

Our Last Goodbye Till Our Next Hello

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Jack The Old Cowboy Poet

I sit by his side alone for days
He lay on his death bed as I prayed

I held his hand stroked his head
Knowing soon he would be dead

My father would soon be gone
I would without him be so alone

This great man only in my eyes
Now we say our goodbyes

I cried as he breathed his last
Remembering our grand past

Oh dad how I miss you so
But God called and you had to go

Someday we shall meet up there
Together in God's sweet pure air
I'll see you wearing a bright halo
And I will greet you with our next hello

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