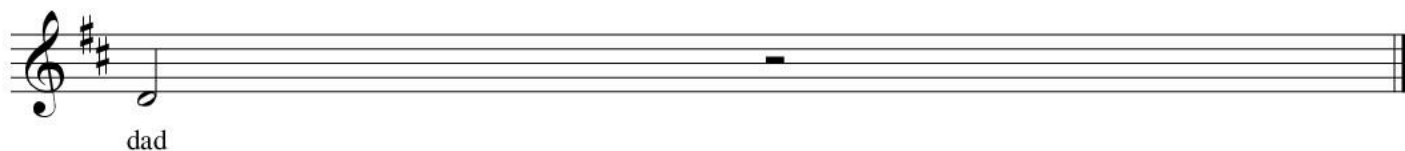
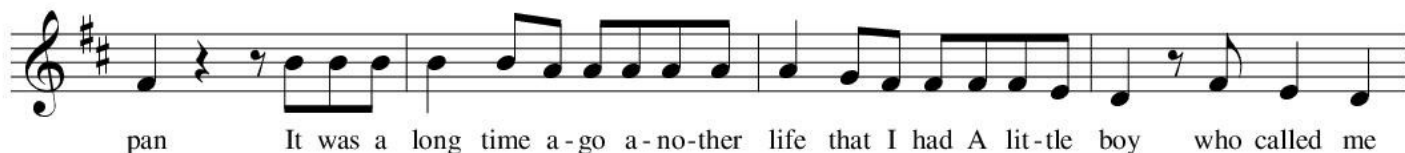
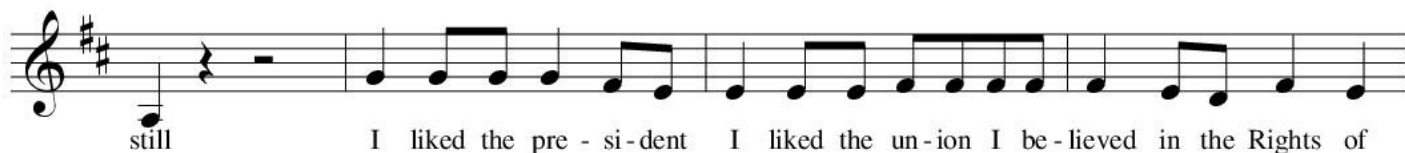
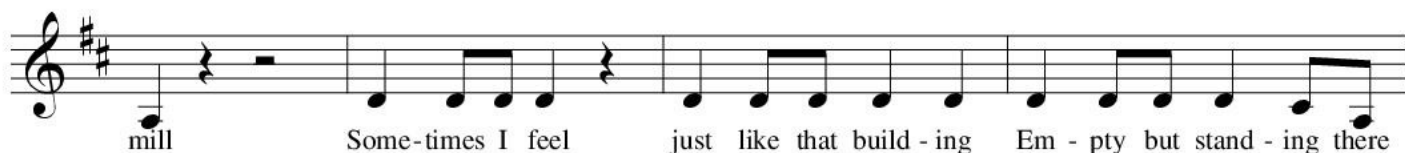
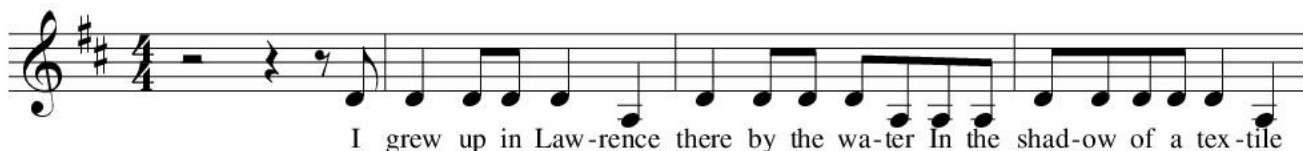


He Called Me Dad

David Rovics



I couldn't describe it, it was all just so bad
I kept my head down, tried to stay alive
I got shot in the leg, took me out of the action
So I was lucky enough to survive
I came home from the war, met a girl named Maria
We had ourselves a son
When I first saw Jim's face, the first thing I thought
I hope he never has to carry a gun

Chorus

I'd have terrible dreams of my time overseas
But otherwise life was alright
I had a job and a wife and a fine little lad
With eyes so cheery and bright
When his number came up I said let's move up north
To Halifax, what do you say?
But my Jim wouldn't have it, he said if I'm gonna be drafted
I don't want to run away

Chorus

After just a few months the letters stopped coming
And one morning a knock on the door
Two nervous young men handed me a flag
Said your son died in the war
He gave his life for his country was what the man said
He didn't believe it and neither did I
I closed the front door, dropped the flag on the floor
And I sat down in Jim's room and cried

Chorus

It was less than a year when my wife said to me
You look so much like our little Jim
She had to go, I don't blame her, you know
I also remind me of him
Now it's been forty years, I'd be a grandpa by now
But instead I just sit here alone
No one calls much these days, but anytime the phone rings
I think maybe the boy's coming back home

Chorus