

Roots

Cooper Alan

There's some planted down in the dirt of every hometown
Some you miss, some you know
The ones ya need most, most don't show
It's the thankless, the dangerous, sometimes we forget
We wouldn't be standing if God hadn't sent

The name on the badge, flashing blue lighters
Bunk in a mack, long haul drivers
Combine ridin' reasons we all got food
The first in the fire for no extra zeroes
Front line fightin' dog tag heroes
The blood and the sweat for the rest of the red, white, and blue
There's the tree you can see, then there's roots

Sunday preacher, Monday lineman
Set of gloves and scrubs on the nightshift
It's a teacher with a whiteboard, teaching what to fight for
Mamas raisin' kids right
So they end up like

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When the sky falls down they keep showing up
We owe it all to every last one
Of the thankless, the dangerous, sometimes we forget
We wouldn't be standing if God hadn't sent

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