

God, Family and Country

[Craig Morgan](#)

He grew up in a time
When a third-grade education
Was all the school you needed
To work the family farm He'd take time off on Sunday
Him and all his family, warm a pew
And give thanks to the Lord There was no gray, only black and white
Didn't need no-one to tell him
What was wrong or right
'Cause he had God, family and country He set aside his plow, in early 1940
Said goodbye to his small town
And put on the army green Hard times on the front lines
Writin' letters on wet paper
Not one word about
The awful things he'd seen His was a generation,
That answered without question
They knew they had to win
'Cause they were fightin' for
God, family and country On the coffee table
Sits the family Bible
Where just last year he added
A little boy to the family tree There's the folded flag they gave us
On the day he left us
But the thing that I remember most
Is the way that he, believed
In God, Family and Country
Ohh, we've got God, family and country

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