

# Papa

Paul Anka

Everyday my papa would work  
To help to make ends meet  
To see that we would eat  
Keep those shoes upon my feet  
Every night my papa would take  
And tuck me in my bed  
Kiss me on my head  
After all the prayers were said

Growing up with him was easy  
Time just flew on by  
The years began to fly  
He aged and so did I

I could tell  
That mama wasn't well  
Papa knew and deep down so did she  
So did she  
When she died  
My papa broke down and cried  
All he said was, "'God, why not take me?'"

Every night he sat there sleeping  
In his rocking chair  
He never went upstairs  
All because she wasn't there

Then one day my papa said,  
"'Son, I'm proud the way you've grown.  
Make it on your own. Oh, I'll be O.K. alone.'"

Every time I kiss my children  
Papa's words ring true  
"'Your children live through you.  
They'll grow and leave you, too'"  
I remember every word  
My papa used to say  
I live them everyday  
He taught me well that way

Every night my papa would take  
And tuck me in my bed  
Kiss me on my head  
When my prayers were said  
Every night my papa would take  
And tuck me in my bed  
Tuck me in my bed  
After my prayers were said ...

Papa  
Paul Anka ('90s version)  
Everyday my papa would work  
To try to make ends meet  
To see that we would eat  
Keep those shoes upon my feet  
Every night my papa would take me  
And tuck me in my bed

Kiss me on my head  
After all my prayers were said

And there were years  
Of sadness and of tears  
Through it all  
Together we were strong  
We were strong  
Times were rough  
But Papa he was tough  
Mama stood beside him all along

Growing up with them was easy  
The time had flew on by  
The years began to fly  
They aged and so did I  
And I could tell  
That mama she wasn't well  
Papa knew and deep down so did she  
So did she  
When she died  
Papa broke down and he cried  
And all he could say was, ''God, why her? Take me!''  
Everyday he sat there sleeping in a rocking chair  
He never went upstairs  
Because she wasn't there

Then one day my Papa said,  
''Son, I'm proud of how you've grown''  
He said, ''Go out and make it on your own.  
Don't worry. I'm O.K. alone.''''  
He said, ''There are things that you must do''  
He said, ''There's places you must see''  
And his eyes were sad as he  
As he said goodbye to me

Every time I kess my children  
Papa's words ring true  
He said, ''Children live through you.  
Let them grow! They'll leave you, too''  
I remember every word Papa used to say  
I kiss my kids and pray  
That they'll think of me  
Oh how I pray  
They will think of me  
That way  
Someday