My Old Man

Rodney Atkins

I got a picture of him, barefoot in the mud
Behind his grandpa's plow an' two great mules
When he turned ten years old, in May 8, '53
He grew up fearin' God in Washburn, TennesseeThe closest thing he had to a dad was his Uncle Bob
An' he could only dream of things like little league baseball
An' that little boy with big blue eyes
And calloused hands became my old manWell, she was a Kentucky girl, born on Valentine's Day
The fourth child of five to my grandma, Eula May
So shy and beautiful with sunset hair and emerald eyes
Her Daddy spent his life workin' in the coal minesNow in my eyes, all my life, my Daddy's been a Saint
But even Saints need Angels to show them the way
And over thirty-seven years ago, he asked for Margaret Lynn's hand
And that Angel married my old manAnd there were times I tried to buck the truthful things they said
And now I'm glad that more than once they rattled my stubborn head
'Cause my folks are just like mountains, I looked at from afar
But now the closer I get to them, the bigger they areThe time seems to fly anymore and the holidays are so far apart
There's no way a phone call could express what's in my heart
So this is just a song to say how thankful I am
For Mama and my old man, for Mama and Dad

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