

First Family

Rich Mullins

My folks they were always the first family to arrive
With seven people jammed into a car that seated five
There was one bathroom to bathe and shave in
Six of us stood in line
And hot water for only three
But we all did just fine

Talk about your miracles
Talk about your faith
My dad he could make things grow
Out of Indiana clay
Mom could make a gourmet meal
Out of just cornbread and beans
And they worked to give faith hands and feet
And somehow gave it wings

I can still hear my dad cussin'
He's working late out in the barn
The spring planting is coming
And the tractors just won't run
Mom she's done the laundry
I can see it waving on the line
Now they've stayed together
Through the pain and the strain of those times

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And now they've raised five children
One winter they lost a son
But the pain didn't leave them crippled
And the scars have made them strong
Never picture perfect
Just a plain man and his wife
Who somehow knew the value
Of hard work, good love, and real life

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