

When You Have a Child

[Reba McEntire](#)

When you have a child
You learn it's a serious business to have a little fun
You give grace and get forgiveness
Not seven times seventy but seven times seventy one
And when you have a child
Those four walls you call a house take on a life of its own
When you bring 'em home, you will cry and you will laugh
When they hurt it cuts you in half, it's your flesh and bone
And year after year, pictures fill page after page
They never really grow up, still your baby at any age
The first time you hold 'em, it's like you see God smile
What a smile
When you have a child and then boy meets girl
And perfume and gasoline rain on your perfect world
Curfews are often broken, thank you's aren't spoken
He's got the keys to that old Dodge
And she's wearing a corsage and her mama's pearls
And year after year, pictures fill page after page
They never really grow up, still your baby at any age
And the first time you hold 'em, it's like you feel God smile
What a smile
When you have a child
You pray that phone call never comes
And if God forbid, how would you live
How could you go on and on and on and on?
And year after year, close the chapter and turn the page
Blue ribbons and losing season, flipping tassels on the stage
Oh, but you don't need a photograph
You've got at least a million pictures of that smile
Oh, when you close your eyes, when you love a child
Oh, when you love a child

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