

Kevin's Song

To: Kevin

From: Patrick Lynch

Old stories roll out like smoke from your lips. Generational tales on the porch, calloused hands from tour trips. Desert wind in your hair, chasing sun down the wire. With a bus full of dreamers and a pocket full of fire. Once you ran with the outlaws, a grin and a plan. Arizona hideouts, Jamaica sand. Motorcycle thunder, girl by your side. Wrapped up in trouble, just along for the ride. But you turned it around, when the morning came. Traded backroads and shadows for ones honest name. You built us a life out of wood, sweat, and song. Hands never perfect, but always strong. Taught me that love's worth the work and the wait. You showed me the measure of a man isn't fate. It's the way that you carry the weight. I remember those Christmases, whispers of lean. How you pulled joy from places the world's never seen. Didn't have riches, but we never felt poor. You gave all you had—maybe just a little more. And I see in your eyes, after all that you've done. You're still humming the tune of the wild days you'd run. You built us a life out of wood, sweat, and song. Hands never perfect, but always strong. Taught me that love's worth the work and the wait. You showed me the measure of a man isn't fate. It's the way that you carry the weight. Somewhere in sawdust and slow southern nights. The outlaw grew roots, traded boots for what's right. But I know your spirit—untamed, unafraid. And I learned from your stories, I'm made from what you made. You built us a life out of wood, sweat, and song. Hands never perfect, but always strong. Taught me that love's worth the work and the wait. You showed me the measure of a man isn't fate. It's the way that you carry the weight. Yeah, the way that you carry the weight. Dad, that's the way you carry the weight.

Swoonsong