

My Old Man

Joey + Rory

He was different, he was one of a kind, as far as daddies go, and not just cause he was mine
He could build anything, with his 2 calloused hands, my old man
He drove an old truck, he could've had a newer one
Floorboards full of rust, he sure loved the way it'd run
I learned to drive in it, in the pastures on our land, with my old man
One day he caught me in a lie, and with his belt, he tanned my behind
I saw the teardrops in his eyes falling down, just as hard as mine

When you're born a farmer, it's what you want your son to be
He was broken hearted when I said I'm going to Tennessee
He sold that old truck and stuck the money in my hand
My old man

When I got on that big Greyhound
With my bags full of songs, and my guitar
I remember looking down, and him yellin' son, remember who you are.
He fought a good fight, but in the end it took him down
We told him goodbye, then we prayed him in the ground
Now he's with Jesus, walking in the promise land, My old Man

I'm so proud when people say, just how much I am, like my old man