

He didn't have to wake up, he'd been up all night.  
Laying there in bed listening to his new born baby cry.  
He makes a pot of coffee. He splashes water on his face.  
His wife gives him a kiss and says, "It's gonna be OK."

It won't be like this for long.  
One day soon we'll look back laughin' at the week we brought her home.  
This phase is gonna fly by, so baby just hold on.  
It won't be like this for long.

Four years later, 'bout four thirty, she's crawling in their bed.  
And when he drops her off at preschool, she's clinging to his leg.  
The teacher peels her off of him, he says, "What can I do?"  
She says, "Now don't you worry, this will only last a week or two."

It won't be like this for long.  
One day soon you'll drop her off and she won't even know you're gone.  
This phase is gonna fly by if you can just hold on.  
It won't be like this for long.

One day soon she'll be a teenager, and at times you'll think she hates him.  
Then he'll walk her down the aisle, and raise her veil.  
But right now she up and crying, and the truth is that he don't mind,  
As he kisses her good night, and she says her prayers.

He lays down there beside her,  
'Till her eyes are finally closed,  
And just watching her it breaks his heart,  
Cause he already knows:

It won't be like this for long.  
One day soon that little girl is gonna be all grown up and gone.  
Yeah this phase is gonna fly by, so he's trying to hold on.  
'Cause it won't be like this for long.

It won't be like this for long.