

# Jim Reeves, Teach Me How to Pray

(Daddy my daddy teach me how to pray)  
One night a sleepy little boy knelt beside my bed  
He smiled and looked into my eyes and this is what he said  
Daddy, my daddy, you've taught me lots today  
So daddy, my daddy, teach me how to pray  
You brought me home a brand new kite and you showed me how to fly it  
And there ain't no other kid who's dad can knock a ball so high

I'd like to thank God for you, but I don't know what to say  
So daddy, my daddy, teach me how to pray  
I had to turn and leave his room he began to cry  
I didn't want my boy to know but so did I  
His best pal had forsaken him but what was there to say?  
For daddy, his daddy had forgotten how to pray  
(Daddy my daddy teach me how to pray)