

BREAD & BONES

Lyrics from Richard Ruane's recording *Things That Strangers Say*

Light of the World

Written by Richard Ruane, copyright Okey Dokey Folkie Music (BMI)

My father died two months before my oldest child was born.
Driving alone, I'll talk to him still.
I tell him 'bout my children, and the things they've said and done,
How they dance and how they sing, and all the fevers and the chills.

Through the light of the world, we make our way.
We live our lives, like we're here to stay.
Through the light of the world, and the light of the sky,
We'll be passing by and by.

My father was a kind man; he worked through all his days.
He could whistle like a swing band, and he could touch you with his smile.
My mom and he raised four boys, three that now remain.
There were hard times, and rough times, but good times just the same.

I can't tell my son, and I don't know why,
What it means when people die.
When you call a name and there's no reply,
When you have to say that last good-bye.

But some day we all find ourselves with a friend no longer there,
Talking to the air, to the person we once knew.
To my dad I tell him stories of the kids he never saw.
Talking makes it better, and maybe somehow it gets through.