Old Man

Zach Bryan

I've heard all the stories of you back in your prime
How you held all your pride in hands stained
And you'd go to work for a breadcrumbs and dirt
So your kids could stand tall in their name

And you'd told me, "Son, they're things to be done
When you're older and stronger like me"
You give all you have just to be a good dad
And you'll die a thousand times just to please

An old man, the blood that you bled
And the mouths that you fed at your door
An old man, the sweat that you pour
Proves that they don't make 'em like you no more
An old man, the dinners you missed
So your daughters could eat at this table
An old man, I would give back
All the things that you've lacked if I's able

I've never seen you smile like you did out in Pineville
When the crowd screamed the words of your kid
And you told me, "Boy, it's been a long hard road
In this life that I've chose for my kin.
And I wish and I pray I could go back in time
So I could raise up this family again."

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