

Vince Gill "Way Back Home"

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(Vince Gill)

A little girl was cryin'
For her mama and her daddy
She couldn't understand why they were gone
She never knew the danger
Of talking to a stranger
Now the girl can't find her way back home

A little boy went walkin'
Down to the corner market
To buy a loaf of bread and an ice cream cone
He never knew the danger
Of talkin' to a stranger
Now the boy can't find the way back home

Too many kids are missin'
Is anybody listening?
Won't you be the children's eyes
They're all alone
The hardest part's not knowing
Where they are or where they're going
Won't you help the children find
The way back home

The faces on milk cartons
Thrown away and soon forgotten
What if one of those sweet kids
Was your very own

Tonight those kids are weeping
While yours are safely sleeping
Won't you help the children find
The way back home

Too many kids are missin'
Is anybody listening?
Won't you be the children's eyes
They're all alone
The hardest part's not knowing
Where they are or where they're going
Won't you help the children find

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