

John Michael Montgomery

"The Little Girl"

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Her parents never took the young girl to church
Never spoke of His name
Never read her His word
Two non-believers walking lost in this world
Took their baby with them
What a sad little girl

Her daddy drank all day and mommy did drugs
Never wanted to play
Or give kisses and hugs
She'd watch the TV and sit there on the couch
While her mom fell asleep
And her daddy went out

And the drinking and the fighting
Just got worse every night
Behind their couch she'd be hiding
Oh what a sad little life
And like it always does, the bad just got worse
With every slap and every curse
Until her daddy in a drunk rage one night
Used a gun on her mama and then took his life

And some people from the city took the girl far away
To a new mom and a new dad
Kisses and hugs everyday
Her first day of Sunday school the teacher walked in
And a small little girl
Stared a picture of Him

She said I know that man up there on that cross
I don't know His name
But I know He got off
He was there in my old house
And held me close to His side
As I hid there behind our couch
The night that my parents died

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