I wish that my Grandad was still here today cause' I'd love to here what he'd have to say about three dollars and fifty-nine cents

for a gallon of gas. And I'd show him my wife and what I've done with my life, and see if he liked all these songs that I write.

Oh, I wish I knew what he would think about the fact that, if you're sixteen and pregnant, you'll get on tv, but yet we're laying off school teachers fast as can be.

Oh, I wish I knew what he'd think about us now.

He'd probably ask me why the good ole' US of A is so damn tied up in our foreign aid when the American farmers got to sell all the cows to keep the bank from taking the house. I wish I

John Wayne, Augustus McCrae, the Lone Ranger and his indian friend, but there will never be another man like him.

I'm glad that I'm not some big Hollywood star who thinks they have the right to go as far as bitching about the hundred million ${\sf N}$

little part that I've made to our family tree.

He'd probably ask me why people like Casey Anthony can get off scott free and why our taxes are still killing folks just like you

and me. Oh I wish I knew what he'd think about us now.

He'd probably ask me why the good ole' US of A is so damn tied up in our foreign aid, when the American farmers got to sell all the

John Wayne, Augustus McCrae, the Lone Ranger and his indian friend, but there will never be another man like him.

Yeah, there's men like John Wayne, Augustus McCrae, the Lone Ranger and his indian friend, but there will never be another man like him.