

Dad's Yard

Catie Curtis

He's got an old chair
That's got no seat
Cracked snow shoes and
Worked wooden skis
Hard-covered books
Pages all turned brown
My Dad has a reason
For everything he keeps around

So if you need something
And times get hard
You can probably find it
In my Dad's yard
And if you need hope
If you're coming apart
You can surely find it
In my Dad's heart

You never really know
Just what might be in store
If you go in the barn
And open boxes on the second floor
Cause underneath the paper
Crumpled up in balls
You might find a jammer
You might find nothing at all

And that's the fun of it
It's that mystery
In all these things
Bearing other people's history
You can look at this stuff
Wonder where it's been
You can pick it up
And you can use it again

So if you need something
And times get hard
You can probably find it
In my Dad's yard
And if you need hope
If you're coming apart
You can surely find it
In my Dad's heart

He can see the beauty
Beneath the dust and grime
He can see potential
Where the rest of us are blind
He will polish the grey
Until it shines clear blue
And if you know my Dad
He won't give up on you

So if you need something
And times get hard
You can probably find it

In my Dad's yard
And if you need love
If you're coming apart
You can surely find it
In my Dad's heart