

The Haircut Song

Daddy cut my hair, he didn't care for style, He'd just snip and snip and sweep it in a pile.
I'd always move, He'd understand; Some things are just known between a boy and a man.
Right there in the middle of our kitchen's cluttered floor, in the middle 60s in between a couple wars;
He'd get out his old scorched sheet and rap it round my neck,
And he would be so close to me I'd smell the coffee on his breath... He would be so close to me...

Well we had a falling out, rebelliousness is why, and every time I think on it there's water in my eye.
I said some awful words; He ordered me to leave, For years my sister wrote about how hard my mother
grieved.

Second year in Grad School when the thrill had all been gone, I started giving haircuts to my buddies
in the dorm.

The call came on Friday, I was cutting Billy's hair, They buried Mom on Wednesday, Dad was happy I
was there....buried Mom on Wednesday...

He never did remarry, traveled quite a bit, as a Father still some distance, as a Grampa quite a hit.
The stroke was unexpected, there's so much to relearn.
He gets around with just a cane, but his speech has not returned.

Now I cut daddy's hair, He still don't care for style, I snip and snip the memories and sweep them in a
pile.

I don't say a word, He smiles when I am done, some things are just known between a father and a son.
Right there in the middle of my kitchen's cluttered floor, In my middle 40s well I feel the ache once
more.

For all the times my anger kept us far apart; thank God there is forgiveness to heal a broken heart...
Thank God there is forgiveness...

He'd get out his old scorched sheet and rap it round my neck, and he would be so close to me I'd smell
the coffee on his breath...he would be so close to me...