

Wanda Jackson

"I Don't Know How To Tell Him"

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I can tell him his toy gun won't kill Indians
And the towel around his neck don't make him strong
I can tell him there's no Easter bunny
But I don't know how to tell him that you're gone

He still looks for you every morning
He's cried every night we've been alone
I can tell him there's no real Santa
But I don't know how to tell him that you're gone

I can tell him his broomstick's not a pony
And wearin' daddy's boots don't make him grown
I can tell him there's no to ferry
But I don't know how to tell him that you're gone

'Cause he still looks for you every morning
He's cried every night we've been alone
I can tell him there's no real Santa
I don't know how to tell him that you're gone

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