

My Father

This Mortal Coil

My father always promised me
That we would live in France
We'd go boating on the Seine
And I would learn to dance

We lived in Ohio then
He worked in the mines
On his dreams like boats
We knew we would sail in time

My sisters on the road, and ran away
To Denver and Cheyenne
Marrying their own grownup dreams
The lilacs and the man

I stand behind the young girls dreams
Only danced alone
Hoping, hoping that my fathers dreams
would take me home.

I live in Paris now
My children dance and dream
Hearing the ways of a miner's life
In words they've never seen

I sail my memories of home
Like boats across the Seine
And watch my fathers eyes
Watching the setting sun
Set in my fathers eyes again