

Paula Webb

"Please Mr. President"

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Dear Mr. President
I don't know if you'll ever answer this
But I have a really big problem
And I think you're the only one that can help

Yesterday my daddy came home from work early
And his eyes were wet
Just like he had been crying
But I know that daddies never cry

I guess it must have been the wind outside
Daddy didn't say much that day
But later when we were eating
He and mommy started yelling at each other
And they never do that with me around

Well I was pretty mixed up
So that night
Right after mommy tucked me in bed
And I said my prayers
I asked her if daddy didn't like us anymore

She said, No, daddy just lost his job for a while
At the car-making factory
She said some big words I had never heard
Something about not having enough money to buy
things
Especially cars
And that's why daddy doesn't have a job anymore

She said it's my job now
To keep daddy happy
And make him feel important
So that is what I'm trying to do

But Mr. President
It's not easy
'Cause daddy's not like he used to be
He doesn't laugh or smile
And he won't even play with my dog Sam

I saw a picture of your dog

In the paper the other day
He looks sort of like Sam
Does he know any tricks?

Anyway Mr. President
I don't think it's fair
My daddy's a kind and honest man
I know he works hard
So why would they fire him

I don't think it's his fault
But he sayd, it's not his boss' either
So whose fault is it

That's why I'm writing to you
Because I know you can help me

I'm not a selfish person, Mr. President
A lot of the other girls in first grade
Have more dresses than me
And I don't mind wearing the same old green one
Every day, if it helps daddy

And you know, my quarter I get every week
For my allowance
Doesn't buy much candy any more
But I told daddy
I would give that up
If it would help any

Christmas wasn't so much fun this year either
Please do something to help us, Mr. President
I don't want so much
I just want mommy, daddy, and me
To be happy, like we used to be

Even Sam's lonely now
Because daddy ignores him
I know if anyone can help daddy get his job back
You can

And Mr. President
I promise, if you help me
I'll be glad to help you
If you ever need it

If nothing else, I could always be your friend

Thank you Mr. President

PS: If it helps

Tonight when I say my prayers
When I say, God bless mommy, and daddy
And me, and Sam
I'll say, God bless Mr. President too.

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