

My Petition

Kenny Rogers

I just sat down to watch the game
When I heard the doorbell ring
An' I wondered who in the world it could be
Through the peephole, all that I saw there
Was a crooked cap on curly hair
An' some kid squintin' back at me I said, "If you're sellin' somethin'
Well, I ain't buyin' nothin'
But I appreciate you stoppin' by"
Said, "I ain't askin' for a dime just a minute of your time
An' your name here on the dotted line
Could you sign my petition?" Had a spiral notebook in his hand
Handed me a chewed up pen
An' I ask you, "What am I signin' up for?"
I scrolled down that wrinkled page
Saw a couple of neighbor's names
I kept readin' and I sat down on the porch It was a letter to the President
With a list that numbered one to ten It said, "Make a law where daddys don't work late
Keep Uncle Joe an' those soldiers safe
Give those kids on TV all they want to eat
Put a stop to bullies on the bus
No crime, no waits, no hate, no drugs
Give a jacket and a job to people on the street" I said, "Son, sounds like a world I'd like to live in"
And I signed his petition He thanked me for my time
I headed back inside, grabbed my beer
An' got back to the game
Thought by now that boy, he's three doors down
Here I am just sittin' round
Waitin' on the world to change Must've blocked the whole game out
All that I could think about was Make a law where daddys don't work late
Keep Uncle Joe an' those soldiers safe
Give those kids on TV all they want to eat
Put a stop to bullies on the bus
No crime, no waits, no hate, no drugs
Give a blanket and a job to people on the street" An' I thought, "Man, ain't that a place I'd like to live in"
And I thank God for that boy that's out there fixin'
The world with his petition

Songwriters

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