

# The Games That Daddies Play

Conway Twitty

He put his arm around her shoulder  
with a voice that sounded older  
He said, "Mom, I got something on my mind.  
I don't wanna bother you but  
I sure need to talk to you  
If you can only spare the time.  
And Mom I hope you understand  
How much I love and need you  
And I don't want you to take this the wrong way  
But don't you think I'm old enough  
And big enough and strong enough  
To play the games that Daddies play?"

My friend Billy Parker's dad  
Came by today to see me  
And he wondered if I'd like to go  
With him and Billy on a hike  
And maybe camp out overnight  
The way I've seen 'em do in picture shows  
And there's one thing I'd like to do  
And maybe if I ask him to  
He'd sit and talk with me man to man  
We'd only be gone overnight  
And I could find out what it's like  
To play the games that Daddies play.

She quickly turned to hide the tears  
From her son of seven years  
He didn't know she'd read between the lines  
He'd never really known his dad  
And although he'd never ask  
She knew exactly what was on his mind  
She searched her mind in desperation,  
Six long years of separation  
Dimmed the words she knew she had to say  
I hope you're never big enough  
Or old enough or bold enough  
To play the games that Daddies play.

I know you need and want his love but,  
Son, you're the victim of  
Another kind of game that Daddies play...