To my first pony, Cherry Pie, from the little girl you taught to fly, to the sun.

To Mrs. Thorton, from third grade, I remember all the times you'd stay, till Daddy picked me up.

[CHORUS:]

Oh, did you ever know?
Did I ever tell you so?
I hope you understand,
you have so much to do with who I am.

To my older brother, Wes,
I worshiped everything you did and said.
I hope it didn't bother you.

To Grandma Melva and Grandpa Lin, what I'd give just to be five, again, singin' in your living room.

[Repeat CHORUS]

Arkansas summer wind,
to feelings that never end,
to anyone who called me "friend".
All the blessings from above,
to Mama's kiss and Daddy's hug,
I didn't say it near enough—
Thank you for who I am!

[Repeat CHORUS]

To my first pony, Cherry Pie, from the little girl you taught to fly.