

Still Waiting

Mark Wills

He should have been out playing
But he sat on his front step
All day he's been there waiting
And nobody's showed up yet
His dad said he'd come get him
Bright and early Sunday morn
But his mom knows he's forgotten
Like he has since he was born, but...

He's still waiting, he's still waiting
He might be around the corner
Or just right down the street
He's still waiting, he's still waiting
He tells his mom, "don't worry,
This time he'll come get me
He's still waiting

Group home in Kentucky
She's been there for a while
They tell her that she's lucky
She's such a pretty child
Somebody's gonna take you
And raise you as their own
She never knew her parents
And she's never had a home, but...

She's still waiting, she's still waiting
They might be around the corner
Or just right down the street
She's still waiting, she's still waiting
She tells 'em, "I don't worry,
Someone will come for me"
She's still waiting

They're children of the needle
The bottle and the poor
The sum of broken people
Who can't go on no more
Sad eyes and dirty faces
City streets and dirt roads
Their lives are slowly wasting
While everybody knows

They're still waiting, they're still waiting
All the little faces of different races
Who don't know what love is
They're still waiting, they're still waiting
All the sons and daughters of missing fathers
Who never miss their kids
They're still waiting, they're still waiting, they're still waiting