

## Lifelines

Rodney Atkins

I packed up my pick-up at 17  
With uncle Bob's old Martin guitar and a dream  
Went from singin' in church  
To singin' for tips in a honky tonk

Till I became a jukebox flash  
Play anything from Zeppelin to Cash  
As a hard headed hard livin'  
Cover singin' cover of my own self  
Forgot who I was and where I was from  
Then early one morning my daddy showed up

Lifelines  
Where would we be without lifelines  
When we're lost at sea  
The devil's got you thinking  
That the boat ain't sinking  
But you're boots are getting wet  
That's the thing about lifelines  
They tell you the truth  
When you won't reach you have to get a hold of you  
You're lucky to find a few in your lifetime  
Thank God for lifelines

These days I come home  
Every Sunday afternoon  
Mama always says "I was just thinking about you  
How's my favorite son?"  
"Say, you mean your only one?  
Oh I'm good, almost as good as your gravy"  
She said, "Your sister stops by with her kids everyday  
But the horse has been tough  
They're gonna be OK  
Your daddy keeps them busy watching Barbers on the Water  
Let some castor cares away"  
She said, "Son I know you gotta make money  
But don't forget to make time  
To slow down and stop by  
Have a real piece of pie, here"

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