

For a Boat

Luke Bryan

Everything I learned about life
I learned out on that bank
From gettin' up early, comin' up empty
And good things come to those that wait

Money doesn't grow on trees
The difference in talking, and shootin' the breeze

I remember thinkin', wouldn't it be cool
To have an old flat bottom and an Evinrude
And Daddy saying, "Son, don't they bite just fine right here"
He'd say, "Love what you got, buddy, not what you ain't"
And just about then that bobber would sink
And that outboard dream of mine would disappear
I grew up pretty lucky as far as lucky goes
Too broke for a boat

He coulda picked up an extra shift
Or a weekend at the factory
But every Sunday was saved for Jesus
And Saturdays, he spent with me

'Til that summer would fall
I didn't know we had it all

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