

Heaven Help The Child

Mickey Newbury

Nineteen-twelve in New York,
Took a walk up to Park Avenue. To sip some brew,
With my good friend, Maggie the Bohemian,
She was quite the woman of the world,
I was the envy of all the men.
Heaven help the child.
Heaven help the child.
Paris in the twenties, it can offer plenty,
To a young man with a vision, so they say.
With a friend named, Fitzgerald,
I was headed for the old world,
On a merchant steamer bound for Biscay Bay.
Heaven help the child.
Heaven help the child.
Take him back to where he has never been.
Nothin' like a freight train, get you to a city.
Pick another sad song for me, Jim.
Hate to leave the ol' man all alone,
To work the cotton.
But the country never seemed to bother him.
Heaven help the child.
Heaven help the child.
Take us back to where we have never been.
"War is hell to live with."
I said to the General,
As we made the battle plans out for the day.
This will be the last one, only God be willin',
We will go back home this time to stay.
[Vocal styings.]
So if old acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind.
Let's sip a cup of kindness,
For my friends. Today's gone by.