The Little Girl

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Her parents never took the young girl to church
Never spoke of His name never read her His word
Two non-believers walking lost in this world
Took their baby with them, what a sad little girl
Her daddy drank all day and mommy did drugs
Never wanted to play or give kisses and hugs
She'd watch the TV and sit there on the couch
While her mom fell asleep and her daddy went out
And the drinking and the fighting
Just got worse every night
Behind their couch she'd be hiding
Oh what a sad little life
And like it always does the bad just got worse
With every slap and every curse
Until her daddy in a drunk rage one night
Used a gun on her mom and then took his life
And some people from the city
Took the girl far away
To a new mom and a new dad
Kisses and hugs everyday
Her first day of Sunday school the teacher walked in
And a small little girl stared at a picture of Him
She said, ?I know that Man up there on that cross
I don't know His name but I know He got off?
'Cause He was there in my old house
He held me close to His side
As I hid there behind our couch
The night that my parents died

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