

## Mark Wills "Still Wating"

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(Harley Allen)

He should have been out playin'  
But he sat on his front step  
All day he's just been there waiting  
And nobody's showed up yet  
His dad said he'd come get him  
Bright and early Sunday morn  
But his mom knows he's forgotten  
Like he has since he was born, but. . .

He's still waiting, he's still waiting  
He might be around the corner  
Or just right down the street  
He's still waiting, he's still waiting  
He tells his mom, " don't worry,  
this time he'll come get me"  
He's still waiting

Group home in Kentucky  
She's been there for a while  
They tell her that she's lucky  
She's such a pretty child  
Somebody's gonna take you  
And raise you as their own  
She never knew her parents  
And she's never had a home, but . . .

She's still waiting, she's still waiting  
They might be around the corner  
Or just right down the street  
She's still waiting, she's still waiting  
She tells 'em, "I don't worry,  
someone will come for me"  
She's still waiting

They're children of the needle  
The bottle and the poor  
The sum of broken people  
Who can't go on no more  
Sad eyes and dirty faces  
City streets and dirt roads

Their lives are slowly wasting  
While everybody knows

They're still waiting, they're still waiting  
All the little faces different races  
Who don't know what love is  
They're still waiting, they're still waiting  
All the sons and daughters of missing fathers  
Who never miss their kids  
They're still waiting, they're still waiting, they're still  
waiting

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