

# I Got the Guns

Michael Martin Murphey

[Verse 1]

They're little more than a few old guns  
Handed down the line  
Once owned by my Grandma and Grandpa  
And now they're mine  
They've been all the way to Utah  
Then back home to Texas again  
They've seen Colorado, Wyoming  
And the Grand Canyon  
And hunting trips in the freezing snow  
And up before the sun  
And now they're a part of me, I got the guns  
I never really got to know him  
I was much too young  
He died on the Corpus Christi Bay  
When I was one  
A Christian man I barely knew  
But he was oh so proud of me  
He ran the nursery at the church for free  
"Amazing Grace how sweet the sound" he always sung  
Sometimes I can hear him when I fire his guns

[Chorus]

I've seen tears in grown men's eyes when they spoke of their granddad  
Then they laugh at how he spoiled them to the bone  
Well I don't have those memories that I can hold on to  
But I keep holding on to his old guns

[Verse 2]

I was his only daughter's son  
His pride and all his love  
Maybe someday if I try my best  
I'll be half the man he was  
He knew love lasted longer  
The great depression only made him stronger  
He saved his pennies  
And prayed to God each night  
He knew how to weather hard times  
And showed us how to overcome  
And I can feel his strength when I hold his guns

[Chorus]

I've seen tears in grown men's eyes when they spoke of their granddad  
Then they laugh at how he spoiled them to the bone  
Well I don't have those memories that I can hold on to  
But I keep holding on to his old guns

[Outro]

Just a bolt-action 20 gauge  
And my grandmother's 410  
A 270 that my dad fired once  
And brought a mule deer in  
Well I wonder what he'd think of all this going on down here  
And making all this fuss about his old guns

I've got the guns  
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