

# Favorite One

## Nashville Session Players

He walks all alone by the railroad tracks  
Carrying what he owns in a couple of sacks  
A collective thumb keeps pushing him down  
Told him many times he's not welcome in town  
He doesn't know he's a favorite son  
Love reaches deeper than the tears have run  
Before he was born, his unique heart  
Was fashioned in the mural of creation art  
Hes a favorite one, in spite of all we've done  
Oh---Oh, favorite one  
Workin' two jobs ends never seem to meet  
She often goes hungry so her babies can eat  
Fatherless son wears torn clothes to school  
Where makin' fun of him's the only golden rule  
She doesn't know she's a favorite daughter  
That someone wants to help her walk on water  
We've destroyed her faith, treated her with scorn  
And made her long regret the day she was ever born  
She's a favorite one, in spite of all we've done  
Oh---Oh, favorite one  
In this fool's gold rush of greed's deception game  
The way we treat each other is a dirty rotten shame  
And we have no idea were a favorite one  
Loved before the dawn of a stained creation  
What goes around comes back to haunt our children  
Generations blinded by generations' sin  
Were a favorite one, in spite of all we've done  
Oh---Oh, favorite one  
Oh---Oh, favorite one  
Oh---Oh, favorite one  
He walks all alone by the railroad tracks  
Carryin' what he owns in a couple of sacks

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