

Daddy: Music by Brittany Jean and lyrics by Grant Walker

He was only six years old when he went up to his daddy and said
“I know just what I want to be, I want to be”
It was never just a game to that boy as he played
Even when they called it little league

Though Daddy wasn't rich, he always made the time
To help his boy chase down the dream he had
He threw out his arm teachin' him to swing
And that boy called him Daddy, instead of Dad

The boy pursued the game, though it took him far from home
The letters and the calls told him he was not alone
And though the fire never died that dream turned to gray
And Daddy stood with him head held high the day it passed away

He'd thrown thousands of pitches, dreamed big with his son
With tears in his eyes for memories now all done
He smiled, “Son I'm proud of you, you gave it all you had”
And that boy still calls him Daddy, instead of Dad

Now that boy's grown up and he's found a brand new dream
He's got a son of his own with his daddy's perfect swing
Across the street at a park the boy begs for just one more at-bat
As he winds up there's a smile in his heart and a tear in his eye
'Cause his son calls him Daddy, instead of Dad