

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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