

Then They Do

Trace Adkins

In the early rush of morning,
Trying to get the kids to school:
One's hanging on my shirt-tail,
Another's locked up in her room.
And I'm yelling up the stairs:
"Stop worrying 'bout your hair, you look fine."

Then they're fightin' in the backseat,
And I'm playing referee.
Now someone's gotta go,
The moment that we leave.
And everybody's late,
I swear that I can't wait till they grow up.

Then they do, and that's how it is.
It's just quiet in the mornin',
Can't believe how much you miss,
All they do and all they did.
You want all the dreams they dreamed of to come true:
Then they do.

Now the youngest is starting college,
She'll be leavin' in the Fall.
And Brianna's latest boyfriend,
Called to ask if we could talk.
And I got the impression,
That he's about to pop the question any day.

I look over at their pictures,
Sittin' in their frames.
I see them as babies:
I guess that'll never change.
You pray all their lives,
That someday they will find happiness.

Then they do, and that's how it is.
It's just quiet in the mornin',
Can't believe how much you miss,
All they do and all they did.
You want all the dreams they dreamed of to come true:
Then they do.

No more Monday PTA's,
No carpools, or soccer games.
Your work is done.
Now you've got time that's all your own.
You've been waitin' for so long,
For those days to come.

Then they do, and that's how it is.
It's just quiet in the mornin',
Can't believe how much you miss,
All they do and all they did.
You want all the dreams they dreamed of to come true:
Then they do.

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An, then they do.

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