I Got the Guns

Roger Creager

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Once owned by my Nana and Papa, but now they are mine.
They've been all the way to Utah, then back home to Texas again.
They've seen Colorado, Wyoming, and the Grand Canyon.
Hunting trips in the freezing snow and up before the sun.
They're now apart of me, I got the guns.I never really got to know him I was much to young
He died on the Corpus Christi Bay when I was one.
A Christian man I barely knew, but he was oh so proud of me.
He ran the nursery at the church for free
"Amazing Grace how sweet the sound" he always sung
Sometimes I can hear him when I fire them gunsChorus:
I've seen tears in grown men's eyes when they speak of their granddad
Then they laugh at how he spoiled then to the bone
I don't have those memories that I can hold on to
So I keep hanging on to his old gunsNana lived on a few more years until Christmas '79
I thank God for those childhood memories of mine
My sister told me in confidence her innocent secret birthday wish,
"dear Lord bring Nana back to us"
But instead she got her earrings old time clip-ons and she had fun
Me, I was 8 years old and I got the gunsI was only daughter's son, his pride and all his love
Maybe someday if I try my best I'll be half the man he was
He knew love lasted longer. The great depression only made him stronger
He saved his pennied and prayed to God each night
He knew how to weather hard times and showed us how to overcome
I can feel his strength when I hold his gunsJust and old bolt-action 16 gauge
And my grandmother's 410
A 270 that my dad fired once
He brought a mule deer in

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