

The Games That Daddies Play

Conway Twitty

He put his arm around her shoulder
with a voice that sounded older
He said, "Mom, I got something on my mind.
I don't wanna 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 'em do in picture shows
And there's one thing I'd like to do
And maybe if I ask him to
He'd sit and talk with 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 game that Daddies play...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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