

# My Petition

Kenny Rogers

I just sat down to watch the game  
When I heard the doorbell ring  
An' I wondered who in the world it could be  
Through the peephole, all that I saw there  
Was a crooked cap on curly hair  
An' some kid squintin' back at me  
I said, "If you're sellin' somethin'  
Well, I ain't buyin' nothin'  
But I appreciate you stoppin' by"  
Said, "I ain't askin' for a dime just a minute of your time  
An' your name here on the dotted line  
Could you sign my petition?"  
Had a spiral notebook in his hand  
Handed me a chewed up pen  
An' I ask you, "What am I signin' up for?"  
I scrolled down that wrinkled page  
Saw a couple of neighbor's names  
I kept readin' and I sat down on the porch  
It was a letter to the President  
With a list that numbered one to ten  
It said, "Make a law where daddys don't work late  
Keep Uncle Joe an' those soldiers safe  
Give those kids on TV all they want to eat  
Put a stop to bullies on the bus  
No crime, no waits, no hate, no drugs  
Give a jacket and a job to people on the street"  
I said, "Son, sounds like a world I'd like to live in"  
And I signed his petition  
He thanked me for my time  
I headed back inside, grabbed my beer  
An' got back to the game  
Thought by now that boy, he's three doors down  
Here I am just sittin' round  
Waitin' on the world to change  
Must've blocked the whole game out  
All that I could think about was  
Make a law where daddys don't work late  
Keep Uncle Joe an' those soldiers safe  
Give those kids on TV all they want to eat

Put a stop to bullies on the bus  
No crime, no waits, no hate, no drugs  
Give a blanket and a job to people on the street"  
An' I thought, "Man, ain't that a place I'd like to live in"  
And I thank God for that boy that's out there fixin'  
The world with his petition

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