

# The Last of a Dying Breed

Neal McCoy

My name's Tommy Franks and my daddy's name was Ray  
Ray was a farm boy a cowboy and a banker  
A clerk, a roughneck, a driller  
A long haul driver, a soldier and a mechanic  
He was also a friend to everybody he ever met  
Ray taught me the value of faith and family  
The American flag, hard work, honesty and a good dog  
I hope my daddy Ray wasn't the last of a dyin' breed  
He's a cold beer drinker, a buck n' bear hunter  
The best friend a dog ever had  
A post hole digger, a man Skoal dipper  
John Deere cap sportin' man  
With a house on a hill and a pond in the field  
Surrounded by a mess of corn rows  
Makes a livin' from his labour, a credit to the maker  
He's somebody, everybody knows  
Last of a dying breed who tend the fields and mend the fences  
Heaven knows, I'd hate to think that generation might be ending  
But if he goes, he will go down in history  
As the last, the last of the  
Overall wearers, farmer tan tearers  
Down at the BFW hall hot dog  
Cake pan lickers, ripe tomato pickers  
Hay balers loadin' trailers in the fall  
Fruit stand sellers, town square dwellers  
Who gather at The Dairy Queen at dawn  
Everybody knows him and everybody loves him  
God, I'm gonna miss him if they're gone  
Last of a dying breed who tend the fields and mend the fences  
Heaven knows, I'd hate to think that generation might be ending  
But if he goes, he will go down in history  
As the last, the last of a dying breed  
Last of a dying breed  
He's a hard working family man  
Last of a dying breed  
Last of a dying breed who tend the fields and mend the fences  
Heaven knows, I'd hate to think that generation might be ending  
But if he goes, he will go down in history  
As the last, the last of a dying breed of a dying breed  
Of a dying breed

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