Donna Fargo, Little Girl Gone

It just took a little while for me to get my head together Growing up's the hardest thing I've ever done

Here I am like a stranger in the house I grew up in And learned right from wrong in if I did
Where the sun never shined enough on daddies growing older And mothers never died in but she did
And I remember feeling guilty cause I couldn't wait to leave here Though I loved 'em every way that I knew how
So I packed up all my yesterdays and headed for tomorrow And it's almost tomorrow now
And daddy's little girl is home but where's the little girl gone
She bundled up her dirty jeans and teenie bopper magazine
In search of what her life was all about
With a little rag doll named Charlie Brown
And an ole suitcase full of hand me downs
And a loneliness she knew so much about

Now the dreams that I trusted and all the playthings have rusted But here I am a woman somehow And all those growing pains of yesterdays are gonna get me through tomorrow Cause it's almost tomorrow now And daddy's little girl is home but where's the little girl gone She bundled up her dirty jeans...

Oh but I can still remember when I used to gaze out this window Wondering who I was and what I would become And it just took a little while for me to get my head together Growing up's the hardest thing I've ever done Oh but I can still remember...