

# 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

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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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