Lifelines

Lifelines

I packed up my pick-up at 17
With uncle Bob's old Martin guitar and a dream
Went from singin' in church
To singin' for tips in a honky tonk
Till I became a jukebox flash
Play anything from Zeppelin to Cash
As a hard headed hard livin'
Cover singin' cover of my own self
Forgot who I was and where I was from
Then early one morning my daddy showed up
Lifelines
Where would we be without lifelines
When we're lost at sea
The devil's got you thinking
That the boat ain't sinking
But you're boots are getting wet
That's the thing about lifelines
They tell you the truth
When you won't reach you have to get a hold of you
You're lucky to find a few in your lifetime
Thank God for lifelines
These days I come home
Every Sunday afternoon
Mama always says "I was just thinking about you
How's my favorite son?"
"Say, you mean your only one?
Oh I'm good, almost as good as your gravy"
She said, "Your sister stops by with her kids everyday

But the horse has been tough
They're gonna be OK
Your daddy keeps them busy watching Barbers on the Water
Let some castor cares away"
She said, "Son I know you gotta make money
But don't forget to make time
To slow down and stop by
Have a real piece of pie, here"
Lifelines
Where would we be without lifelines

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So thank God for lifelines
Where would we be without lifelines
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But you're boots are sure getting wet
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So thank God for lifelines
Thank God for lifelines

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