

My Old Man

Rodney Atkins

I got a picture of him, barefoot in the mud.
Behind his grandpa's plow an' two great mules.
When he turned ten years old, on May 8, '53.
He grew up fearin' God in Washburn, Tennessee.
The closest thing he had to a Dad was his Uncle Bob.
An' he could only dream of things like little league baseball.
An' that little boy, with big blue eyes and calloused hands,
Huh, became my old man.

Well she was a Kentucky girl, born on Valentine's Day.
The fourth child of five to my Grandma, Eula May.
So shy and beautiful with sunset hair and emerald eyes.
Her Daddy spent his life workin' in the coal mines.
Now in my eyes, all my life, my Daddy's been a Saint.
But even Saints need Angels to show them the way.
And over thirty-
seven years ago, he asked for Margaret Lynn's hand.
And that Angel married my old man.

And there were times I tried to buck, the truthful things they
said.
But now I'm glad that, more than once, they rattled my stubborn
head.
'Cause my folks are just like mountains, I looked at from afar.
But now the closer I get to them, the bigger they are.

The time seems to fly anymore, and the holidays are so far apart.
There's no way a 'phone call could express what's in my heart.
So this is just a song to say how greatful I am.
For Mamma and my old man.

For Mamma and Dad.