

He couldn't move as seasoned as he was
There was something in this one
That was too much for him
He had a daughter he hoped to live through
Four years old, ten years reach to this girl

Please let my girl go
Without knowing what I know
Don't let her read this day
On my face when I come home

Detective, take note of all you see
Like her hand still holding the smallest leaf
Her neck angled too far for her body
And her body's position at the base of this tree

He took measurements on a paper pad
Noted each bruise and abrasion
How could this happen to a girl so young?