

Tracy Lawrence "Bobby Darwin's Daughter"

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Bobby Darwin's daughter
Looks up from the Bible she's been reading
To the clock on her dirty wall of a double wide, it's 3
a.m.

Her husband's on the town shootin' pool or foolin'
around
Or all of the above it doesn't matter anymore
She can't get through to him

Seems like only yesterday they were married in a
chapel
Candlelight the whole nine yards, honeymoon in Vegas
They settled down

Now it's lonely nights and hungry kids
And she just keeps on looking for the life
That's not the life she's livin' now

Bobby Darwin's daughter used to ask her father
Where Santa Clause and babies and God came from?
And as she's gotten older all those easy answers
Are somewhere between here and kingdom come

And in her darkest hours Bobby Darwin's daughter
Wishes she could go back when
She'd ask, "Where God came from?"
Instead of wondering where He's been

Bobby Darwin's daughter droppin' off the kids
Driving home in the pourin' rain, a sudden skid
And just like that she's clingin' to her life

Her husband rushes in to the tiny room
And through his tears whispers, "I love you
Baby, please don't leave me now, you're my only life"

He bows his head and prays aloud
"This one thing I promise if I could get just one more
chance
To be the man I should have been I'll be that man"

She awakens to another world
Stares into his grateful eyes of love
She smiles at him, he takes her hand

Bobby Darwin's daughter used to ask her father
Where Santa Clause and babies and God came from?
And as she's gotten older all those easy answers
Are somewhere between here and kingdom come

And in her darkest hour Bobby Darwin's daughter
Never saw till now that she was wrong
About where God came from
And that He's been here all along

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