

Papa

Paul Anka

Everyday my papa would work
To help to make ends meet
To see that we would eat
Keep those shoes upon my feet
Every night my papa would take
And tuck me in my bed
Kiss me on my head
After all the prayers were said

Growing up with him was easy
Time just flew on by
The years began to fly
He aged and so did I

I could tell
That mama wasn't well
Papa knew and deep down so did she
So did she
When she died
My papa broke down and cried
All he said was, "'God, why not take me?'"

Every night he sat there sleeping
In his rocking chair
He never went upstairs
All because she wasn't there

Then one day my papa said,
"'Son, I'm proud the way you've grown.
Make it on your own. Oh, I'll be O.K. alone.'"

Every time I kiss my children
Papa's words ring true
"'Your children live through you.
They'll grow and leave you, too'"
I remember every word
My papa used to say
I live them everyday
He taught me well that way

Every night my papa would take
And tuck me in my bed
Kiss me on my head
When my prayers were said
Every night my papa would take
And tuck me in my bed
Tuck me in my bed
After my prayers were said ...

Papa
Paul Anka ('90s version)
Everyday my papa would work
To try to make ends meet
To see that we would eat
Keep those shoes upon my feet
Every night my papa would take me
And tuck me in my bed

Kiss me on my head
After all my prayers were said

And there were years
Of sadness and of tears
Through it all
Together we were strong
We were strong
Times were rough
But Papa he was tough
Mama stood beside him all along

Growing up with them was easy
The time had flew on by
The years began to fly
They aged and so did I
And I could tell
That mama she wasn't well
Papa knew and deep down so did she
So did she
When she died
Papa broke down and he cried
And all he could say was, "'God, why her? Take me!'"
Everyday he sat there sleeping in a rocking chair
He never went upstairs
Because she wasn't there

Then one day my Papa said,
"'Son, I'm proud of how you've grown'"
He said, "'Go out and make it on your own.
Don't worry. I'm O.K. alone.'"'
He said, "'There are things that you must do'"
He said, "'There's places you must see'"
And his eyes were sad as he
As he said goodbye to me

Every time I kess my children
Papa's words ring true
He said, "'Children live through you.
Let them grow! They'll leave you, too'"
I remember every word Papa used to say
I kiss my kids and pray
That they'll think of me
Oh how I pray
They will think of me
That way
Someday