

They Don't Make 'Em Like My Daddy

Loretta Lynn

I wasn't much more than a baby, I thought he was a bear
The way my daddy carried me around
They said I learned to walk while holdin' on to just one finger
On the hand of a man that stands at six-foot-three.

Not old enough to understand the meaning of depression
Just something people talked about a lot
My daddy wasn't one that tried to make no big impressions
Just one heck of a man that worked for what he got.

They don't make men like my daddy anymore
Guess they've thrown away the pattern through the years
In a great big land of freedom at a time we really need 'em
They don't make 'em like my daddy anymore.

From the Johnson County coal camps to the hills of West Virgini
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My daddy hauled the timber for the mines
Education didn't count so much as what you had born in you
Like the will to live and a dream of better times.

Daddy never took a handout, we ate pinto beans and bacon
But he worked to keep the wolf back from the door
And it only proves one thing to me when folks start belly achin'
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