

# The Singer

Tracy Lawrence

Now my momma she'll say that's my baby  
And my daddy he'd say that's my son  
My high school baseball coach said I was a winner  
But not fast or quick enough to get it done  
And if you had to ask an old girlfriend  
I'd be nervous  
Depending on which one

There's a few things they might say  
At the mention of my name  
The saint, the sinner the hopeless dreamer  
Lord I just hope they don't forget  
The singer

No my boss he'll say I'm hard headed  
And my buddies they'll say I got their back  
And college tried to call me a quitter  
For knowing I was not cut out for that  
Now my preacher he'll say I'm a believer  
And proud to see I got things back on track

All I ask is that you don't misunderstand  
I ain't' ever been much more than a music man

There's no telling what they'll say  
When they put me in that grave  
Maybe the saint, the sinner, the hopeless dreamer  
Lord I just hope they don't forget  
The singer