In the Family

Don Williams

Well, I was raised up by the golden rule In an old house with a patched up roof We had a hard home but it pulled us close We were family.

Oh, that summer when the crops all died Was the first time I saw Daddy cry An' I heard Momma say what goes on here stays In the family.

Well our clothes weren't new, that old car was used We held our own Whoa, you just can't buy, that sense of pride We grew up on, In the family.

I remember every Sunday night
After supper 'round the firelight
How peaceful Daddy looked
As he read the good book
In the family.

Well, some folks said we were barely makin' do We were better off than they ever knew We never had much but we sure had love In the family.

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