Ed Bruce, Tiny Golden Locket

I walked into a tavern to have a drink and kill some time
A little boy approached me with tears in his eyes
He wasn't more that five or six but he stood like a man
With a tiny golden locket clutched in his little hand

He opened up the locket I saw a picture there
He said sir that's my mommie please have you seen her anywhere
She's all I have now in this world I must find her if I can
Then he kissed the tiny locket clutched in his little hand

I watched him leave and wondered where he go from here
Then the scream of brakes along the street turned me cold with fear
I ran and saw him lying there in the street so cold and dead
With the tiny golden locket still in his little hand

A woman staggered from the car to see what she had done
She looked upon his little face then recognized her only son
She cried oh Lord what have I done forgive me if you can
And the tiny golden locket fell from his little hand