

# The Randall Knife

Guy Clark

My father had a Randall knife  
My mother gave it to him  
When he went off to WWII  
To save us all from ruin  
If you've ever held a Randall knife  
Then you know my father well  
If a better blade was ever made  
It was probably forged in hell

My father was a good man  
A lawyer by his trade  
And only once did I ever see  
Him misuse the blade  
It almost cut his thumb off  
When he took it for a tool  
The knife was made for darker things  
And you could not bend the rules

He let me take it camping once  
On a Boy Scout jamboree  
And I broke a half an inch off  
Trying to stick it in a tree  
I hid it from him for a while  
But the knife and he were one  
He put it in his bottom drawer  
Without a hard word one

There it slept and there it stayed  
For twenty some odd years  
Sort of like Excalibur  
Except waiting for a tear

My father died when I was forty  
And I couldn't find a way to cry  
Not because I didn't love him  
Not because he didn't try  
I'd cried for every lesser thing  
Whiskey, pain and beauty  
But he deserved a better tear  
And I was not quite ready

So we took his ashed out to sea  
And poured 'em off the stern  
And threw the roses in the wake  
Of everything we'd learned  
When we got back to the house  
They asked me what I wanted  
Not the lawbooks not the watch  
I need the things he's haunted

My hand burned for the Randall knife  
There in the bottom drawer  
And I found a tear for my father's life  
And all that it stood for