

# 11 – Cassadee Pope

Seven years old, everything was right  
A table for four on a Friday night  
Didn't see any signs of a dead end road  
By the time I was ten everything was changing  
Fell asleep every night praying  
Didn't know which way to go

Momma did her best to hide her anger  
And I did my best to try and save her

I was a little too young and a little too dumb  
To ever think the day would come  
When dad would drive away and take his love with him  
So I grew up fast in a whole new world  
Waved goodbye to that little girl  
I can see her now, innocent and seven  
I wish I had never turned eleven

We moved into a smaller house  
How mama did it, oh I don't know how  
Never went to bed without eating  
At thirteen I finally realized  
What it means to get on with your life  
Well daddy sure did and he made it look easy

Mama did her best to hide the struggle  
And I did my best to stay out of trouble

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I wish that I could turn back time  
And tell myself it'll be alright,  
you're never gonna lose the light in your eyes

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Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych