

Wanda Jackson, I Don't Know How To Tell Him

I can tell him his toy gun won't kill Indians
And the towel around his neck don't make him strong
I can tell him there's no Easter bunny
But I don't know how to tell him that you're gone
He still looks for you every morning he's cried every night we've been alone
I can tell him there's no real Santa but I don't know how to tell him that you're gone
(steel)
I can tell him his broomstick's not a pony
And wearin' daddy's boots don't make him grown
I can tell him there's no to ferry
But I don't know how to tell him that you're gone
Cause he still looks for you...
I don't know how to tell him that you're gone