

Daddy, Won't You Smile For Me?

Ward Ricker

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When I was young I had a moth-er and fath-er, a fam-i-ly and
 My fath-er, how hard he worked ev-e-ry da-y. pro-vid-ing for his
 Not oncedid he say to me, "Yes, I love you." and not oncedid I
 Was my fath-er hap-py? I can-not tell you. What was in-side his

home and all you'd think I should. But some-thing was mis-sing, though
 fam-ily the things they did need. Food up-on the ta-ble, a
 feel his ten-der em-bra-ce. But the sad-dest thing that I
 heart I'll just ne-ver kno-w. But how much more hap-py my

I real-ized it not. Man-y years did pass by be-fore I un-der-
 homewhere we were safe. What more could I ask from a good fa-ther, in-
 came to re-a-lize, Not once had I seen a smile u-upon his
 mem-or-ries would be if once in a while a smile did he

-stood. Dad-dy, won't you smile for me? What a great sight that would be.
 -deed? face. show.

Chords: Bb Eb Bb Eb Bb Eb Bb Eb F Bb Eb F Eb F Bb

Does my life make you hap-py? Dad - dy won't you smile for me?