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Rain's falling outside of Boston—
Thank God I'm not working tonight.
I've got six of my own,
And a stepdaughter at home,
And a momma keeping things right.
I wonder if they're at the table
With their puzzles, their papers and pens?
When I get off the highway
And pull in that driveway,
Will they run to the window again?

Daddy's home, daddy's home, I can hear you,
Though I'm still eighteen miles away.
This old station wagon's
Got a muffler that's dragging,
But everything's going my way.

Momma put your head on my shoulder;
Let me hold you tight to my heart—
You've had a long day at home;
You've been working all alone—
Everyone's doing their part.

She says, "Kaleigh is up in her bedroom."
But she can't really figure out why.
I find her upstairs
In an armload of bears,
And she looks at me softly and cries,
Was I sad with no dad to come to?
Did it hurt he was so far away?
Did I sit by the phone
And wait for him to come home
Like Margaret and EJ today?

Little girl, you can cry on my shoulders,
Though I can't really say how it feels,
But if one thing is real
It's this love that I feel,
And it's one thing nobody can steal.
You had Nana; you had Papa; you had Mama—
And your momma was with you all day.
With her Ram pickup truck
And a boatload of luck,
You found me and you asked me to stay.

Now you've got your brothers and sisters.
You've got a step-dad trying to write songs;
You've got a momma who knows
How to make that love grow
Like them summer days coming along.

So, how about tonight we go dancing
Through every store in the mall.
If the kids don't make scenes,
We'll have food-court cuisine,
And wind up having a ball—
And if the kids don't make scenes,
We'll have food-court cuisine,
And wind up having a ball.

How about tonight we go dancing....

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