

I Don't Call Him Daddy

Kenny Rogers

It was six in the morning
When I made the county line
There's someone I got to talk to
I can't get it off my mind

He's just a kid
And he's in a pretty rough spot
Two dimes to make a phone call
That's about all I've got

How's my boy today?
I know it's been three weeks
But you know how far I've got to go
These days to make ends meet

How's your mama now
With her new live-in friend
Oh how I hate the wounds
That never seem to mend

And he says I don't call him daddy
but he takes care of things
When you pick me up on Friday
Are you gonna bring me anything?
Oh don't worry dad ya know
It don't matter what we do
I don't call him daddy
He could never be like you
Never be like you

God bless their little hearts
They're the ones who really pay
When mom and dad can't get along
And go their separate ways
In a way I'm glad there's someone
There to fill the empty SPACE
Tears of understanding
Streak down a dirty face

And he says I don't call him daddy
but he takes care of things
When you pick me up on Friday
Are you gonna bring me anything?
Oh don't worry dad ya know
It don't matter what we do
I don't call him daddy
He could never be like you
Never be like you

He is quite a little man
Growing up as fast as he can
And I don't get to see him
Half as much as I had planned
There's so much I need to tell him
So precious little time
A little rain on the window
And a little wave goodbye

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but he takes care of things
When you pick me up on Friday
Are you gonna bring me anything?
Oh don't worry dad ya know
It don't matter what we do
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He could never be like you
Never be like you