



## Memories Of My Dad Poem Lyrics

He wasn't a hero  
Known by the world,  
But a hero he was  
To his little girl.

My daddy was a god  
Who knew all things.  
And better than Santa,  
With the gifts he'd bring.

I knew his voice  
Before I could speak  
And loved it when  
He would sing me to sleep.

He changed my diapers  
And sat up all night  
When my body was weak  
And I'd put up a fight.

He'd come home late  
With not much to say  
And made us all kneel  
As he taught me to pray.

He taught me life's lessons  
Of right from wrong  
And instilled in me values  
That I might be strong.

And so through the years,

Like a hero he stood.  
Working to give  
All that he could.

His presence was important,  
And we loved to see him smile,  
For no one in the world  
Could emulate his style.

And so, dear Dad,  
My best memory to recall  
Is the gift of your presence,  
The greatest gift of all.

[Memories Of My Dad -  
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