I seem them walking hand in hand, mother, son, daughter, walking side by side.
I walk alone.

I seem them walking hand in hand, mother, son, daughter, walking side by side.
I walk alone.
I see them playing in the park, laughing, hugging and being together.
I stand alone.
I see them in their mother's arms safe from harm.
I am alone.
I see the father standing there to wipe away his child's tears.
I weep alone.
I see them tuck them into bed and tell a bedtime story.
I sleep alone; I read alone, I am just alone.
No matter when I come home, no ones there to say hello.
I am still alone.
It's not my bed, it's not my home, and it's not my room, where can I go?
You're not my mom
You're not my dad
You're not my blood
I do not belong.
I pray on bended knees that God will send a mom to me.
An answered prayer, along came an angel, and brought to me a home that's stable.
I have a mom to keep me safe in her warm embrace.
I have a dad that's there for me to pick me up when I am down.
I have a house, I have a room, and I have a bed to call my own.
When I weep there's someone there to wipe away my streaking tears.
I have someone to call my very own.
Now I have my happily ever after, filled with love and joy and laughter.
I will never be alone!