

Martina McBride, Momma Through Daddy's Eyes

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The angels called my daddy home. He never had much yet he claimed to be rich. He had us and h

I heard it through the years, Don't talk bad about momma. With anger and eyes filled with tears. I n

Momma came home as age began to take its toll. The city lights weren't so bright There was no pa

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As I've grown I came to realize why daddy went home so soon. He gave me time to get to know m