Matthew

Swanee

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
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
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