

# Writing On the Wall

George Jones

She was holding back the tears  
As I packed up the last few years  
And said, "I'm tired of being so tied down"  
I'm sure the kids will understand  
That daddy's making other plans  
I grab my bags and I was freedom bound And then I saw the writing on the wall  
It said, "We love you daddy most of all"  
There in purple crayons, scribbled knee high in the hall  
I saw the writing on the wall When the [Incomprehensible] wore off, of being free  
Their memories started haunting me  
I headed home as fast as I could go  
My keys still fit that same ol' door  
But no one lived there anymore  
And that tender message made my tear drops flow And then I saw the writing on the wall  
It said, "We love you daddy most of all"  
There in purple crayons, scribbled knee high in the hall  
I saw the writing on the wall, I saw the writing on the wall

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