

Home

Alan Jackson

In small town down in Georgia
Over 40 years ago
Her maiden name was Musik
Until she met that Jackson boy

They married young like folks did then
Not a penny to their name
They believed the one you vowed to love
Should always stay the same

And on the land his daddy gave him
A foundation underway
For a love to last forever
Or until their dying day

They built a bond that's strong enough
To stand the test a time
And a place for us to turn to
When our lives were in bind

And they made their house from a tool shed
Granddaddy rolled out on two logs
And they built walls all around it
And they made that house a home

And they taught us 'bout good living
And taught us right from wrong
Lord, there'll never be another place
In this world that I'll call home

My mama raised five children
Four girls, and there was me
She found her strength in faith of God
And a love of family

She never had a social life
Home was all she knew
Except the time she took a job
To pay a bill or two

And my daddy skinned his knuckles
On the cars that he repaired
He never earned much money
But he gave us all he had

He never made the front page
But he did the best he could
Folks drove the cars from miles around
And let 'em look underneath the hood

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