

## 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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