Everybody Needs A Hero

Gene Watson

He drove a '47 Buick Special
Them dusty roads were hell on the shine
And about once a week, he's be done by the creek
And I'd help him wash it sometimes

He had a pinstripe suit and a gold watch
And a gold chain that hung on his chest
He drank a little and he gambled a lot
He was a wild one, I guess

Oh, but everybody needs a hero
Savannah Slim was mine
When you're ten years old down in south Georgia
Heroes are hard to find

Lord, how he loved country music
He played an old Peavey guitar
At a roadhouse one night, he was called on to fight
Somebody pushed him too far

So he served a little time in prison
But he served four long years in the war
It was in Pacific where he got his tattoo
Two hearts in blue on his arm

Oh, but everybody needs a hero
Savannah Slim was mine
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Now Mama says I turned out just like him
She worries and prays that I'll change
I didn't know 'til a few days ago
Why he sent me his gold watch and chain

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