

# Old Man Walker's Property

Aaron Watson

Growing up in a little town where there's not a lot to do  
No matter where you go troubles bound to run into you  
There was only one water hole this side of the county line  
The boys and me would hang our clothes on the no trespassing sign

We'd go swimming swinging from the tire in the tree  
And we'd go fishing but we never caught anything  
There was a chance we might get caught but we always got off scot-free  
Trespassing on old man walker's property  
Well the older the old man got the meaner he seemed to be  
I could tell when our eyes met he didn't care too much for me  
I remember on Friday nights me and my girl would wait up late  
When he'd turn off his front porch light we'd hop on over the gate

We'd go kissing underneath the cottonwood trees  
And we'd go wishing on every star that we could see  
There was a chance we might get caught but we always got off scot-free  
Trespassing on old man walker's property  
Not long ago I went back home for the Labor Day weekend  
As I walked out of the store old man walker came walking in  
He said I used to watch you one by one sneak under my gate  
But I'd let ya'll play till your momma's said it was getting late  
I'd come out a hollerin' and you boys would scatter and run  
If you'd of known I was a teddy bear you wouldn't of had half the fun  
I said you ol' son of a gun for all these years I thought you hated me  
He said boy if that was true would I have hung a tire swing in the tree

Hearing y'all laughing it really put a smile on my face  
Seeing y'all splashing really brightened up this place  
There was a chance you might get caught but you always got off scot-free  
Trespassing on old man walker's property  
I packed my bags and said my good-byes early that Sunday evening  
I drove down the old man's dirt road just as I was leaving  
Out there in that water hole were little boys like I used to be  
Trespassing on old man walker's property  
Trespassing on old man walker's property