

# 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