

9-30-13

## Dad's Struggle

By Dad as E for

Time to go home, dad's on his last leg,  
Pray to God I won't be in prison, when dad's on his death bed,  
Losing the struggle, daddy don't want any chemo,  
said he lived his life, so we need to let him go.  
I pray and pray, that the Lord keeps him here,  
even though I know, it won't do no good to shed a tear.  
I'll lose it if one day I'll call, and they say "he's gone,"  
tears will run down my cheek, but no more pain in his bones.  
He may be 72 years old now, but I never had the chance,  
to tell my dad I'm sorry, be there and hold his hand.  
I know God hears my prayers, I know I been sincere,  
He knows I believe, He knows that's one of my fears.  
Heard it's stomach cancer, but it's real small,  
despite that it can be the greatest killer of them all.  
wish I were there, just to give him a hug,  
cry on his shoulder, and show it's nothing but love.  
I'd rather have him here, so he can see the son he raised,  
see my accomplishments, instead of me visiting his grave.  
my dad was an alcoholic, and my daddy smoked,  
got in his 60s, and started having strokes.  
Lord please hear my prayer, please deliver me,  
keep my daddy here, so it's my face he'll see.  
Not like my mom's, he don't want to survive,  
he don't want to suffer, while he stays alive!