

Martina McBride

"Momma Through Daddy's Eyes"

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Mama through daddy's eyes

The angels called my daddy home. He never had much yet he claimed to be rich. He had us and his love for momma. He left this world loving a memory. A ghost from the past. That he could never lay to rest. He whispered her name one last time, and followed the angels to a new home. I can still hear his voice at times, He calls to his one true love.

I heard it through the years, Don't talk bad about momma. With anger and eyes filled with tears. I never understood the love he showed. For someone so far away. Should love hurt this way. A woman so selfish with love I wish I could see momma through daddy's eyes.

Momma came home as age began to take its toll. The city lights weren't so bright There was no pain and sorrow for the man who loved her so. How could I love this woman that was never there. I'm not that child who longed for her all those years. But time has eased the pain and I can still hear daddy's words Always be good to momma.

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As I've grown I came to realize why daddy went home so soon. He gave me time to get to know momma as in the stories he told. Many things have I learned from a ghost from the past. A momma so kind and gentle. Now that I can see momma through daddy's eyes. (c) Judy Benge

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