

We Ain't Much Different

Lynyrd Skynyrd

This is a story 'bout livin'
A tale of a long hard road
Ain't a whole lot of misgivin's
Of the things that I thought I sowed
My daddy was a real hard worker
He said son there will come a day
Talk ain't always cheap
And here's what daddy had to say
With these hands I've made my livin'
With these hands I've held a child
With these hands I've climbed a mountain
Sometimes we forget
We ain't much different at all

He likes grits, you like the apple
There ain't nothin' wrong with that
He says y'all, you say you'se
It all depends on where you're at
Well a little bit of music is a whole lot of fun
And its always good for the soul
From New York City out to California
You know its only rock and roll

With these hands we come together
With these hands we can change the world
With these hands I play my music
Sometimes we forget
We ain't much different at all

Oh, not at all
So what I'm trying to tell you
Is that I'm only one son of the South
Its gonna take more than you me and you
To work this whole thing out

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