

# God, Family And Country

[Craig Morgan](#)

He grew up in a time  
When a third-grade education  
Was all the school you needed  
To work the family farm He'd take time off on Sunday  
Him and all his family, warm a pew  
And give thanks to the Lord There was no gray, only black and white  
Didn't need no-one to tell him  
What was wrong or right  
'Cause he had God, family and country He set aside his plow, in early 1940  
Said goodbye to his small town  
And put on the army green Hard times on the front lines  
Writin' letters on wet paper  
Not one word about  
The awful things he'd seen His was a generation,  
That answered without question  
They knew they had to win  
'Cause they were fightin' for  
God, family and country On the coffee table  
Sits the family Bible  
Where just last year he added  
A little boy to the family tree There's the folded flag they gave us  
On the day he left us  
But the thing that I remember most  
Is the way that he, believed  
In God, Family and Country  
Ohh, we've got God, family and country

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