

Waiting for My Child

by Sullivan Pugh (1963)

I was talking to a lady a few days ago
and these are the words she said
If you see my child somewhere as you journey here and there
Tell him I'm waiting for my child to come home

I am waiting and waiting for my child to come
I'm waiting and waiting for my child to come
If you can't come home, could you please send me a letter?
A letter would mean so much to me

Oh my child may be somewhere on his sick bed
With no one there to rub his aching head
Oh my child may be somewhere in some lonely jail
With no one there to go his bail

If I only knew what town my child was in
I'll be there on that early morning train
And no matter what's crime, Lord you know that this child is mine
That's why I'd be waiting for my child to come home

I am waiting and waiting for my child to come
I'm waiting and waiting for my child to come
If you can't come home, could you please send me a letter?
A letter would mean so much to me

I am waiting, waiting, I am waiting and waiting
I am waiting for my child to come home