

# When He Was My Age

## Confederate Railroad

He worked all week for a hard day's pay  
Walked to school five miles one way  
It must have rained every day  
When he was my age

He quit school early to help Grandpa  
He was one man short on a crosscut saw  
There was wood to cut and ground to break  
When he was my age

By the time he turned twelve in '39  
He'd been through Hell and Hoover times  
Drank his first homemade wine  
And started to shave  
The tales get taller every time they're told  
The fish get longer as he grows old  
He loves to talk about the good old days  
When he was my age

He was sixty pounds lighter with a head full of hair  
A dollar in his tank would take him anywhere  
But nine o'clock was coming on late  
When he was my age

He talks about the time the Dodgers called  
He could have played pro ball  
But he had me to raise  
When he was my age

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When he was my age he had a lot more living left to do  
But hard work and hard times  
Robbed him of his youth  
He says it seems like yesterday  
When he was my age  
When he was my age  
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