

# 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  
Won't you help the children find  
The way back home  
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