home is not home, I swear I'll still see you.
I miss you.

Am I making you proud of me?
'Cause I know you can hear this.

You were too young, too fast for you to go
and now I don't understand why.
I can't stand to watch a mother and father cry.
I look up to you.