

A Good Man

As I search my soul
To think upon my vision deep
I seek my place to be
Where history may be kind to me

For though I try
To fly with the angels
I feel my feet
Upon the ground

Day by day I go through life
With hopes that I may make a difference
That I may be remembered as a great man
As history is told by few
And but few great men are remembered

As the days turn to months
And life passes on

I find my deeds be
Of a good man
But never those of a great man
As I reflect upon my days
I now understand
I will never be a great man

For it is the great man
That sacrifices all
For that in which he seeks

But be they great men to many
And their deeds will be remembered by all
The few are left behind

To these people he is not a great man
But a busy one
The one they love and call dad

Although I wish to be a great man
I will always be a good man
For those who call me dad
Do not care if I am a great man
But that I am a good dad

And if there were more good dads
There would be less need for great men