

Waiting For My Child

Patty Griffin

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