

# The Good Life

## Blackberry Smoke

He was not the kind of man  
that would walk you to school hand in hand  
he was hard work leathered and tan  
and he spoke with a throat full of sand  
me I'd hang on every word you never know  
what you might learn  
Son, don't let your horseshoes point down  
never put a blade in the ground  
always look a man right square in the eye  
don't let the good life pass you by  
any little problem of mine  
he'd spit and say boy you'll be fine  
he knew that there'd come a time  
when I'd find real mountains to climb  
life can be cruel to us all  
sooner or later we fall  
Son, don't let your horseshoes point down  
never put a blade in the ground  
always look a man right square in the eye  
don't let the good life pass you by  
I only ever once saw him cry  
the day that his own mother died  
just one tear in the corner of his eye  
then he smiled and said, softly, goodbye  
Me I've got two of my own  
and a love that is solid as stone  
like a stone  
Son, don't let your horseshoes point down  
never put a blade in the ground  
always look a man right square in the eye  
don't let the good life pass you by

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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