

Daddy's Hands

Shooter Jennings

Another Thanksgiving on a rainy day
The whole house smells like a big ashtray
It may be loud, but that's our way, we're a family
Dusty pictures on the TV set
House full of books we ain't got to yet
Brother wrecked daddy's little red Corvette and he's pissed

Daddy's hands just kept getting older
Reminding us how much we don't know
And Momma's nights just kept getting colder
Come on Daddy, one more Christmas

My baby likes it when it's cold and gray
She'd rather be out East than in LA
She don't feel much like a palm tree today
She likes it just where we're at
Spent New Years Eve in a hospital bed
Daddy's sick but he's far from dead
It's holidays like this you never forget
We'll all drink to that

Daddy's hands just kept getting older
Reminding us how much we don't know
And Momma's nights just kept getting colder
Come on Daddy, one more Christmas
It ain't your time to go

Alright...

Daddy's hands just kept getting older
Reminding us how much we don't know
And Momma's nights just kept getting colder
Come on Daddy, one more Christmas

And Momma's nights just kept getting colder
Come on Daddy, one more Christmas

It ain't your time to go