

Uncle Jack  
by David Horowitz and Tom Paxton

Uncle Jack, your soup is cold.  
I fixed it just for you, you know.  
I know you couldn't eat a bite but you must try.

Uncle Jack, your easy chair.  
I'll warm your soup you'll eat it there.  
Oh Uncle Jack we're men and we don't cry.

Uncle Jack, the sun is red.  
My bag is packed and on my bed.  
They're taking me away from you and I don't know why.

Uncle Jack, they hate you so.  
You fought to keep me here I know.  
And now we must accept it and I'll try.

Uncle Jack, I'm very young, so much to learn, so hard to know  
what's true.  
Uncle Jack, I love you.  
I'll remember all of this, I'll follow you.  
It won't matter if they hate me too.

Uncle Jack, you combed your hair.  
I see there's still some red paint there.  
I think you ought to soak your head in turpentine.

Uncle Jack, I won't say "ain't".  
They say I'll get a chance to paint.  
You send me some of yours and I'll send mine.

Uncle Jack, we're just too tough.  
And they can't hit us hard enough.  
I think I heard their car just now pull in the drive.

Uncle Jack, you have to write.  
Unless you're just too tired at night.  
And eat enough to keep yourself alive.

Uncle Jack, I'm very young, so much to learn, so hard to know  
what's true.  
Uncle Jack, I love you.  
I'll remember all of this, I'll follow you,  
And it won't matter if they hate me too.

Oh, Uncle Jack, Uncle Jack,  
I'll remember all of this, I'll follow you,  
And it won't matter if they hate me too.