

## Daddy's Little Man

I didn't know my daddy, he died when i was three.

Growin up i often wondered, what kind of Daddy i would be.

Would i be there when you needed me? would i teach you right from wrong.

Would i tuck you into bed at night? would i sing for you a song.

Would i take the love you give to me, and hold your little hand?

And would i pick you up and tell you, That you're Daddy's little man.

Would i be your hero, cause I'm so big and strong?

And will you miss your Daddy, when i am dead and gone?

Now all these words I've said to you, will surely come to pass.

Life for me is nearly over, don't know how long I'll last.

Maybe soon I'll see my Daddy, he'll walk up and shake my hand.

Will He say son I'm proude of you, you were daddy's little man.