

Writing on the Wall

George Jones

She was holding back the tears
As I packed up the last few years
And said I'm tired of being so tied down
I'm sure the kids will understand
That daddy's making other plans
I grabbed my bags and I was free and bound.

And then I saw the writing on the wall
It said we love you daddy most of all
There in purple crayons scrabbled knee high in the hall
I saw the writing on the wall.

In the new world of being free
Their mem'ries starting haunting me
I headed home as fast as I could
I still picked the same old door
But no one live there anymore
And that tender message made my teardrops flow.

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