

YOU'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW

(Neil Murray)

My father stands at the back of the house
His hands are shaking as he went out
The night was dark
But he knew where he was
With the pain ever growing inside him

In the morning I'd yell out to his van
Hoping he'd hear, hoping he can
"Are you alive?" I'd shout
He'd reply with a groan
And we'd all be relieved he was moaning

And my father said there'll be no sorrow
When I'm dead, you'll have to follow
Let the music play sweet memories
Of the old time days, when he was king

My father worked the land with his hands
He didn't have the schoolin' to make other plans
He'd tackle any job
And jobs loved him
He was first to start and never quit

When he found he had cancer
We hoped he'd have time
But his body was stricken
His life was on the line
He said, "I didn't want to end up like this but that's the card you get dealt"

So I went with him to pay for his funeral
He did it with a grin, like it was business as usual
Let the music play sweet memories
Of the old time days, when he was king

Well my father's hand is held in mine
On his hospital bed, my tears drip like wine
He'd refused all treatment
Couldn't take any more
He just wanted it to end
Still he signalled to me to give him a hand
To help him get up
To help him to stand
And I wished that I could have kept him alive
But you got to let go when it's over

Well my father's dead, but I still hear him talking
Sometimes round the shed, I feel that he's walking

He says, "Stick to your principles, it's the only way to be"
If you wanna get anywhere
Be happy
And my father said there'll be no sorrow
When I'm dead, you'll have to follow

Let the music play sweet memories
Of the old time days, when he was king
Yes, he always said there'll be no sorrow
When I'm dead, you'll follow