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, â€œLet me ride your car.
Iâ€™m looking for children
And I know not where they are.â€•

â€œThis is very kind of you,
So many has passed me by.â€•
He sat beside me trembling
And then began to cry.

Said, â€œOnce I had a home,â€•
A wife and babies three.
And now I have no place to go
And no one cares for me.â€œ

I put my arms around him
And whispered soft and low,
â€œDonâ€™t weep, dear Daddy, youâ€™re not alone.
You have a place to go.â€•

â€œFor in my home, thereâ€™s a big armchair
And thereâ€™s a place for you.
So dry your tears and have no fear
For Daddy I still love you.â€•

He turned his gleaming eyes to me.
â€œIs this my darling son?â€•
â€œYes, dear Daddy, this is John.
I am the only one.â€•

â€œJack and Joe have long gone
To that eternal shore.
Oh Iâ€™m so glad I found Dad,
Weâ€™ll never part no more.â€•

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 Heâ€™s gone youâ€™ll never find
Another Daddy so true.

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