Daddy's Here

Ralph McTell

Footsteps down the stairs and at the door
Pausing in the hall and at the door
'Cos I know Daddy's here
I can tell that he's there.

And that means she'll be glad
Until we're in bed then she's alone
For there are things they have to say
And we are sent away.

Mama, the room is cold and he is scared
I am too, and you're not there.
How could we know you'd only took a walk
To a neighbour for a quiet talk.

Sunshine's dying flicker on grey stone walls
Outside in the hall the old dog growls
And we're in bed playing guessing games
Telling stories, making plans.

Radio, celery and Sunday tea
It is nicer here, just us three
And I know he won't come again
There is no need to explain.

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