

## Lotta Man

Craig Morgan

His life is that blue bike  
Ball glove and fishin' pole  
Treehouse, BB gun  
And Band-Aid covered knees  
He does good deliverin' papers  
And cuttin' grass for the neighbors  
Except for Widow Wilson, he cuts hers for free  
His little hands do a lot for a kid his age

He puts one-tenth of his hard earned money  
In the offering plate each Sunday  
By his own choice  
There's a lotta man in that little boy

Weekdays, he tries to sleep late  
Weekends, he's up at daybreak  
Him and Roy wadin' in Cotton Creek  
That dog was like his brother  
You'd seen one, you'd see the other  
Cut one and both of them would bleed  
Tires screamed, but that ol' truck couldn't stop

There's the tree that he buried him under  
He made a cross from scraps of lumber  
And on it carved, "God Bless ol' Roy"  
There's a lotta man in that little boy

There's a house, down where he goes fishin'  
He told his mom, "Those kids got nothin'  
And I don't need all these toys"  
There's a lotta man  
(There's a lotta man, there's a lotta man)  
In that little boy