

My Father's Son

Montgomery Gentry

Old white washed barn doors
Rain rusted tin
Straw packed shirt and blue jeans
Hangin' in the wind
There's never time for these bones to mend

Up before the sun dries
The frost on my fields
I've got the diesel burnin'
Turnin' these four wheels

Across this land I been handed down
Feel my roots run deep in this ground

So stand me up tall in this seat
Lord help me guide this plow beneath my feet
And turn this earth over one more time
Some say this way of life is done
But not for my father's son

Three Generations
Before I ever came
Cut back these timbers
And bet their lives on grain

And I want to see just once before I die
Us doin' more than just barely getting by

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Now and then I walk my fence
Down by the old country road
And watch the cars go rushin' by
And disappear like ghosts

Out where the sky meets the amber waves
Yeah I'm a rock in this land God made

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