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Scraps of Paper

These days my life seems somehow like a tired old cliché
A bad movie scene that just goes on and on
With dialogue like " It's so sad how fast time slips away"
Or "You never really miss them until they're gone"
Funny how those old clichés come true
I never thought I'd miss him, but I do

Chorus:

My father died in summer, and all he left behind
Were little scraps of paper, little scraps of rhyme
I read them and felt something inside me break
And angrily cried out "Too late, too late!"
Surely there must be something better?
Surely there must be something better?

He and I were always strangers, searching for someone
I was looking for a hero, and he a friend
So while I searched for my father, he was looking for his son
So strangers we remained until the end
But the man who wrote his heart into those rhymes
I know he could have been a good friend of mine

So I sit here where he lived and died as the ghosts around me weave
And evening shadows lengthen on the wall
And in this dark and empty room it's so easy to believe
That he never lived at all
But the little scraps of paper in my hand
Proved he lived to me - the father and the man