

Gotta Let 'em Go

When you go away you'll leave a trail of sparks
and a little hole where you were in a mother's heart.
Like a streak of light in the autumn sky,
you'll be gone before I know it with no long good-bye.

Oh, we raise them up.
Then they let us know.
Gotta let 'em go.
Gotta let 'em go.

Taught you how to walk; taught you how to dance.
Rode that ferris wheel together in Paris, France.
First you ran to me, now you'll run to her.
Hear your footsteps softly slip in to the young man's world.

Oh, we raise them up.
Then they let us know.
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Words and music by Judi Jaeger © 2010

Song notes:

Judi: I stared thinking and worrying about my son leaving for college....when he was 11.
This is called "before need fretting". I am good at this. In any case, that's where this song
came from.