

## 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 scabbled 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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