

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

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 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."