

Day After Day

Darrell Scott

Dad never started drinking 'til he was thirty-five
And once he found the power
He made up for his lost time
Go outside and catch a cricket, then unplug the phone
Said their singing kept him company
When we'd leave him alone

Those were days of feeling awkward,
Being seventeen and such
Hoping I could find some comfort
In a deacon's daughter's touch
I'd spend time out in the desert
Feeling lonely with a friend
And we'd talk about leaving
But it was years before we did

Oh the time moves slow
And you can't go where you want to go
But, oh the time slips away
Day after day, day after day
Day after day

Well I found myself a genie
Said she's grant a wish for me
And all I had to do was love her
Endlessly
So I asked my dad about it and he said
Son, life's a game we play
So I closed my eyes, held her and said
Take me away

Let's live in a lighthouse on the Maritime shore
And we'll hang a wreath to loneliness
Upon our lighthouse door
But we never made the ocean, she never followed through
She said the day she left
You know, I really thought you knew

Well I went back home to see my dad
And I walked through the door
To his photographs of Hank and Johnny
Lying on the floor
Hank had a hole shot through his mouth
And Johnny in the head
There were crickets in hallway
And Dad awake in bed

He was sitting in the darkness
With just a cigarette light
Said he went a little crazy
Sometime in the night
I never asked him about the pictures
Though it was clear to me
He shot 'em for the life
And the man he wouldn't be