The Way Back Home

Vince Gill

A little girl was crying for her mama and her daddy
She couldn't understand why they were gone
She never knew the danger of talking to a stranger
Now the girl can't find her way back home
A little boy went walking down to the corner market
To buy a loaf of bread and an ice cream cone
He never knew the danger of talking to a stranger
Now the boy can't find the way back home
Too many kids are missing, is anybody listening?
Won't you be the children's eyes they're all alone
The hardest part's not knowing
Where they are or where they're going
Won't you help the children find
The way back home

The faces on milk cartons thrown away and soon forgotten
What if one of those sweet kids was your very own
Tonight those kids are weeping while yours are safely sleeping
Won't you help the children find the way back home
Too many kids are missing, is anybody listening?
Won't you be the children's eyes they're all alone
The hardest part's not knowing
Where they are or where they're going
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