

Times Like These

Buddy Jewell

He's three-feet tall and four years old
An' still believes that I can do no wrong
When I get home at five o'clock
He's waitin' with that Cowboys jersey on

I laugh 'cause he's just like his Dad
He'll miss the ball an' he'll get mad
Thinks when he grows up, he'll catch 'em all
Then I get down on my knees an' tell him
"Sometimes, even Daddies drop the ball"

It's times like these that I realize
They don't stay little long
You blink your eyes an' turn around
Before you know it, they're grown up an' gone

I've been takin' time for granted
Now I'm gonna take advantage of every golden opportunity
Make the most of every moment
While we still have times like these

I could go to work this Saturday
Lord knows, that I could use the overtime
But I'll be sittin' there behind home plate
Cheerin' on that little man of mine

Yeah, the extra pay would sure be nice
But it's worth any sacrifice
To see my little slugger's first at bat
An' when he looks up in the stands an' sees me
Man, you can't put a price on that

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Thank God for times like these