

FEMALE C1W

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"WISDOM OF A CHILD"

I was watchin' from her bedroom door
As Jenny knelt to pray
Huge tears were streaming down her cheeks
As I heard my daughter say-

DEAR GOD MAKE DADDY GET SO SICK
HE CAN'T COME BY TO PLAY
AND MAKE MY MOMMY HATE HIM TOO
YES MORE AND MORE EACH DAY
DON'T EVER LET HER TAKE HIM BACK
AT TIMES I THINK SHE MIGHT
IT SEEMS SHE ALWAYS CALLS HIS NAME
AS SHE TRIES TO SLEEP EACH NIGHT

I knelt right down beside her then
As she spoke to the Lord
And asked her why she said such things?
'Bout a Daddy she adored

"Oh Mom" she said, "It hurts so much
I don't know what to do
When kids like me make wishes seems
The opposite comes true"

"I must let God and Jesus know
I hate my Daddy then
They may not grant my wishes, Mom
And he'll come home again-"

That night I got Jim on the phone
We had to try once more
I told him how our daughter's words
Had cut me to the core

I'm comin' home I heard him say
His tears were running wild
"The Lord has spoken- to us both
Through the "WISDOM OF A CHILD"

DEAR GOD MAKE DADDY GET SO SICK
HE CAN'T COME BY TO PLAY
AND MAKE MY MOMMY HATE HIM TOO
YES MORE AND MORE EACH DAY
I MUST LET GOD AND JESUS KNOW
I HATE MY DADDY THEN
THEY MAY NOT GRANT MY WISHES MOM
AND HE'LL COME HOME AGAIN.

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