

This Old Hat

Pat Green

This old hat
With its sweat lines and dirty creases
Was the first thing that I'd see when
He'd come home

This old hat
Has seen its share of funeral flowers
And back breakin' hard work hours
Worked to the bone

This old hat
If it could talk would tell a story
Of a good man who loved the lord
And honored truth

This old hat
Was the first thing that I looked for
As I ran through momma's front door
When I heard the news

You never know until it's taken away
You just hope you said all the things you needed to say

This old hat is like my father's love
It's worn and tattered but still enough
To keep me sheltered from the rain and floods
In two seconds flat
This old hat

This old hat
Is what I'll show my little daughter
When she asks about my father
And who he was

I'll say this old hat
Is West Texas when it freezes
It's oil fields and deer leases
And burning sun
It's perfect love

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