

# Doug Supernaw, I Don't Call Him Daddy

It was six in the morning when I made the county line;  
There's someone I've got to talk to, can't get it off my mind.  
He is just a kid, and he's in a pretty rough spot;  
Two dimes to make a phone call, that's about all I got.

How's my boy today? I know it's been three weeks;  
But you know how far I've got to go these days to make ends meet.  
How's your mama now, with her new live-in friend?  
Oh, how I hate the wounds that never seem to mend.

You said, "I don't call him daddy, but he takes care of things.  
When you pick me up on Friday, are you gonna bring me anything?  
Oh, don't worry Dad, you know, it don't matter what we do;  
Cause I don't call him daddy, he can never be like you."

God bless the little hearts, there the ones who really pay  
When Mom and Dad can't get along and they go their separate ways.  
In a way I'm glad there's someone there to fill the empty space;  
Tears of understanding stream down a dirty face.

You said, "I don't call him daddy, but he takes care of things.  
When you pick me up on Friday, are you gonna bring me anything?  
Oh, don't worry Dad, you know, it don't matter what we do;  
Cause I don't call him daddy, he can never be like you,  
Be like you,  
Be like you.

He is quite a little man growin' up as fast as he can;  
And I don't get to see him half as much as I had planned.  
There's so much I need to tell him, so precious little time;  
A little rain on the window, and a little wave... goodbye

You said, "I don't call him daddy, but he takes care of things.  
When you pick me up on Friday, are you gonna bring me anything?  
Oh, don't worry Dad, you know, it don't matter what we do;  
Cause I don't call him daddy, he can never be like you.

He said, "I don't call him daddy, but he takes care of things.  
When you pick me up on Friday, are you gonna bring me anything?  
Oh, don't worry Dad, you know, it don't matter what we do;  
Cause I don't call him daddy, he can never be like you.