

Molly

Kenny Rogers

Molly never had a chance to have a love affair.
Her mom stayed sick and her dad stayed drunk,
And her baby sister never seemed to care.
When her body ached for loving,
She just took it all with a smile,
And baby sister made the rounds
And left Molly with her child.
Now Molly's got her hands full,
Raising baby sister's child.
Every time she holds it close
A tear rolls from her eye.
Cause her mama's gone to heaven
And her dad is God knows where.
And baby sister's in LA with flowers in her hair.
Now molly's got no one to love
Or to be loved by except a child
That her baby sister didn't want
Because she said it cramped her style.
Don't cry little baby,
Somebody needs you now.
Molly will kiss you, rock you to sleep
And make it all up somehow.
Molly will kiss you, rock you to sleep
And make it up all up somehow.

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