

Driving Down the Highway

Robert Ray

Driving down the highway
One cold cold winter day,
A man now I overtake em
What very old and grey.

He raised his hand to stop me.
He said, "Let me ride your car.
I'm looking for children
And I know not where they are."

"This is very kind of you,
So many has passed me by."
He sat beside me trembling
And then began to cry.

Said, "Once I had a home,"
A wife and babies three.
And now I have no place to go
And no one cares for me."

I put my arms around him
And whispered soft and low,
"Don't weep, dear Daddy, you're not alone.
You have a place to go."

"For in my home, there's a big armchair
And there's a place for you.
So dry your tears and have no fear
For Daddy I still love you."

He turned his gleaming eyes to me.
"Is this my darling son?"
"Yes, dear Daddy, this is John.
I am the only one."

"Jack and Joe have long gone
To that eternal shore.
Oh I'm so glad I found Dad,
We'll never part no more."

Now boys, be good to your dear old Daddy,
You know he cares for you.
Treat him kind when he gets old.
His love is always true.

Treat him kind, return His love
That he bestows on you.
For when He's gone you'll never find
Another Daddy so true.

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