

To My Little Son

By:Unidentified Melodies

lyrics by Ralph Chaplin; music by Franz Beidel

I cannot lose the thought of you.
It haunts me like a little song.
It blends with all I see or do
Each day, the whole day long.

The train, the lights, the engine's throb,
And that one stinging memory:
Your brave smile broken with a sob,
Your face pressed close to me.

Lips trembling far too much to speak,
The arms that would not come undone,
The kiss so salty on your cheek,
The long, long trip begun.

I could not miss you more it seemed,
But now I dont know what to say.
It's harder than I ever dreamed
With you so far away.