

# The Man He Was

George Jones

He always walked like he was in the country  
His southern drawl was as sweet as honey  
He hated biscuits in a rolled up can  
That's the way he was, my old man

He always loved my mama's cookin'  
He'd pat her butt and say 'hey good lookin''  
Now he's the reason i'm the way i am  
I remind myself of my old man

He could drink like a fish, smoke like a fein  
Never got drunk and never got mean  
Strong as an ox, work like a dog  
Hard as a rock and sweat like a log

The only man my mama ever loved  
Hey that's my dad and that's the way he was

You never spoke back to my father  
He never raised his voice or had to holler  
He's tell us one time and we'd understand  
That's the way he was, my old man

He loved his family and he helped his church  
He hardly ever miss a day of work  
God and country and two callused hands  
That's the way he was, my old man

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Never got drunk and never got mean  
Strong as an ox, work like a dog