

Dance With My Father

Steve Brookstein

Back when I was a child, before life removed all the innocence
My father would lift me high and dance with my mother and me and then

Spin me around 'til I fell asleep

Then up the stairs he would carry me

And I knew for sure I was loved

If I could get another chance, another walk, another dance with him

I'd play a song that would never, ever end

How I'd love, love, love

To dance with my father again

When I and my mother would disagree

To get my way, I would run from her to him

He'd make me laugh just to comfort me

Then finally make me do just what my mama said

Later that night when I was asleep

He left a dollar under my sheet

Never dreamed that he would be gone from me

If I could steal one final glance, one final step, one final dance with him

I'd play a song that would never, ever end

How I'd love, love, love

To dance with my father again

Sometimes I'd listen outside her door

I'd hear how my mother cried for him

I pray for her even more than me

I pray for her even more than me

I know I'm praying for much too much

But could you send back the only man she loved

I know you don't do it usually

But dear Lord she's dying

To dance with my father again

Every night I fall asleep and this is all I ever dream