It Wasn't His Child

Trisha Yearwood

He was her man, she was his wife And late one winter night He knelt by her As she gave birth But it wasn't his child, It wasn't his child

Yet still he took him as his own And as he watched him grow It brought him joy But it wasn't his child It wasn't his child

But like a father he was strong and kind And I believe he did his best It wasn't easy for him But he did all could His son was different from the rest It wasn't his child It wasn't his child

And when the boy became a man He took his father's hand And soon the world Would all know why It wasn't his child It wasn't his child

But like a father he was strong and kind And I believe he did his best It wasn't easy for him But he did all could He grew up with his hands in wood And he died with his hands in wood He was God's child, He was God's child

He was her man She was his wife And late one night He knelt by her As she gave birth But it wasn't his child It was God's child