

The Last Of A Dying Breed

Neal McCoy

My name's Tommy Franks, an' my Daddy's name was Ray.
Ray was a farm boy, a cowboy an' a banker.
A clerk, a roughneck, a driller,
A long-haul driver, a soldier an' a mechanic.
He was also a friend to everybody he ever met.
Ray taught me the value of Faith an' family,
The American flag, hard work, honesty an' a good dog.
I hope my Daddy Ray wasn't the last of a dyin' breed.

He's a cold beer drinker, a buck n' bear hunter:
The best friend a dog ever had.
A post-hole-digger, a man Skoal dipper,
John Deere cap-sportin' man.
With a house on a hill and a pond in the field,
Surrounded by a mess of corn rows.
Makes a livin' from his labour, a credit to the Maker,
He's somebody everybody knows.

Last of a dying breed who tend the fields and mend the fences.
Heaven knows, I'd hate to think that generation might be ending
,
But if he goes, he will go down in history
As the last, the last of the dying breed

Overall wearers, farmer tan tearers,
Down at the BFW hall. (Hot dog.)
Cake pan lickers, ripe tomato pickers,
Hay balers loadin' trailers in the Fall.
Fruit stand sellers, town square dwellers,
Who gather at The Dairy Queen at dawn.
Everybody knows him an' everybody loves him:
God, I'm gonna miss him if they're gone.

(Last of a dying breed.)
He's a hard-working family man.
(Last of a dying breed.)

Of a dying breed.
Of a dying breed.