

They Don't Make 'Em Like My Daddy

[Loretta Lynn](#)

I wasn't much more than a baby I thought he was a bear
The way my daddy carried me around
They said I learned to walk while holdin' on to just one finger
On the hand of a man that stands at six-foot-three Not old enough to understand the meaning of depression
Just something people talked about a lot
My daddy wasn't one that tried to make no big impressions
Just one heck of a man that worked for what he got They don't make men like my daddy anymore
Guess they've thrown away the pattern through the years
In a great big land of freedom at a time we really need 'em
They don't make 'em like my daddy anymore From the Johnson County coal camps to the hills of West Virginia
My daddy hauled the timber for the mines
Education didn't count so much as what you had born in you
Like the will to live and a dream of better times Daddy never took a handout we ate pinto beans a bacon
But he worked to keep the wolf back from the door
And it only proves one thing to me when folks start belly achin' They don't make 'em like my daddy anymore
They don't make men...
They don't make 'em like my daddy anymore

Songwriters

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