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If I Sing

Reference number PT0236

My father's pride was in his hands.
The piano was his soul.
I watched in wonder as he played show tunes,
Miles off from rock and roll.
What he loved he taught me.
Now music's what I do.
And often when I'm writing,
In my hands Dad's there too.

If I sing, you are the music.
If I fly, you're why I'm good.
If my hands can find some magic,
You're the one who said they could.
When the child who's still inside me,
Finds a song in empty air,
When there is joy in making music,
It is you who put it there.

My dad grew old.
His hands grew numb.
And now he cannot play.
I came to visit.
He sat and asked me,
"How could it be this way?"
I couldn't find an answer,
I played this tune for him instead.
My father sat there smiling,
For he knew what it said.

If I sing, you are the music.
If I love, you taught me how.
Ev'ry day your heart is beating,
In the man that I am now
If my ears are tuned to wonder,
If when I reach, the chords are there,
If there is joy in making music,
It's a joy that we both share.
I never told you.
It took time till I could see
That if I sing,
You are the music,
And you'll always sing in me.
Yes, you'll always live in me.