

Little Girl Gone

Donna Fargo

It just took a little while for me to get my head together
Growing up's the hardest thing I've ever done

Here I am like a stranger in the house I grew up in
And learned right from wrong in if I did
Where the sun never shined enough on daddies growing older
And mothers never died in but she did
And I remember feeling guilty cause I couldn't wait to leave here
Though I loved 'em every way that I knew how
So I packed up all my yesterdays and headed for tomorrow
And it's almost tomorrow now
And daddy's little girl is home but where's the little girl gone
She bundled up her dirty jeans and teenie bopper magazine
In search of what her life was all about
With a little rag doll named Charlie Brown
And an ole suitcase full of hand me downs
And a loneliness she knew so much about

Now the dreams that I trusted and all the playthings have rusted
But here I am a woman somehow
And all those growing pains of yesterdays are gonna get me through tomorrow
Cause it's almost tomorrow now
And daddy's little girl is home but where's the little girl gone
She bundled up her dirty jeans

Oh but I can still remember when I used to gaze out this window
Wondering who I was and what I would become
And it just took a little while for me to get my head together
Growing up's the hardest thing I've ever done
Oh but I can still remember