

Lotta Man (In That Little Boy)

Craig Morgan

His life is that blue bike, ball glove an' fishin' pole,
Tree-house, BB gun and band aid covered knees.
He does good deliverin' papers,
An' cuttin' grass for the neighbours,
Except for Widow Wilson: he cuts hers for free.
His little hands do a lot for a kid his age,
He puts one-tenth of his hard earned money,
In the offering plate each Sunday by his own choice.
There's a lotta man in that little boy.

Weekdays, he tries to sleep late:
Weekends, he's up at daybreak.
Him an' Roy wadin' in Cotton Creek.
That dog was like his brother:
You'd seen one, you'd see the other.
Cut one an' both of them would bleed.
Tires screamed, but that ol' truck couldn't stop.
There's the tree that he buried him under;
He made a cross from scraps of lumber,
An' on it carved: "God Bless ol' Roy."
There's a lotta man in that little boy.

There's a house, down where he goes fishin':
He told his Mom: "Those kids got nothin',
"And I don't need all these toys."
There's a lotta man.
(There's a lotta man. There's a lotta man.)
In that little boy