

My Old Man



1 My old man wore a sec-ond hand suit, but it nev-er showed a speck of dirt.
2 Wait-ed for my Dad on a wind - y day on the porch of a house in town.
3 Days dripped down in the can - dle flame and the boy went a - way from home,



Kept his coat on all day long so you could-n't see the holes in his shirt. But
In - side the house an old man lay in a room with the shade pulled down. His
walked the roads till he lost his name and he sang his songs a - lone. But he



Sun - day morn-ing when he stood so tall in the room where the hymns were heard, I
breath came out like a scratch on the wall as he lay on his dy - ing bed. My
songs he sang were the ones he'd learned in the room where the hymns were heard. Then he



thought of the holes that were hid by the robe that he wore when he preached the Word.
Dad - dy read from the Book that he brought. I could hear ev - ery word that he said.
looked at the holes in his shirt and he thought of his Dad-dy when he preached the Word.

WORDS and MUSIC: James K. Manley

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This is a song for my dear father, Rev. Felix Manley, toiling away as the pastor of the United Church of Christ in Reno, Nevada. I needed more of him, as did my children of me.



Dad-dy, Dad-dy, there's a man out-side, his eyes are weep-ing wine,
Dad-dy, Dad-dy, there's a boy out-side, his eyes in the porch light shine,
Dad-dy, Dad-dy, there's a man out-side, and a boy in the eyes that shine,



got him a bot-tle in a pap-er bag, and he's got to have a lit-tle of your
cry-ing in the wind as the night be-gins, and he's got to have a lit-tle of your
out there sing-ing like a child of God, and he's got to have a lit-tle of your



time— got to have a lit-tle of your time.
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