

# Dogwood, Family Values

When we were kids  
We were told to respect our elders  
And what they did  
Only speak when spoken to

When she was stripped  
Of the trust bestowed to us  
By the one she loves  
She didn't know she could run to you

It's a sad time we live in  
Little girls grow up scared of their dads  
It's a feeling they should never have

What kind of person can do this?  
How worthless is the word innocence  
To her dear old loving dad?

Now her mom sits  
Wondering why her baby goes through these fits  
Of anger, torment and of rage

Oh please dear God  
Pick up this small beauty and show her you  
And all the wonders you can do

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