

John D. Loudermilk, No Playing in the Snow Today

My little boy with smiling face and dancing eyes
Come bobbing down the steps on Christmas morn
And as he gaily opened up his Santa Claus
I wish that darling child had never been born
Outside the window lay the deadly fallen snow and on my lap the morning headlines lay
As he tried to find the footprints Rudolph left it was all that I could do to say
No playing in the snow today son no snow ice cream at all today
No snowman making no sleding or no skating no no playing in the snow today

He looked up at me with the tear in each blue eye
And when he asked me why I nearly died
I said some things are hard to explain then I picked him up and kissed his little eyes
In somewhere way up in a tower cold and grey power hungry men insainly play
In satanic style and laughter while ten million parents sadly say
No playing in the snow today...