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 saidHe 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 SonRiding 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 todayAnd 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 SonListen 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 strongAnd 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
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