

Dirty Hands And Dirty Faces

Michael Johnson

Dirty hands, dirty faces, what am I gonna do about you
You've been out playing in those forbidden places
So run along and wash 'em up
Your supper's getting cool

Hurry up, slow down, how can you be so clumsy
Didn't you see it standing there
Go on now answer me before I get angry
And go to your room and shut the door and see if I care

Yes but someday, when we're standing eye to eye
And your trucks and your guns are all behind
Well I hope you'll be more kind and understanding with your dad
dy
Than I was with mine

The day to day, it slips away, you're in diapers and then you'r
e dancing
And the music that you hear is not for me
Sometimes I forget about the things that really matter
I'm holding tighter, you're running faster, as you struggle to
be free

Yes but someday, when we're standing eye to eye
And your trucks and your guns are all behind
Well I hope you'll be more kind and understanding with your dad
dy
Than I was with mine

So on your way, my little one
You've got some dreams to find
Still I hope you'll be more kind and understanding with your da
ddy
Than I was with mine