

Henry Gross "Shannon"

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Another day is at end
Mama says she's tired again
No one can even begin to tell her
I hardly know what to say
But maybe it's better that way
Is papa were here?

I'm sure he'd tell her
Shannon is gone
I hope she's drifting out to sea
She always loved to swim away
Maybe she'll find an island

With a shady tree
Just like the one in our backyard
Mama tried hard to pretend
things would get better again
Somehow she's keeping
It all inside her
But finally the tears fill our eyes
And I know that somewhere tonight
She knows how much we really miss her

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