

# Lotta Man (In That Little Boy)

[Craig Morgan](#)

His life is that blue bike, ball glove an' fishin' pole  
Tree-house, baby gun and band aid covered knees  
He does good deliverin' papers an' cuttin' grass for the neighbors  
Except for Widow Wilson, he cuts hers for free  
His little hands do a lot for a kid his age He puts one-tenth of his hard earned money  
In the orphan plate each Sunday by his own choice  
There's a lotta man in that little boy Weekdays, he tries to sleep late, weekends, he's up at daybreak  
Him an' Roy wadin' in Cotton Creek  
That dog was like his brother you'd seen one, you'd see the other  
Cut one an' both of them would bleed  
Tires screamed, but that ol' truck couldn't stop There's the tree that he buried him under  
He made a cross from scraps of lumber an' on a card, "God Bless ol' Roy"  
There's a lotta man in that little boy

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