

When I Go To See My Son
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

When I go to see my son,
I get there early Friday night,
It's after the winter sun goes down.
His mother turns on the front porch light.
She always meets me at the door,
She knows she's still the only one,
But she's a million miles away now,
When I go to see my son.

When I go to see my son,
I look for hope where there is none,
I see the past, I see the future,
When I go to see my son.

When I go to see my son,
We might take in a hockey game.
We tell ourselves we're having fun,
But in the end, it's not the same.
I hear him cry out in the night,
I wonder what I might have done.
And I don't get to sleep for hours,
When I go to see my son.

When I go to see my son,
I look for hope where there is none,
I see the past, I see the future,
When I go to see my son.

I see he has his mother's eyes,
I hear her voice whenever he laughs.
He has her perfect nose,
The nose is plain to see.
I see he has her perfect chin,
He has his mother's will to win.
I see my son will never be
The least like me.

When I bring my son back home,
We never talk much in the car,
And by the time I think of something,
We turn the corner, there we are.
His mother meets us at the door,
She knows she's still the only one,
But I can see she's gone forever,
When I go to see my son.

When I go to see my son,
I look for hope where there is none,
I see the past, I see the future,
When I go to see my son.

When I go to see my son,
I look for hope and there is none,
I see the past, I see the future,
When I go to see my son.