

Marc Broussard

"Evangeline Rose"

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Good evening, Evangeline Rose
My you're looking beautiful, In your ribbons and bows.
Been missing you, out here on the road,
So many things to say to you, Things you should know

But honestly these words I speak
Said on the phone when I'm long gone
Just don't say what I need you to hear
don't worry if my words aren't clear
When I hang up this phone
I'm comin' home

Good evening, Evangeline Rose
My how the days pass so fast, my how you've grown
And I'm wondering, how long you've known
That you give me all the reason and the rhyme
With a simple hello

But when I'm gone, one day's too long
I miss so much, I can't touch
The moments, the laughter, the pain
there's so much I can't explain
Right here right now on the phone
I'm comin' home

And these tires on the road they hum a melody so
sweet
And they whisper words that only you would say
And though they take me from the only place I ever felt
complete
My dear, they always take me home

Good evening, Evangeline Rose
My you're looking beautiful, in your ribbons and bows
As you take my arm, I smile and you know
That I can give your hand away today
But I'll never let you go

And honestly, I cannot speak
My little girl, my whole world
Time stood still, for a while

Watch you walking down the aisle
My sweet Evangeline Rose
it's good to be home

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