

The Games That Daddies Play (Re-Recorded)

Conway Twitty

He put his arms around her shoulder
And with a voice that sounded older
He said, "Mom, I've got something on my mind" I don't want to bother you
But I sure need to talk to you
If you can only spare the time And mom, I hope you understand
How much I love and need you and
I don't want you to take this the wrong way But don't you think I'm old enough
And big enough and strong enough to play
The games that daddies play My friend Billy Parker's dad
Came by today to see me and
He wondered if I'd like to go With him and Billy on a hike
And maybe camp out overnight
The way I've seen them do in picture shows And there's one thing I'd like to do
And maybe if I asked him to
He'd sit and talk to me man to man We'd only be gone overnight
And I could find out what it's like to play
The games that daddies play She quickly turned to hide the tears
From her son of seven years
He didn't know she'd read between the lines He'd never really known his dad
And although he'd never ask
She knew exactly what was on his mind She searched her mind in desperation
Six long years of separation
Dimmed the words she knew she had to say I hope you're never big enough
Or old enough or bold enough to play
The games that daddies play I know you need and want his love
But son, you're the victim of
Another kind of games that daddies play

Songwriters

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