

# The Little Girl

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Her parents never took the young girl to church  
Never spoke of His name never read her His word  
Two non-believers walking lost in this world  
Took their baby with them, what a sad little girl

Her daddy drank all day and mommy did drugs  
Never wanted to play or give kisses and hugs  
She'd watch the TV and sit there on the couch  
While her mom fell asleep and her daddy went out

And the drinking and the fighting  
Just got worse every night  
Behind their couch she'd be hiding  
Oh what a sad little life

And like it always does the bad just got worse  
With every slap and every curse  
Until her daddy in a drunk rage one night  
Used a gun on her mom and then took his life

And some people from the city  
Took the girl far away  
To a new mom and a new dad  
Kisses and hugs everyday

Her first day of Sunday school the teacher walked in  
And a small little girl stared at a picture of Him  
She said, ?I know that Man up there on that cross  
I don't know His name but I know He got off?

'Cause He was there in my old house  
He held me close to His side  
As I hid there behind our couch  
The night that my parents died