

Back Home

unknown author

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If I had the power to turn back the clock,
Go back to that house at the end of the block,
The house that was home when I was a kid,
I know that I'd love it more now than I did.

If I could be back there at my mother's knee,
And hear once again all the things she told me,
I'd listen as I never listened before,
For she knew so well just what life had in store.

And all the advice my dad used to give,
His voice I'll remember as long as I live,
But it didn't seem really important then,
What I'd give just to live it all over again.

And what I'd give for the chance I once had,
To do so much more for my mother and dad,
To give them more joy and a little less pain,
A little more sunshine — a little less rain.

But the years roll on and we cannot go back,
Whether we were born in a mansion or in a shack,
But we can start right now - in the hour that's here,
To do something more for the ones we hold dear.

And since time in its flight is traveling so fast,
Let's not spend It regretting that which is past,
But let's make tomorrow a happier day,
By doing our 'good to others' — today.

— *unknown*

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