

He's Mine

Rodney Atkins

Old man knocked on my front door
With my teenage boy and a couple more from up the road
He had him by the collar
Said he caught him shootin' beer bottles down in the holler and smokin'
I said is that right? He said, they won't speak when spoken to
So which one here belongs to you
And I know one does 'cause they all started runnin'
To your back forty
When they saw me comin' on my gator
I looked in them in the eyes And I said, he's mine that one
Got a wild-haired side and then some
It's no surprise what he's done
He's ever last bit of my old man's son
And if you knew me then there'd be no question in your mind
You know he's mine, yeah he is Friday night football games
Livin' for the speakers to call the name on the back
Number thirty-seven just one-forty-five and five foot eleven
Maybe limelight barely shined on him
But everyone still remembers when
He whooped up on that boy way bigger
For taking that cheap shot our little kicker
And they threw him out Oh man, you shoulda, you shoulda hear me shout
I yelled he's mine that one
Got a wild-haired side and then some
It's no surprise what he's done
He's ever last last bit of my old man's son And I'll take the blame
And claim him every time
Yeah man, he's mine and he'll always be
The best thing that ever happened to me
You can't turn it off like electricity I will love him unconditionally
And I'll take the blame
And claim him every time
Yeah, y'all, he's mine
I thank God, he's mine Bless his heart

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