

# BREAD & BONES

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**My Father is Gone** – © 2003 Richard Ruane

In the coal mining hills of Pennsylvania  
My father grew up just above the mine  
But his father told him no  
You won't be working down below  
Cause I won't see you fall before your time

So my father had a job down at the railway  
Moving round the coal-filled railroad cars  
But one April afternoon  
My aunt came up to my room  
And told me there'd been trouble at the yards

My father is gone, will not return.  
You can't hold a life beyond its own turn  
Can't hold back the night or hurry the dawn  
It cannot be changed, my father is gone

There were people in their suits out in the parlor  
There were tall men come to shake me by the hand  
And a kitchen full of pies  
And my mother's weary eyes  
My uncle told me "Son, now be a man."

My father is gone, will not return.  
You can't hold a life beyond its own turn  
Can't hold back the night or hurry the dawn  
It cannot be changed, my father is gone

But I dreamed that he opened his eyes  
That he opened his eyes  
And all was all right

My father is gone, will not return.  
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Can't hold back the night or hurry the dawn  
It cannot be changed, my father is gone