

# My Father's Eyes

Eric Clapton

Sailing down behind the sun,  
Waiting for my prince to come.  
Praying for the healing rain  
To restore my soul again.

Just a toerag on the run.  
How did I get here?  
What have I done?  
When will all my hopes arise?  
How will I know him?  
When I look in my father's eyes.  
My father's eyes.  
When I look in my father's eyes.  
My father's eyes.

Then the light begins to shine  
And I hear those ancient lullabies.  
And as I watch this seedling grow,  
Feel my heart start to overflow.

Where do I find the words to say?  
How do I teach him?  
What do we play?  
Bit by bit, I've realized  
That's when I need them,  
That's when I need my father's eyes.  
My father's eyes.  
That's when I need my father's eyes.  
My father's eyes.

Then the jagged edge appears  
Through the distant clouds of tears.  
I'm like a bridge that was washed away;  
My foundations were made of clay.

As my soul slides down to die.  
How could I lose him?  
What did I try?  
Bit by bit, I've realized  
That he was here with me;  
I looked into my father's eyes.  
My father's eyes.  
I looked into my father's eyes.  
My father's eyes.

My father's eyes.  
My father's eyes.  
I looked into my father's eyes.  
My father's eyes.