

It Wasn't His Child

Trisha Yearwood

He was her man, she was his wife
And late one winter night,
He knelt by her
As she gave birth
But it wasn't his child,
It wasn't his child Yet still he took him as his own
And as he watched him grow,
It brought him joy
But it wasn't his child
It wasn't his child But like a father he was strong and kind
And I believe he did his best
It wasn't easy for him,
But he did all could,
His son was different from the rest
It wasn't his child,
It wasn't his child And when the boy became a man
He took his father's hand
And soon the world
Would all know why
It wasn't his child,
It wasn't his child But like a father he was strong and kind
And I believe he did his best
It wasn't easy for him,
But he did all could,
He grew up with his hands in wood
And he died with his hands in wood
He was god's child,
He was god's child He was her man,
She was his wife
And late one night
He knelt by her
As she gave birth
But it wasn't his child,
It was god's child

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