Little Brother

Miller Anderson

We were just kids growin' up in West Texas
Remember the hell we've raised
We chased the girls but we never could catch 'em
Those were our glory days
You called me cowboy 'cause I drove a pickup
And sang those old cheatin' songs
We'd buy a bottle of Boone's Farm, wind up all messed up
Where have those years all gone?
Hey little brother, this is old cowboy
Best keep your radio on
'Cause I might get lucky, sing on the Opry
And I'll dedicate you this song
Well, I hit the highway and never looked back
You stayed here in our old hometown
You married a sweet girl down around Austin
Had nine kids whose eyes are all brown
I hit every barroom from Bakersfield to Boston
Seeking whiskey, fortune and fame

Countin' these white lines sure gets lonely
Someday they'll all know my name
Hey little brother, this is old cowboy
Best keep your radio on
'Cause I might get lucky, sing on the Opry
And I'll dedicate you this song
Well, the years come and go and I've sure realized
Ain't nothin' like your best friend
If there's one thing I know 'til the day that I die
You've got my back, brother Ben
Hey little brother, this is old cowboy
You've got your radio on
Tonight I got lucky, I'm singin' on the Opry
And I dedicate you this song
Yeah, tonight I got lucky, I'm singin' on the Grand Ole Opry
And I dedicate you this song

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