

Daddy Was a Skywriter

[Cory Branan](#)

Daddy was a skywriter
Momma was a rock-stemmed rose
Papa shaped this place with grease and grace
Momma loved me I been told it shows
Tried and true as the color of his collar
His eyes grew bluer as he searched for words
But words are crumbs and the lesson of a father
Is how to hack your way through the hunger and the birds
Hopefully they're right about the pen being mightier
That any weapon anyone'll wield
But where they mark off men with the cross of a pen
I'll carry my old man's steel
Daddy was a skywriter...
She said build your house on the solid rock of Jesus
Fool to choose the sand of sin
I run out and sign myself a long lease
On a little place made of rain and wind
But she learned me pretty good about the CouldaWouldaShoulda
And the cripplin weight of a crutch
She wasn't dead on about every little thing
But she weren't dead wrong about much
Daddy was a skywriter
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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