

# Johnny Cash, Snow In His Hair

The years have been many the years have been long  
But at last I'm returning to daddy and home  
He's looking my way though he hardly can see  
God bless my old daddy he recognize me  
There's snow in his hair and I helped to put it there a halo of worry and care  
As my daddy grows old he's more precious than gold  
For I cherish the snow in his hair  
[ guitar ]  
His shoulders were bent with the weight of the years  
I scarcely could hold back the flood tide of tears  
He walked with a cane as he hurried along coming to meet me to welcome me home  
There's snow in his hair...