Little Boy Soldier

Wanda Jackson

The train is late as we stand and wait in the cold, cold rain
And my tiny son with his toy gun stands by me
In his soldier suit and a tiny flag clutched tightly in his hand
Little boy soldier, little boy soldier waiting for his dadThe night wears on and his big brown eyes grow sleepy
He can't understand, why mommy stands there weepin'
Why that should be the grandest time he and mommy ever had?
Little boy soldier, little boy soldier waiting for his dadThe train pulls in and his happy grin turns to surprise
Just a box of pine all covered fine with stars and stripes
With diverted look he wonders, why his mommy looks so sad
Little boy soldier, little boy soldier run to me, his dad

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