

## Daddy Cry

The Toasters

A small boy waits in the darkening room  
Peering out into the gathering gloom  
Nose pressed up against the pane  
Staring out at the driving rain  
He's five years old, his father's gone  
Has he been bad?  
Done something wrong?  
He doesn't like it on his own  
When is his daddy coming home?  
And who will tuck me in tonight  
Rub your head turn out the light  
If you listen to the wind outside  
You just might hear your daddy cry  
Hear your daddy cry  
When will my daddy come back to me  
He's sailing out on the Seven Seas  
The whole world is his port of call  
A box of postcards says it all  
Out on the radio, I could be wrong  
I thought they played his favorite song  
It said hold on son it won't be long  
I don't know where that's coming from  
And who will tuck me in tonight  
Rub your head turn out the light  
If you listen to the wind outside  
You just might hear your daddy cry  
Hear your daddy cry