

# Bobby Darwin's Daughter

Tracy Lawrence

Bobby Darwin's daughter  
Looks up from the Bible she's been reading  
To the clock on her dirty wall of a double wide, it's 3 a.m. Her husband's on the town shootin'  
pool or foolin' around  
Or all of the above it doesn't matter anymore  
She can't get through to him Seems like only yesterday they were married in a chapel  
Candlelight the whole nine yards, honeymoon in Vegas  
They settled down Now it's lonely nights and hungry kids  
And she just keeps on looking for the life  
That's not the life she's livin' now Bobby Darwin's daughter used to ask her father  
Where Santa Clause and babies and God came from?  
And as she's gotten older all those easy answers  
Are somewhere between here and kingdom come  
And in her darkest hours Bobby Darwin's daughter  
Wishes she could go back when  
She'd ask, "Where God came from?"  
Instead of wondering where He's been Bobby Darwin's daughter droppin' off the kids  
Driving home in the pourin' rain, a sudden skid  
And just like that she's clingin' to her life Her husband rushes in to the tiny room  
And through his tears whispers, "I love you  
Baby, please don't leave me now, you're my only life" He bows his head and prays aloud  
"This one thing I promise if I could get just one more chance  
To be the man I should have been I'll be that man" She awakens to another world  
Stares into his grateful eyes of love  
She smiles at him, he takes her hand  
Bobby Darwin's daughter used to ask her father  
Where Santa Clause and babies and God came from?  
And as she's gotten older all those easy answers  
Are somewhere between here and kingdom come And in her darkest hour Bobby Darwin's  
daughter  
Never saw till now that she was wrong  
About where God came from  
And that He's been here all along

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