

It was six in the morning
When I made the county line
There's someone I got to talk to
I can't get it off my mind.

He's just a kid
And he's in a pretty rough spot
Two dimes to make a phone call
That's about all I've got.

How's my boy today?
I know it's been three weeks
But you know how far I've got to go
To make those loose ends meet.

How's your mama now
With her new live-in friend
Oh, how I hate the wounds
That never seem to mend.

Chorus:
And he says I don't call him daddy
But he takes care of things
When you pick me up on Friday
Are you gonna bring me anything?
Oh, don't worry dad, ya know
It don't matter what we do
I don't call him daddy
He could never be like you
Never be like you.

God bless their little hearts
They're the ones who really pay
When mom and dad can't get along
And go their seperate ways.

In a way I'm glad there's someone
There to fill the empty place
Tears of understanding
Streak down a dirty face.

Chorus:
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But he takes care of things
When you pick me up on Friday
Are you gonna bring me anything?

Oh, don't worry dad, ya know
It don't matter what we do
I don't call him daddy
He could never be like you
Never be like you.

He is quite a little man
Growing up as fast as he can
And I don't get to see him
Half as much as I had planned.
There's so much I need to tell him
So precious little time
A little rain on the window
In a little way goodbye.

Chorus:

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