

I WOULDN'T TRADE THAT (FOR THE WORLD)

Sitting on the back porch talkin' 'bout things we used to do
Back in the day at our old high school
Now Jimmy got a Lexus, and he says he's never home
The we're interrupted by his new ring tone
As I look at my little place
Never once do I think

(Chorus)
I should work harder
Be gone longer
No more recitals and PTA's
Too much love
Too much talking
Too much time at her T-ball games
Cause she's daddy's little girl
I wouldn't trade that for the world

Sitting at the table staring at this pile of bills
Seems like a mountain but it's just molehills
I'd please the bossman if I worked late everynight
But I've only got one chance to get it right
As I look at her little face
Never once do I think

(Chorus)
(Bridge)
When she has kids of her own
I know that she won't be the kind
Who would rather gain the world
Than miss a moment in the life of her own child

(Solo)

(Chorus)

(Words & Music by: Gene Reynolds and Heather Cowles)