

# Daddy's Here

**Ralph McTell**

Footsteps down the stairs and at the door  
Pausing in the hall and at the door  
'Cos I know Daddy's here  
I can tell that he's there. And that means she'll be glad  
Until we're in bed then she's alone  
For there are things they have to say  
And we are sent away. Mama, the room is cold and he is scared  
I am too, and you're not there.  
How could we know you'd only took a walk  
To a neighbour for a quiet talk. Sunshine's dying flicker on grey stone walls  
Outside in the hall the old dog growls  
And we're in bed playing guessing games  
Telling stories, making plans.  
Radio, celery and Sunday tea  
It is nicer here, just us three  
And I know he won't come again  
There is no need to explain.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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