

MY FATHER'S HANDS

I still feel my father's hands
When I close my eyes at night,
How they tucked me into bed
Before switching off the light.

How he turned once more to give me
A final goodnight kiss
And his hands would gently touch
My cheek ... Oh, how I miss

These sweet moments in my life
When we were a family.
His rough hands were always soft
When he reached to comfort me.

When he took me for a walk,
He would hold my hand in his,
And I felt so safe and loved.
These are all the things I miss.

Dad left work to go to lunch
And he never did come back.
Because he was shot and killed
By a bitter maniac.

But he left a legacy
And a goal I hope to reach:
To be a good a parent, and
To practice what I preach.

I will always love him so,
And forever will be glad
That I had him for awhile ...
Such a wonderful dad.