He's Mine

Tight Fit

Old man knocked on my front door
With my teenage boy and a couple more
From up the road
He had him by the collar
Said he caught him shootin' beer bottles
Down in the holler and smokin'
I said is that right
He said, they won't speak when spoken to
So which one here belongs to you
And I know one does
'Cause they all started runnin'
To your back forty
When they saw me comin' on my gator
I looked in them in the eyes
And I said, he's mine that one
Got a wild-hair side and handsome
There's no surprise what he's done
He's ever last bit of my old man's son
If you knew me then
There'd be no question in your mind
You know he's mine
Yeah he's
Friday night football games
I was lookin' for the speakers

To call the name
On the back of number thirty-seven
Just one-forty-five
And five foot eleven
Maybe
Limelight barely shined on him
But everyone still remembers when
He whooped up on that boy way bigger
For taking that cheap shot our little kicker
And they threw him out
Oh man, you should've, you should have heard me shout
I yelled he's mine that one
Got a wild-hair side and handsome
It's no surprise what he's done

He's ever last last bit of my old man's son
And I'll take the blame
And claim him every time
Yeah man, he's mine and he'll always be
The best thing that ever happened to me
You can't turn it off like electricity
I will love him unconditionally
And I'll take the blame
And claim him every time
Yeah, y'all, he's mine
I thank God, he's mine

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