

Michelle Wright, He Would Be Sixteen

She gets in her car,
October Friday night.
Home from work down
thirty-one, past Franklin
High.

She can see the
stadium lights, she can hear
the band. A thousand crazy
high school kids screamin'
in the stands.

Quarter-back and home-
coming queen, love to young
to know what it means.

She goes back in time oh in
her mind, its like a dream.

Chorus:

He would be sixteen. The son she
never knew. It hurt so much to
give him up, but what else could she do?
He would be sixteen.

A child should have a home.
she knows her folks were right.
She never heard the couples name,
just that they were nice.
She wonders if he's taller than his father was?
Does he drive a car by now?
Has he been in love?
She shakes back to relativity.
She knows things turn out the way
they should be. But she just can't
help but ask herself; does he know about me?

Chorus:

He would be sixteen. The son she
never knew. It hurt so much to give him
up, but what else could she do?
He would be sixteen.

She never even got to hold him!
And nights like this it hurts to miss
the son shes never seen.
He would be sixteen.
He would be sixteen.