

James Taylor, Daddy's All Gone

I don't have much to say. Thought I'd call you up anyway.
Just to try to show you the way that I feel today, oh, I miss you, baby.
I sure am on the road. I don't need to say much more.
Just the same old well-known stranger that I was before. It seems like yesterday, now.

Daddy's all gone, only halfway home. He's holding on to the telephone
saying, please, don't let the show go on.

There's a bus every other hour, there's even the midnight train.
But that don't leave me the power to see your face again. It's not that simple.
You see, there's a room full of smiling faces, there's a man standing by the door.
Says it's time to change our places and get down on the floor and kill 'em, baby.

Daddy's all gone, he's just halfway home.
He's holding on to the microphone singing, please, don't make the show go on.