

Johnny Burnette

"Snow In His Hair"

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The years have been many the years have been long
But at last I'm returning to daddy and home
He's looking my way though he hardly can see
God bless my old daddy he recognize me
There's snow in his hair and I helped to put it there a
halo of worry and care
As my daddy grows old he's more precious than gold
For I cherish the snow in his hair
[guitar]
His shoulders were bent with the weight of the years
I scarcely could hold back the flood tide of tears
He walked with a cane as he hurried along coming to
meet me to welcome me home
There's snow in his hair...

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