

Little Shoes

In the top drawer of her dresser is one pair of little shoes
And a pair of little booties from which her Mom can choose.
Although she cannot walk just yet, out with her mom she goes
For strolls in different shades of pink from her head down to her
toes.

But soon the little newborn has to a toddler grown;
In patent-leather party shoes she's walking all alone.
But someone's watching closely as she takes each shaky stride,
And though she may not notice it, her mom is at her side.

The nursery's now a bedroom, the baby's crib is gone,
The little girl is off to school with brand-new sneakers on.
She skips onto the school yard with at step as light as air,
While mom, though smiling bravely, feels at loose ends standing there.

The little girl grows older, and with each passing year,
Her first high-heels and cowgirl boots eventually appear.
And then, as if by magic, the little girl is grown,
She wears the latest fashions bought with earnings of her own.

Then one fine day she's walking with her father at her side,
In shoes of fine white satin, for now she is a bride.
I wonder where the time has gone, and wistfully recall
My little girl, in little shoes, so innocent and small.

And now I am a Granny, and Daughter, you're a Mom,
Your little newborn daughter is the sunshine of your home.
The top drawer of her dresser is filled with little shoes,
And many pairs of booties from which you now can choose.

Cherish each passing moment, the laughter and the tears,
For days go by so swiftly, and gather soon to years.
The little shoes she will outgrow before you realize,
She'll blossom like a summer's rose, before your very eyes.

Be always there to walk with her when up against the odds,
Make sure she knows that she can count on mother and on God.
And though she'll spread her wings and fly, as all our daughters do,
One day she'll wear a mothers shoes, and she'll come home to you.