

Neal Morse, Broken Homes

Little Tommy's waitin' for someone to see
That he's left his light on
His Mamma cries herself to sleep in front of the old T.V.
Since the man of the house is gone

And Tommy sits and dreams about how happy they will be
When Daddy comes back home
He doesn't know he never will come home
And he'll be one more child fathered on the phone

One more child growin' up half alone in a broken home

You see Tommy's Mom got married when she was seventeen
To a boy who was dark and tall
She was young and she was willin' and she kept the house clean
So he married her in the fall

They stuck it out five years before he finally went his way
Leavin' Tommy all confused
Daddy said he'd never go away
And now Tommy's gettin' more angry every day

Tell me who's gonna pay the defaulted loans on our broken homes

With so many of us giving up
When it's hard to give we just give up
And the kids wind up like prisoners of war
Well, I'm not saying I know how
But we've got to set it right somehow
Before we wind up paying even more

'Cause some of us get more than just alone
We get broken in our broken homes

Now Tommy's all grown up or at least he looks that way
The very image of his dear old Dad
He's got kids of his own - he's gonna raise them the right way
Be the father he never had

But somehow at year five his eyes keep lookin' towards the door
He's got to get out now
Or live and die in a domestic war
Soon he's one more father callin' on the phone

One more man more than less alone in a broken home

Now little Tommy's waitin' for someone to see
That he's left his light on...