

Where Do Daddies Go

Neal McCoy

She drops him off at 8 a.m. and picks him up at 5
A single mother working hard to raise her baby right

He's talkin' now, he's at that age, the 'Ask a million question
' stage
And he expects an answer when he asks about life

Like, Mommy, can you tell me what makes airplanes fly and
Why do flowers need the rain to grow?

There's only one thing she can't answer no matter how she tries
Where do daddies go? Where do daddies go?

She's halfway through his favorite book when he falls fast asleep
She reads the ending anyways and kisses him and leaves

She's knows she's got an uphill climb
There's things he'll want to know in time
And she prays that God will give her all the answers she needs

Like, Mommy could you teach me how to throw a ball
And would you show me how to use my fishin' pole

There's a lot of things I need to know, but most of all
Where do daddies go? Where do daddies go?

I know it makes her wonder as the teardrops fall
'Where do daddies go? Where do daddies go?'