

Beth

Beth

Beth, daughter, my sacred flesh
My future life after certain death
My joy, my love since you were born
My kindred spirit that others scorn
My friend for life, my partner in crime
Your joy enriches me all the time

Our laughing child's now a complex woman
A fitting product to years of grooming
A warm heart and generous nature
A ready smile and unbounded future
With much to offer and to gain
Grasp the nettle, take the pain

I grieve to see you suffer or sad
It burns my soul a love gone bad
You carry my hopes of future fair
Your pain is mine a curse we share
My love for you is deep, profound
I strive to keep you on even ground

But your life is not mine to make
I despair of each and every mistake
Your path is one I cannot choose
You face the consequence win or lose

Beth

Sometime choices fill me with sorrow
I try to protect you for tomorrow

For death is never far away
We faced it once and won the day
But its return is a guarantee
I ache with anxiety on what may be
But talk of death is premature
We have lives of promise to ensure

So grasp the nettle, face the pain
Be bold, there is so much to gain
With needs and hopes not known to me
I'll share your dreams if you let me
And if I stray, demand too much
Admonish me, restrict my touch

I'll always love you, daddio.