

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

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