

Fallen Father

Ivory Night

You look like my grandfather should have looked like

Some dozen years of life

Have written a storyline onto your face as

Graceful and wide as your eyes

Different chapters and different scenes

And you always saved your smile

Some changes in cast have changed the whole storyline

Father, are you now alone?

I don't wonder how you spend your time

You dress like a grand senior but I can smell the alcohol

It's sad, but the fashion and your precious style

Help you not to lose your face and the status you have known

So sad to see my fallen father fall

And sometimes when I find the time to sit down

My mind draws a picture of you

And of the places that you're coming from

Or that you are going to

I see you leaving the store where I work

And right after crossing the street

You enter the bar where the other old men

Don't know the men that they meet

Solo: T