

In the Family

Don Williams

Well, I was raised up by the golden rule
In an old house with a patched up roof
We had a hard home but it pulled us close
We were family.

Oh, that summer when the crops all died
Was the first time I saw Daddy cry
An' I heard Momma say what goes on here stays
In the family.

Well our clothes weren't new, that old car was used
We held our own
Whoa, you just can't buy, that sense of pride
We grew up on, In the family.

I remember every Sunday night
After supper 'round the firelight
How peaceful Daddy looked
As he read the good book
In the family.

Well, some folks said we were barely makin' do
We were better off than they ever knew
We never had much but we sure had love
In the family.

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