

# Leonard Calhoun

Adam Calhoun

Hard workin', hard hands  
Sweatin' like the devil with my farmers tan  
My grandfather said "Chop that wood  
Don't cuss at your mama, boy you got to be good"  
Life goes by fast take it slow  
One day you're young and the next day you're old  
He used to tell me all this at our fishin' hole  
I used to carry all his tackle and his fishin' pole

I can tell you stories my granddaddy told me  
When I was just a boy I'd sit on his knee  
He said "Son let me tell you about  
The south and how it goes around here"

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My daddy wasn't there but the old man was  
He taught me how to fish, he taught me to hunt  
And if I got bored he said widdle some wood  
Or go take that ol' dog go get lost in the woods  
I stay up all night and just sit on the porch  
He used to tell me stories about when he was a boy  
He grew up down the hollar at the end of Lick Fork  
In a little old cabin and they were so poor  
He started workin' at the age of 10  
He left school and never went back again  
I'll tell ya, old boy could swing a hammer and an axe  
And when times get tough, you'd get the shirt off his back

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I'm older, and he's gone now  
But I never forgot what we talked about  
My grandfather told me stand up proud  
Don't you ever start a fight, but don't ever back down  
No, no, and I miss him so  
It tears up my heart, it rips my soul  
Now looking down the ridge where we used to go  
I can still hear his voice and I know he knows

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