

My Dad

My Dad taught me to saw a board, crank the Ford, preach the Word.

My Dad taught me to love the Lord. He's gone, but the love lives on.

My Dad taught me to tie my tie, check my fly, po - lite - ly lie.

My Dad taught me a man can cry. He's gone, but the love lives on. A

lit - tle up - tight and ser - i - ous, a lit - tle bit set in his ways, but

I find it most cur - i - ous that I miss him ev - ery day.

My Dad taught me to camp and hike, ride a bike, speak in - to the mic. He said,

"Like what you do, and do what you like." He's gone, but the love lives on.

WORDS and MUSIC: James K. Manley
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In loving memory of Felix A. Manley (1910-1986)

C F G C

My Dad taught me to drive a car, shoot for par, ques - tion war. He said,

C F G7 C

"Al - ways ask what the fight - ing's for." He's gone, but the love lives on. Each

F C

day it's get - ting clear - er, till now it's plain to see,

D7 G

when I look in the mir - ror, my Dad looks back at me. My

C C7 F

crook - ed smile and my slouch - ing stand, the stub - by fin - gers on my hand—

G G7 C

the spit - ting im - age of my old man. He's gone, but the love lives on.

C F G C

My Dad taught me to han - dle a knife, stay calm in strife, cher - ish a wife.

C F G G7 C F C

My Dad taught me to love this life. He's gone, but the love lives on.