

Tammy Cochran, Dead Of The Night

A little girl who just turned nine,
Awakes to another fight,
She covers her head,
And closes her eyes.

How could the neighbors not have heard,
Done a thing or said a word,
What was painfully clear,
Too often occurred.

The rumors started,
when it all came to an end,
they blamed it on the bottle and said he was a drinkin' man,
Sometimes in the distance,
you can still hear her cry,
Breaking the silence,
In the dead of the night.

She walks softly down the hall,
sees his shadow on the wall,
Turns the corner,
sees her mama fall.

Daddy went too far this time,
just about to cross that line,
He never saw it comin',
He thought he had that forty-five.

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when it all came to an end,
they blamed it on the bottle and said he was a drinkin' man,
sometimes in the distance,
you can still hear her cry,
breaking the silence,
In the dead of the night.

She didn't chose this life,
she's a victim of circumstance,
But she made a choice that night and took the law in her little hands.

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