



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.

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