

My Daddy's Pocketknife

by Stan Morris

And I used to walk hand in hand with em {Riff}
Til I, one day I became a man
And I, then I didn't need my daddy anymore

I had my daddy's pocket knife and it reminded me of my life
When I use to spend time with him every day
and now how I miss him so, I just can't let him go, so I think about the day

The day my daddy gave his pocketknife away

I was just a liitle boy, watchin firetrucks and playing toys
Not knowing which way I was to go

But my daddy was my hero catching firebugs
He was loving life and giving hugs and my daddy was the world and only mine

Then I got to the age of 5 and my daddy man alive he taught me
How to ride my bike and brushed off a skint up knee

Then I was about ten and I had my girlfriend and she broke my little heart in two
again, daddy said, "Don't worry Son, she ain't one" and it brought a smile to my
little face.

Refrain

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So when I became a teen I was 15 going on 26 trying to get by, taking licks
My daddy was the dumbest man I'd ever seen

I don't know why the man would stand by and listen to me tell him why
his life didn't much to me anyway.

Goin' through a break up or two getting divorced and leaving school, I felt my life
slipping way

But there never was day that he didn't call or have to say that he was sending
out his prayers for his boy that day

Well, it wasn't soon before I'm 30 and I'm looking back on my life
hoping something would be different somehow some kind of way

And I left the truck where it died and I was thinking about my life and
how I ruined it more than I ever should

I told him off too many times, he didn't owe me a dime but I called and he came
straight way to the lake that sunny day

And he sat me down and he said, "Son I ain't got much to say and I ain't one for
words no way, but I got something for just you"

And that was the day that my daddy gave his pocketknife away

Refrain

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The day my daddy gave his pocketknife away

Now it's been a couple of years and I...
if only I could only say through the tears how much my Daddy meant to me

I tell my boys I love em so and many times I just don't know
But I smile as I tell them which way
And then I tell them about the day their granddaddy gave the pocket knife away.

Ohhh I, I tell them that I...

Refrain – last

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The day my Daddy gave his pocketknife away.