

# Waiting For My Child

Mavis Staples

I was talking to a lady a few days ago  
And these are the words she said  
If you see my child somewhere  
As you journey here and there  
Tell him I'm waiting for my child to come home

I am waiting and waiting for my child to come  
I'm waiting and waiting for my child to come  
If you can't come home  
Could you please send me a letter  
A letter would mean so much to me

Oh my child may be somewhere  
On his sick bed  
With no one there to rub his aching head

Oh my child may be somewhere  
In some lonely jail  
With no one there to go his bail  
If I only knew what town my child was in  
I'll be there on that early morning train  
And no matter what's crime  
Lord you know that this child is mine  
That's why I'd be waiting for my child to come home

I am waiting, waiting for my child to come  
I am waiting, waiting for my child to come  
If he can't come home  
Could he please send me a letter  
A letter would mean so much to me

I am waiting, waiting  
I am waiting and waiting  
I am waiting for my child to come home