

## *In the Garden Shed*

I am here at my father's feet  
He's smoking his pipe  
I am here at my father's feet

He's smoking his pipe  
On the shed roof the raindrops beat  
He smokes his pipe

Here my own son sits at my side  
Hugging his knees  
Here my Nicholas sits at my side

He hugs his knees  
On the shed glass the raindrops slide  
And he hugs his knees

It's right snug and homely in this shed  
Isn't it Dad  
It's quiet and peaceful in this shed

Isn't it Dad  
The rest of the world could almost be dead  
Couldn't it Dad

The raindrops tap on the roof of the shed  
He reaches his hand  
The raindrops tap on the roof of the shed

He reaches his hand  
Into the hand of a father who's dead  
He reaches his hand.

*Michael Wallerstein*