

The Holes That He Dug

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He said, "Son won't you lend an ear to what I have to say
I've been down this road before and I think I know the way"
He said, "I can't help but see that's quite the load you bear
You better lose that attitude if you wanna get somewhere"

You look at me as if you see a worthless man
Well, don't be fooled son by the dirt on these hands

He said, "Never judge a man by the clothes that he wears
Don't take for granted that he chose the cross he bears
You can't put him down for who he is and what he does
'Cause you don't dig the holes that he dug"

He said, "Son this road of life's been known to take it's toll
I've hit all the rough spots, every ditch and every hole
There's just so many paths but wrong or right's a choice
Don't let what you think you know throw you off course"

He said, "Slow down son and take it all in stride
Take your time, along with this advice"

He said, "Never judge a man by the clothes that he wears
Don't take for granted that he chose the cross he bears
You can't put him down for who he is and what he does
'Cause you don't dig the holes that he dug"

No, no, never judge a man by the clothes that he wears
And don't take for granted that he chose the cross he bears
You can't put him down for who he is and what he does
'Cause you don't dig the holes

You can't put him down for who he is and what he does
'Cause you don't dig the holes, dig the holes he dug
No, no, no