

# 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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