

## **Wanda Jackson**

### **"Little Boy Soldier"**

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The train is late as we stand and wait in the cold, cold  
rain  
And my tiny son with his toy gun stands by me  
In his soldier suit and a tiny flag clutched tightly in his  
hand  
Little boy soldier, little boy soldier waiting for his dad

The night wears on and his big brown eyes grow sleepy  
He can't understand, why mommy stands there  
weepin'  
Why that should be the grandest time he and mommy  
ever had?  
Little boy soldier, little boy soldier waiting for his dad

The train pulls in and his happy grin turns to surprise  
Just a box of pine all covered fine with stars and stripes  
With diverted look he wonders, why his mommy looks  
so sad  
Little boy soldier, little boy soldier run to me, his dad

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