

I Love My Dad

Sun Kil Moon

When I was young my father taught me not to gloat.
If I came home too proud of myself I get wrestled to the floor and choked.
But I forgive him for that.
He was an eighth grade drop out and I was being a brat.
I forgive him, I do.
I know that he loves me and he knows I love him too. When I was young my father told me, to
each his own.
The lady said as she kissed the cow, some like the fiddle,
some like the trombone and I live by that rule.
Your trip is your trip and my trip is my trip too.
Yeah, I'll mind my own business.
Oh, having no rules in my friend here have. I love my dad. Your kid goes to the private Berkley
school with one black kid.
My kid goes to the public school, came home with cracked ribs.
And when my kid's eighteen he'll be out there like I was and probably chasing his dreams.
And when your kid's twenty-two, he'll have an internship at a law firm and hey that's okay too.
When I was five I came home from kindergarten crying cause they sat me next to an albino.
My dad said son everyone's different, you gotta love em all equally.
And then my dad sat me down,
he said you gotta love all people, pink, red, black, or brown.
And then just after dinner he played me the album
They Only Come Out At Night by Edgar Winter. When I was young my dad taught me the
beauty of patience.
We'd go and hang with his friend Billy Brislin all day in his Stubenville basement.
We'd watch wrestling matches on TV and Billy couldn't move cause he was handicapped.
And I learned to shoot the shit,
and how to care for those in need and to show respect. When I was a kid my dad brought home
a guitar he got from Sears.
I took lessons from a neighbor lady but it wasn't going anywhere.
He went and got me a good teacher and in no time at all I was getting better.
I can play just fine.
I still practice a lot but not as much as Nels Cline.
When I was young my dad told me to pay gossip no mind.
When people talk bad on you you gotta flick it off your shoulder like a fly.
Learn to pick your punches, don't get no tussles, dead in ditches.
Life is short young man, get out there and make the best of it while you can. I ain't trying to say
my dad was some kind of a perfect saint.
When something set him off,
I hit the floor quicker than what Mike Tyson did to Ricky Sveen.
I hit the floor so fast, but that was so long ago and we both moved past.
My life is pretty good, I owe it to him.

My dad did the best he could.I love you dad.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>