

## Not All Heroes Wear Capes

He doesn't \_\_\_\_\_ crime

Or wear a \_\_\_\_\_

He doesn't read \_\_\_\_\_

Or \_\_\_\_\_

But every time my \_\_\_\_\_ needs \_\_\_\_\_

He's my \_\_\_\_\_

Some \_\_\_\_\_ don't

\_\_\_\_\_ in heroes

'Cause they haven't met my dad

He \_\_\_\_\_ his workshop

And rock 'n roll

He's got a hot rod

And a \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_

And you could say he's a man of few \_\_\_\_\_

But he \_\_\_\_\_ a lot within

And even though I'm a \_\_\_\_\_ taller

I still \_\_\_\_\_ up to him

He \_\_\_\_\_ me a \_\_\_\_\_ in the \_\_\_\_\_ of a tree

He taught me to \_\_\_\_\_ and to fight and to \_\_\_\_\_

When he \_\_\_\_\_ in my \_\_\_\_\_ I hope he can see \_\_\_\_\_

My dad's a \_\_\_\_\_ to me

Rust ridden fenders

And doors full of dings

\_\_\_\_\_ he can fix about \_\_\_\_\_

I didn't think he \_\_\_\_\_ how to cry

'Til our dog \_\_\_\_\_ that year

He doesn't \_\_\_\_\_ say I love you

But I can \_\_\_\_\_ him loud and \_\_\_\_\_

He built me a \_\_\_\_\_ in the \_\_\_\_\_ of a tree

He \_\_\_\_\_ me to \_\_\_\_\_ and to \_\_\_\_\_ and to dream

When he looks in my eyes I \_\_\_\_\_ he can see

That my dad's a \_\_\_\_\_ to me

He built me a \_\_\_\_\_ in the arms of a \_\_\_\_\_

He taught me to \_\_\_\_\_ and to fight and to \_\_\_\_\_

When he \_\_\_\_\_ in my eyes I hope he can \_\_\_\_\_

That my dad's a \_\_\_\_\_ to me

My dad's a hero to me

My dad's a hero to me