

My Old Man

Eric Hutchinson

Born as a Royal
They broke the mould
Crowned Baby Boomer
Wandering soul

And I could never try to be the one to tell your story
And I could never try to be the one to to tell your tale
And I could never try to be the one to sell your glory
And I could never try to be the one to walk your trail

My old man
He does the best he can
Now he's free
My old man
My old man
I'll never understand
But he's still
My old man

Ride counter-culture
Live rather flawed
Never stop learning
Find other Gods

I could never try to be the one to tell your story
And I could never try to be the one to to tell your tale
And I could never try to be the one to sell your glory
And I could never try to be the one to walk your trail

My old man
He does the best he can
Now he's free
My old man
My old man
I'll never understand
But he's still
My old man

Wonder if ya got, wonder if ya got where ya wanted to
Wonder if ya got, wonder if ya got what ya need
Hope your body's strong
As you walk along
You can still belong to what you leave

My old man
He does the best he can
Now he's free
My old man
My old man
He drives a minivan
But he's still
My old man