

There once was a kind man, a father of three, there was no other could love more than he
He wasn't given the time to grow old but he was a great man with a heart made of gold

He was a free spirit and he loved a good drink, he drank himself silly, never cared what you'd think
He'd stay out 'til the late hours with a manner so calm, he was caring and gentle, never did any care

**So come all good friends and we'll drink to my father
A pint in one hand, a cigarette in the other
We'll close our eyes and feel free as we dance
And we'll all raise our glasses for the love of my old man**

He had a passion and a love for the arts, a great sense of humour, his wit it was sharp
Thoughtful and honest, a true man was he but he might steal a bauble from your Christmas tree

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I'll take some comfort the only way I know how by writing a song for a father so proud
I'll sing in his memory and drink to his name and I'll hold him in my heart and keep his love safe

We all loved him dearly and it's hard to let go but he didn't suffer and he loved us all so
The smiles and the laughter will stay with us strong, we might be without him but his memory lives on

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