

# The Thanksgiving Song

Ben Rector

Familiar highways  
Lined with leaves turned brown  
Making my way  
Back into my hometown

Funny how this all looks different, but it feels the same  
Like how life never stops changing but some things never change

So fill your plate and fill your drink  
And fill this house with family  
The kind of love that all these years can't wash away  
Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bitters  
weet  
Thank God for this Thanksgiving Day

Watching football  
Watching families grow  
The old kid's table  
All have kids of their own

Starting to see my grandfather in my nephew's eyes  
Mom still can't talk about him and not almost cry

So fill your plate and fill your drink  
And fill this house with family  
The kind of love a thousand miles can't wash away  
Cause the older that I get I see that life is short and bitters  
weet  
Thank God for this Thanksgiving Day

So fill your plate and fill your drink  
Put your dishes in the kitchen sink  
And let the leftover year just wash away  
Cause we made it through, I do believe, the longest year in his  
tory  
Thank God that it's Thanksgiving Day