

To Make My Father Proud

The Four Seasons

To make my father proud
To make my mother smile
I need not conquer worlds or fame
Nor set the pace for style

If I can follow through
On what they gave me as my tools
I'll find a way to sail my course
Avoiding ships of fools

If I don't come up, number one
I'll stand out well apart
As one from numbered numbers
For knowing in my heart

I've done all to be done
To always do my best
By listening to me, myself
So he can do the rest

For without compromise, shall flower the fruit of constant care

In my eleventh hour
I'll be a man aware
To face whatever falls my way
Prepared and unashamed
To just be called a part of god
Of which I have been named

A man and woman's elder son
While growing still a child
And that will make my father proud
And make my mother smile