



LA84 Foundation

ROOTING FOR FATHER

*FATHER, dear father, why won't you
come home?*

*The clock in the steeple strikes six.
It's always the same when you go to the
game*

*And root for those ball tossing hicks.
I know it's the tenth and the score is
tied up*

*With a guy on third waiting to roam
When his pal gets a swat; but your dinner
is hot.*

So father, dear father, come home.

*FATHER, dear father, it's seven o'clock;
And oh, we're just starving, old dear.*

*The dinner's lukewarm and we're waiting
to swarm*

To the dining room when you appear.

*I know that the score is still tied in the
twelfth*

And the batter is Tyrus the Great;

*But think, father dear, of your home
team, out here*

All waiting to step to the plate.

*Father, dear father, the soup is quite cold
And wifie's quite hot and it's dark.*

*Your children and I are so hungry we'll
die*

*If you don't soon come home from the
park.*

*I know that you boast of the way you
can roast.*

A player who's thick in the dome;

*But think, father dear, of the roast we
have here.*

So leave the score tied and come home.