

Help Somebody

Van Zant

Well, granddaddy was a hillbilly scholar, blue collar of a man
He came from the school where you didn't need nothin'
If you couldn't make it with your own two hands
He was backwoods, backwards, used words like
No sir, yes, ma'am, by God, be darned
Hell yeah, I'm American And all the years he walked this earth, I swear all he did was work
He said, "The Devil dreams on an idle horse, so you listen to me squirt" Don't get too high on a bottle
And get right with the man
Fight your fights, find a grace
And all the things that you can change
And help somebody if you can Now granny said, "Sonny, stick to your guns
If you believe in something, no matter what
'Cause it's better to be hated for who you are
Than be loved for who you're not" She was five feet of concrete
New York born an' raised on a slick city street
She'd cold-stare you down, stand her ground
Still kickin' and screamin' at 93 I remember just how frail she looked in that hospital bed
Takin' her last few breaths of life, smilin' as she said "Don't get too high on a bottle
Just a little sip every now and then
Fight your fights, find a grace
And all the things that you can change
And help somebody if you can
And get right with the man"
C'mon now, yeah I never let a cowboy make the coffee
Yeah, that's what granny always said to my granddad
And he'd say, "Never tell a joke that ain't that funny more than once
"And if you wanna hear God laugh, tell him your plans" Don't get too high on a bottle
Get right with the man, son
Fight your fights, find a grace
And all the things that you can change
And help somebody if you can
And get right with the man Yeah
(Get too high)
(Help somebody if you can)
And get right with the man

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