

Every day my papa would \_\_\_\_\_  
 To help to make ends meet  
 To see that we would \_\_\_\_\_  
 Keep those \_\_\_\_\_ upon my feet  
 Every \_\_\_\_\_ my papa would take and  
 Tuck me in my \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ me on my \_\_\_\_\_  
 After all prayers were said  
 Growing up with him was \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ just flew on by  
 The years began to \_\_\_\_\_  
 He aged and so did I  
 I could tell that Mama \_\_\_\_\_ well  
 Papa knew and \_\_\_\_\_ down so did she, so did she  
 When she died, Papa \_\_\_\_\_ down and cried  
 All he said was, "God, why not take me?"  
 Every night he sat there \_\_\_\_\_  
 In his \_\_\_\_\_ chair  
 He never went \_\_\_\_\_  
 All because she wasn't \_\_\_\_\_  
 Then one day my Papa said  
 "Son, I'm proud the way you've grown  
 Make it on your own"  
 "Oh, I'll be OK alone"  
 Every time I kiss my \_\_\_\_\_  
 Papa's words ring true  
 Your \_\_\_\_\_ live \_\_\_\_\_ you  
 They'll grow and \_\_\_\_\_ you, too  
 I \_\_\_\_\_ every word  
 My Papa used to say  
 I live that \_\_\_\_\_  
 He taught me well that way  
 Every night, my Papa would take me  
 And tuck me in my \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ me on my \_\_\_\_\_  
 After all prayers were said  
 Every night, my papa would take me  
 And tuck me in my \_\_\_\_\_  
 Tuck me in my \_\_\_\_\_  
 After all prayers were said.



by Mrs. HaThao

**Papa**

**Paul Anka (1974)**

1:59

-1:28



**LIVEWORKSHEETS**