

The Answer To Little Blossom

Hank Snow

Oh dear I'm so sad and heart broken waiting in my prison cell
To be trialed for the death of sweet blossom my baby that I love so well
Last night as I drank in the barroom through the front door my little girl came
I watched as she slowly approached me and trembled as she spoke my name
My mind was wounded from drinking as I looked on her face sweet and fair
I thought that a demon approached me for I struck her down with my chair
In a flash with my reason returning in pride I looked down at my feet
And saw not the foam of a demon but my little blossom so sweet
I gathered her close to my bosom her laugh was fast fading away
Dear God I have murdered my baby and now with my life I must pay
I'm thinking tonight of that June day I walked down isle with my bride
When I promised to love and protect her she then was my joy and my pride
But soon I had started to drinking and now I drop dead to our home
Oh why must the innocence suffer and then reap just what they have sown
I pray to my Maker in Glory for this deed I might be forgiven
And I hope that the circle I broken will soon be mended in heaven