

# 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...