

# My Old Man

David Mallett

My old man was not a mover nor a shaker,  
Just a dreamer, I'm a lot like him.  
He used to talk a lot about the old days, mister,  
When the times was tough and the money was thin,  
He used to go fishing about once a year,  
Laugh himself silly on a couple of beers,  
Tell an old story to a willing ear,  
And then he'd turn right around and tell it again.

My old man, talking 'bout my old man,  
He was there at the start with a willing heart,  
He was there when the world began,  
My old man, my old man,  
I'm just sittin' here thinking 'bout my old man.

My old man was a daddy til I got too cool,  
To call him that anymore,  
He took my momma to the Grange Hall dance,  
And he waltzed her across the floor,  
He took us to town on Friday night,  
Used to chew tobacco when he got uptight,  
Just a-sittin' and a-spittin' in the fading light,  
In the car in front of the grocery store.

Well my old man was a draggin'-in-the-pants man  
When he got home from the mill,  
Between the chores and the weeds and the kids to feed,  
You know he never had a minute to kill,  
But he always had a twinkle in his old grey eyes,  
Felt a lot better when he worked outside,  
Worked right up til the day he died,  
And I bet the Lord's got him working still,

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Lyrics Submitted by Jeff Popp

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