

A Father's Arms

Yonder Mountain String Band

The news it came to me as a surprise
And I knew that I would have to deal in time
And as the messenger walked right off the porch
A memory came to me from times before

I remember when my dad was called away
My mother put his pictures all away
And now the time had come for me to go
To my love my tears I tried not to show

With tear drops on my face
Thinking 'bout that old homeplace
Riding across the planes in the rain

The letters from my dad described the war
His food was canned, his boots they made him sore
And one letter from my dad spoke of a friend
Who got lost between the water and the land

Now I'm the one writing letters to my son
I'll be home as soon as the fightin's done
With my gun in hand I guess it's hard to see
What it was that used to be inside of me

Today we moved in sight of the enemy
Though I didn't even know what they had done
The general yelled to me, when I count to three
Get on your feet and start to run

That's the last event I can recall
The tent was big but could not hold us all
Though I'll never know what got the best of me
I swear I felt my dad looking over me