

Hello Old Man

Chris Knight

Hello old man, have you room for a wanderer
Running from his checkered past
No I'm not your favorite son
I never even tied for last

Do you still cuss the dirt and pray for rain
Stubborn as the sun and twice as vain
Think about all you have done
Before you tell me you ain't wandered none

Now your wayward son has come back home
What'd you think about me while I was gone
Old man when I was on your knee
Didn't you think I'd turn out to be like me

Hello old man, the world is strange
Cuts you up and mends you back again
You got your scars in a forgotten war
Mine I got on bar room floors
Well you told me tales when I was a child
Lord they made me wonder and made me wild
I guess I had to be like you
There weren't no war but I made do

Hello old man life rolls along
I'm just trying to reap what you have sown
You never wished me well on the night I left
But in my eyes you saw yourself

You should have known I'd turn out to be like you