

Dogwood "Preschool Days"

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All the things I've seen couldn't prepare me for what I
was about to experience
As a little boy, growing up in a world, made for all the
big kids and the big toys...
Sometimes, I'd sit around and wait, play with my toy
cars, until the wheels would turn no more,
then I'd think to myself... is my dad's car coming
home or will this be another night, my mom, my brother
and I, tucking ourselves in?

Chorus:

I learned my alphabet to spell dad, how quickly dad
turned to sad, in my
preschool days, and the rest of my life. My mother did
the best that she could, my brother
stayed as strong as he stood, a
father figure to me, my preschool days.
I remember all the times mom cried, my brother stayed
strong by her side,
and I would stand and wonder why there was
three when there should be four. Maybe my dad got lost
driving home
and then again it wouldn't make sense, I feel alone.

(CHORUS)

Break:

So where has he been? He's running out of time. I
haven't heard from him. I hope he's doing fine. Money
cannot buy years of missing them. Daddy gave it up,
the kids forgave him.

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