

Charles Washington

Little Lost Boy (When will I see you again?)

Little Lost Boy, I haven't got a clue,
of when I'm coming home, so I guess it's up to you
to grow up and be, the best that you can be
and not end up like your father: me!
You see, I've always promised that I would never leave you
now deep in my heart I feel like I've deceived you
I never thought about the rules of the system
now I'm giving you wisdom from inside of a prison
I wonder how many days you walked to school by yourself?
My presence is gone so you look to someone else
to fulfill your needs and the space of your father
but then you say to yourself, "He don't care, so why bother?"
Daddy is gone and you start to accept it
You're feeling neglected so it's only expected
that when you grow up you will start to resent me
I can't think but the worst, and the feeling is chilling me
I can't tuck you in when you lay down
I can't pick you up when you fall to the ground
All I have is memories; photos of you and me
I pray to God everyday that it will be like it used to be:
like laying in our living room, watching music videos;
dressing you up real warm when it was cold;
and how I followed you around outside as you played
every time I reminisce it only saddens up my day
What school do you go to? Who are you friends?
How does your day start? How does it end?
Those are the questions that stay on my mind
I searched for the answers but they're too hard to find
I always wondered if you'd like the same things that I like
I never had a chance to buy you a shiny new bike
and take off the training wheels, and teach you how to ride it
I know you're still very young, but please pay close attention;
try hard to prosper in life's every mission
'cause I did this to myself, I can't blame nobody else
The strongest man in the world can't take the pain that I've felt
Without you and your sisters, I'd probably think of suicide
I don't want to die, but why stay alive?
If I can't be with you? 'cause all I do is miss you
It's a sensitive issue, I want to hold you and kiss you

but when I come home you will probably be a senior
Live by spiritual values and give God all the glory
there's just no way you'll ever know the full story
of how when your grandmamma needed me, I failed to protect her
so God took her away because I didn't respect her
I know right now that you can't fully understand it
but I'm a six-digit number; to society I'm branded
When I first left, you were only three
now you're eighteen; imagine what that does to me
Damn how it hurts being torn apart
I don't mind being broke, but I hate a broken heart
I wonder what it would have been like to watch you grow?
I guess you and I will never know
I'll never forget how we played in your room
or Saturday mornings watching your favorite cartoons
It hurts so bad for you and I to be torn
the picture is vivid of the day you were born:
seven pounds and fourteen ounces is what you weighed
December 25th is your birthday
you are the best gift in the world, you brought me so much joy
I don't want to see you be another lost boy
'cause we are a team, meant to stay together
I hope this separation won't last forever
With you and your sisters is where I belong
until I'm with you again, please Chachie, be strong
Little Lost Boy, what I say is true
if you only knew, just how much I need you
then you would forgive me, and so would the others
your mama said she wouldn't wait for me, but I still love her
Little Lost Boy, so very, very lost
I really need to be with you, even at all cost
'cause you are my son, and you are my best friend
Little Lost Boy when will I see you again?