

Sweet Little Boy

Corey Smith

A fist through the window,
A foot in the front door,
A belly full of whiskey and cocaine,
He went of the deep end,
Yelled I hate you I'm leaving,
I'm taking this car and you won't ever see me again,

And she Cried ooohohoh Where's my little baby,
She cried ooohohoh where's my sweet little boy,
Have I already lost him,
Have I already lost him,

Four in the morning she heard the fone ring,
And knew it was gonna be real bad,
they told her they found him,
Just south of blood mountain,
The car was in peices
but he was hanging on by the thread,

And she Cried ooohohoh not my little baby,
She cried ooohohoh not my sweet little boy,
Have I already lost him,

It was a Long time coming,
He was a time bomb waiting to blow,
He had to hit rock bottom,
He had to fight with the devil,
and pay up the death he was owed,
Aw,

A holy revival his head in the bible,
Learning to walk strait again,
Now he's clean and sober,
It'll be a year in october,
He's holding a good job,
And mama is so proud of him,

And she says ooohohoh that's my little baby,
She says ooohohoh that's my sweet little boy,
And she says ooohohoh that's my little baby,
And she says ooohohoh that's my little boy,
I thought we had lost him,
Lord I thought we had lost him