

Fight Like a Son

Amanda Overmyer

I was born and raised in Little Rock, Arkansas

Daddy worked his fingers to the bone

Building missiles to save us all

He told me freedom is a blessing

But to fight is not the place for you

Just keep God and family first,

And bleed red white and blue

And as the fighter pilots flew over my head

I recognized the words my daddy said

He said:

Baby theres lots of change to go

But every year Im proud to see this nation grow

Well I said, Uncle Sam aint ready for a girl behind a gun

But this proud leatherclad rider

Can fight like a son

Fight Like A Son

Riding down the road

My head it drifts away

I think of how many young men died

So I can view what I see today

How can I advocate the overwhelming pride?

Whats the way?

So Im sharing a piece of advice that made me what I am today

And as the fighter pilots flew over my head

I recognized the words my daddy said

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Listen to what I say as I cry in the night

Hope and prayer can go a long way but it wont make it right

So stand up, stand strong, while we hold it together at home

Fire up them engines girls, show a woman is just as strong

And as the fighter pilots flew over my head

I recognized the words my daddy said

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