

## Three Wooden Crosses

Randy Travis

A farmer and a teacher, a hooker and a preacher,  
Ridin' on a midnight bus bound for Mexico.  
One's headed for vacation, one for higher education,  
An' two of them were searchin' for lost souls.  
That driver never ever saw the stop sign.  
An' eighteen wheelers can't stop on a dime.

There are three wooden crosses on the right side of the highway  
,  
Why there's not four of them, Heaven only knows.  
I guess it's not what you take when you leave this world behind  
you,  
It's what you leave behind you when you go.

That farmer left a harvest, a home and eighty acres,  
The faith an' love for growin' things in his young son's heart.  
An' that teacher left her wisdom in the minds of lots of childr  
en:  
Did her best to give 'em all a better start.  
An' that preacher whispered: "Can't you see the Promised Land?"  
As he laid his blood-stained bible in that hooker's hand.

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That's the story that our preacher told last Sunday.  
As he held that blood-stained bible up,  
For all of us to see.  
He said: "Bless the farmer, and the teacher, an' the preacher;  
"Who gave this Bible to my mamma,  
"Who read it to me."

There are three wooden crosses on the right side of the highway  
,  
Why there's not four of them, now I guess we know.  
It's not what you take when you leave this world behind you,  
It's what you leave behind you when you go.