

# Matthew

## The Stiffs

Had an uncle named Matthew  
Was his fathers only boy  
Born just south of Colby, Kansas  
Was his mother's pride and joy  
Yes, and joy was just the thing he was raised on  
Love was just the way to live and die  
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheat field  
Blue, just a Kansas summer sky  
And all the stories that he told me  
Back when I was just a lad  
And all the memories that he gave me  
And all the good times that he had  
Growing up a Kansas farm boy  
Life was mostly having fun  
Riding on his Daddy's shoulders  
Behind a mule, beneath the sun  
Yes, and joy was just the thing he was raised on  
Love was just the way to live and die  
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheat field  
Blue, just a Kansas summer sky  
Well, I guess there were some hard times  
And I'm told some years were lean  
They had a storm in forty-seven  
A twister came and stripped them clean  
He lost the farm and lost his family  
He lost the wheat and lost his home  
But he found the family Bible  
Faith as solid as a stone  
Yes, and joy was just the thing he was raised on  
Love was just the way to live and die  
Gold was just a windy Kansas wheat field  
Blue, just a Kansas summer sky  
So he came to live at our house  
And he came to work the land  
He came to ease my Daddy's burden  
And he came to be my friend  
So I wrote this down for Matthew  
And it's for him the song is sung  
Riding on his Daddy's shoulders

Behind a Mule, beneath the sun  
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