

Daddy Was A God Fearin' Man

David Allan Coe

Used to go with my grandpa up to the town square
Set him down up there on a picnic bench
And he used to play checkers with them other old men up there
They used to tell stories bout when they were kids
Grandpa says he shot the Chief of Police when he was nine years
old
I believe it
Cause they tell me Harlan Knetucky was the baddest place in the
world
Why they say they used to sit out there on their front porch
Shoot them revenueurs when they'd come down the hollow
Said they was so young took two of them boys
To hold the rifle and one to pull the trigger
Well grandpa he'd lie a little bit
But I'll tell you there's a lot of stories in Harlan County

Yeah folks in Harlan County Lord they knew that we were poor
They always called my daddy Preacher Dan
But daddy weren't no preacher least ways I don't recollect
Never hear of papa talk of nothin' but the land
Daddy was a God fearin' farmer yes he was
Could not read nor write Lord he could barely sign his name
Daddy was a God fearin' farmer all his life someday when I'm gr
own I'll be the same

Well he always grew tobacco though he did not smoke himself
He had the best tobacco crop around
And he never touched a drop of liquor that I can recall
Papa made his livin' on the ground
Yes Sunday go to meetin' called for more than he could stand
I guess he felt at home in his old clothes
But he never missed a Sunday takin' mama to the church
Maybe it was habit Lord but heaven only knows
Daddy was a God fearin' farmer...

[steel - fiddle]

Yeah folks in Harlan County Lord....
Someday when I'm grown I'll be the same someday when I'm grown
I'll be the same