

Bobby Darwin's Daughter

Tracy Lawrence

Bobby Darwin's daughter

Looks up from the Bible she's been reading

To the clock on her dirty wall of a double wide, it's 3 a.m. Her husband's on the town shootin' pool or foolin' around

Or all of the above it doesn't matter anymore

She can't get through to him Seems like only yesterday they were married in a chapel

Candlelight the whole nine yards, honeymoon in Vegas

They settled down Now it's lonely nights and hungry kids

And she just keeps on looking for the life

That's not the life she's livin' now Bobby Darvin's daughter used to ask her father

Where Santa Clause and babies and God came from?

And as she's gotten older all those easy answers

Are somewhere between here and kingdom come And in her darkest hours Bobby Darvin's daughter

Wishes she could go back when

She'd ask, "Where God came from?"

Instead of wondering where He's been Bobby Darvin's daughter droppin' off the kids

Driving home in the pourin' rain, a sudden skid

And just like that she's clingin' to her life Her husband rushes in to the tiny room

And through his tears whispers, "I love you

Baby, please don't leave me now, you're my only life" He bows his head and prays aloud

"This one thing I promise if I could get just one more chance

To be the man I should have been I'll be that man" She awakens to another world

Stares into his grateful eyes of love

She smiles at him, he takes her hand Bobby Darvin's daughter used to ask her father

Where Santa Clause and babies and God came from?

And as she's gotten older all those easy answers

Are somewhere between here and kingdom come And in her darkest hour Bobby Darvin's daughter

Never saw till now that she was wrong

About where God came from

And that He's been here all along

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