

Henry Gross, Shannon

Another day is at end
Mama says she's tired again
No one can even begin to tell her
I hardly know what to say
But maybe it's better that way
If Papa were here I'm sure he'd tell her

Shannon is gone I heard
She's drifting out to sea
She always loved to swim away
Maybe she'll find an island
With a shaded tree
Just like the one in our backyard

Mama tries hard to pretend
That things will get better again
Somehow she's keepin' it all inside her
But finally the tears fill our eyes
And I know that somewhere tonight
She knows how much we really miss her

Shannon is gone I heard
She's drifting out to sea
She always loved to swim away
Maybe she'll find an island
With a shaded tree
Just like the one in our back yard ...
Just like the one in our back yard