

# Dad's Yard

Catie Curtis

He's got an old chair  
That's got no seat  
Cracked snow shoes and  
Worked wooden skis  
Hard-covered books  
Pages all turned brown  
My Dad has a reason  
For everything he keeps around

So if you need something  
And times get hard  
You can probably find it  
In my Dad's yard  
And if you need hope  
If you're coming apart  
You can surely find it  
In my Dad's heart

You never really know  
Just what might be in store  
If you go in the barn  
And open boxes on the second floor  
Cause underneath the paper  
Crumpled up in balls  
You might find a jammer  
You might find nothing at all

And that's the fun of it  
It's that mystery  
In all these things  
Bearing other people's history  
You can look at this stuff  
Wonder where it's been  
You can pick it up  
And you can use it again

So if you need something  
And times get hard  
You can probably find it  
In my Dad's yard  
And if you need hope  
If you're coming apart  
You can surely find it  
In my Dad's heart

He can see the beauty  
Beneath the dust and grime  
He can see potential  
Where the rest of us are blind  
He will polish the grey  
Until it shines clear blue  
And if you know my Dad  
He won't give up on you

So if you need something  
And times get hard  
You can probably find it

In my Dad's yard  
And if you need love  
If you're coming apart  
You can surely find it  
In my Dad's heart