

My Father's Chair

Rick Springfield

My Father's Chair still standing there
All alone since the long night
Now it's three years on and I still feel
He'll come home, we'll be alright

So where's this healing time brings
I was told the pain would ease
But it still hurts like the first night

That night my brother, my mother and I
Were looking up at a distant star
And wishing we could reach that far
And back in the house
And alone for the first time
We told each other we cared
We avoided My Father's Chair

I watch my family, we hold on
We are strong and we'll be alright
The clock continues counting down, all the while
And every child will share the long night

But do the spirits meet again
Why am I still so filled with doubt
Is my soul everlasting

And the far distant future
When I knew you'd be gone
Came too fast and stays too long
Why do they leave the weak of spirit
And take the strong

When the world turns sour
And I get sick from the smell
And I can't find no comfort there
I climb into My Father's Chair