

My Father's Shoes

My father's shoes rested by the front door
Black and smooth
A quiet statement of what the man stood for
My mother's eyes shone like sky as he entered the room

The streets of town held no fear for my brother and me
We'd strut around
Stare in the eyes of those we'd meet
Oh, now the streets are place for the sane
Oh, the same streets are all covered in shame
Not fit for my father's shoes

My father's feet made tracks for others to follow
So sister sweet
Sleep in sight of the warm yellow glow
But oh, now the lights are neglected and smashed
Oh, and the paintwork corroded and scratched
Not fit for my mother's eyes

Oh, now the kids are all leaving this town
Oh, now the houses are all falling down
It's not fit for my father's shoes
It's no place for my father's shoes

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