

5:25

Larry Fleet

5:25

There's an old beat-up Ford pulling in the drive
Me and my little brother, we'd run and hide

5:25

That's when a worn-out man called Dad walked through the door
We'd jump right out and roar like dinosaurs
And he'd jump back and act like he hadn't seen that a thousand
times before

5:25

Ooh, 6-foot tall and bulletproof
Ooh, concrete man in cowboy boots
A football coach in the fall
A layer down of the law
But most of all
He was something you can count on

5:25

A cup of Folgers black with the sunrise
And out the door 'fore we opened our eyes

5:25

For a gas-station biscuit and Marlboro lights
If you're ten minutes early, you're right on time
Rain or shine, he showed up because of what's behind that door

5:25

Ooh, 6-foot tall and bulletproof
Ooh, concrete man in cowboy boots
A football coach in the fall
A layer down of the law
But most of all
He was something you can count on
He was something you can count on

5:25

The smell of diesel fuel and cigarettes
Jolly Rancher in his pocket to hide his breath
Wipe the sweat off his brow
He walked in with a smile
Yeah, right on time

5:25

5:25