

Broken Homes

I come from a broken home but I still have memories
Of a not so broken childhood that mean all the world to me
My mother and my sister, grand mom and my grand dad
Did all they could to make me feel my life was not so bad

I waited all the whole school year for summer to begin
We'd go up to my grand mom's house she'd meet us with a grin
She'd cook the biggest meals I do believe I've ever seen
I was surprised to find out some folks thought we had it lean

Yes there were time I missed my dad
Baseball days and fishing trips I wish I had
But I was taught to live and learn life's other joys
And broken homes don't have to make little broken girls and boys

My mom did everything she could to fill both parents shoes
Even times when it took all she had to hide her blues
She sacrificed and tried to make our whole childhood complete
I swear that woman must have never heard the word defeat

My sister went to college when I hit my teenage years
Her grades were high while mine most always drove my mom to tears
I thought I was a wild one and did what the wild boys do
My mom gave me the rope so I could hang a time or two

Yes there were times I missed my dad
Hot rod cars and camping trips I might have had
But I was taught to live and learn life's other joys
And broken homes don't have to make little broken girls and boys

When I finally finished school I went to find myself
I tried a lot of things and tried to be somebody else
But now the dust has settled it's my hope that I can say
The man that I've become would make my mother proud today
So here's to all the children who don't have both mom and dad
And all the times they sit and wonder why and feel so bad
Take heart in those who love you and you'll find what I have known
You'll be a little stronger 'cause you're from a broken home

Yes there are things I guess I missed
But not so much that I should make a list
I was taught to be brave after I was grown
And try my best to build a life and not a broken home

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