He was different, he was one of a kind, as far as daddies go, a nd not just cause he was mine

He could build anything, with his 2 calloused hands, my old man He drove an old truck, he could've had a newer one Floorboards full of rust, he sure loved the way it'd run I learned to drive in it, in the pastures on our land, with my

One day he caught me in a lie, and with his belt, he tanned my behind

I saw the teardrops in his eyes falling down, just as hard as m ine

When you're born a farmer, it's what you want your son to be He was broken hearted when I said I'm going to Tennessee He sold that old truck and stuck the money in my hand My old man

When I got on that big Greyhound With my bags full of songs, and my guitar I remember looking down, and him yellin' son, remember who you are.

He fought a good fight, but in the end it took him down We told him goodbye, then we prayed him in the ground Now he's with Jesus, walking in the promise land, My old Man

I'm so proud when people say, just how much I am, like my old m an