

## My Son John

(C)My son, John, was a (G)good boy, and (C)good to me.  
When we hard (G)times well he (C)stood by me.  
We were (Dmin)in working (G)out of working (Amin)on the go.  
If he (Dmin)had complaints, I (C)never heard a (G)one.  
He would (Dmin)pitch in and (G)help me like a (Amin)full grown man.  
My son, (Dmin)John,(G) John (C)my son.

My son, John, went to college and he made his way.  
Had to earn every penny, but he paid his way.  
He worked summers and holidays and through the year,  
And it was no easy struggle that he won.  
But he laughed at the ones who thought he had it hard.  
My son, John, John my son.

My son, John, got his uniform and went away.  
With a band playing marches, he was sent away.  
And he wrote me a letter, when he had the time.  
He was loosing his buddies one by one.  
And I prayed, and tried not to read between the lines.  
My son, John, John my son.

My son, John, came home yesterday, he's here to stay.  
Not a word, to his father, have I heard him say  
He seems glad to be home, but I can't be sure.  
When I ask him what he'd seen and done.  
He went up to his bedroom, and he closed the door.  
My son, John, John my son.  
He went up to his bedroom, and he closed the door.  
My son, John, John my son.