

# Wood

Dan Seals

His old hands were brown  
from the varnish and the stain  
And I had come to talk  
in my youth and in my pain  
I told him that I was not  
the man I want to be  
I waited to see what he would say

But he just kept on working  
as if I wasn't there  
The sweat on his face  
and dust in his hair  
He paused for a moment  
when I'd been there for a while  
He wiped his brow - I thought I saw him smile

He just said "Wood,  
From the earth beneath our feet there grows a tree  
And we can take it, shape it, to what's it's meant to be  
The stronger the fiber, the better for the good  
Son, I believe that men are just like wood."

I handed him a timber  
and he laid it on the bench  
I watched the love and care he took  
to measure every inch  
the work it got harder  
when he cut across the grain  
but he just put more shoulder to the plane

I sat there beside him  
as he carved out every line  
He made a thing of beauty  
from a rough 'ol piece of pine  
He seem to have the vision  
of what the end would be  
I felt as if some pieces had been taken out of me

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And we can take it, shape it, to what's it's meant to be  
The stronger the fiber, the better for the good  
Son, I believe that men are just like wood."

I left a little taller  
wiser, and free  
I learned the use of tools  
for the carpenter in me  
I don't have all the answers  
but one thing I have have found  
We are the choices that we make  
when the chips are down, wood.

He said, "The stronger the fiber, the better for the good  
Son, I believe that men are just like wood."