

A Letter to my Parents
By Jack Davies
ACMF National Song Competition 2016

I'm sorry dad, I'm sorry mum,
For these things that I do wrong:
Every smile that I can't give,
This little life that I can't live.
Of you could look, through my two eyes,
Then I pray that you'd see why,
The sun will shine, when I'm gone.
And when time will pass, and love will fade,
And these pretty things will all wash away:
I'll call home.

But this ain't goodbye (I'm still your son),
Its just these feet, they plead to run,
Through that sand, across that sea,
Somewhere far away from me.
Where I can sleep, amongst the stars,
The open oceans and empty cars,
With dreams of swimming on my own.
And when time will pass, and love will fade,
and these pretty things will all wash away:
I'll call home.

For then I'll be, sincerely me,
For like the tide my soul is free;
Salty skin, sun dried hair,
Lungs to breathe that morning air,
That eucalyptus in the sky,
As laughing birds begin to cry,
And sunshine sings inside my bones.
And when time will pass, and love will fade,
And these pretty things will all wash away:
I'll call home.