

Waiting For Daddy - song lyrics

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WAITING FOR DADDY.

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By Louis H. Croxson.

On a stone by the wayside a little tot sat
A cute little golden-haired lad.
One hand full of daisies, a tiny foot wet,
Patiently waiting for Dad.
His father had told him a short time before,
Sit here And wait for me, Jack,
While I step in just for a while at the store,
Then I'll carry you home on my back.

Chorus.

Waiting for Daddy, this little laddie, just at the close of day.
There, on that stone, seated alone, where he'd been told to stay,
Daylight was waning, still uncomplaining, he was too tired to play;
Darkness came creeping und found laddie sleeping there by the old highway.

In a tavern, resounding with laughter and jest,
Midst a boisterous, half-drunken throng,
The father ne'er thinks, as he drinks with the rest,
Of his little one waiting so long.
A team tumbles by, just a faint little cry,
The driver asleep, never hears,
With the dawn's early light comes a pitiful sight.
That a fond mother sees through her tears.

Chorus.

Waiting for Daddy, this little laddie, Just at the break of day,
There by the stone still and alone, where he'd been told to stay; at play.
Near his little hands lying, the daisies fast dying, which he had plucked while
A fond mother weeping, in death found him bleeping, there by the old highway