

He's Mine

Billy Ray Cyrus

Old man knocked on my front door
With a teenage boy and a couple more from up the road
He had him by the collar
Said he caught him shootin' beer bottles
Down in the holler and somkin'
I said is that right
He said, they won't speak when spoken to
So which one here belongs to you
And I know one does
Cause they all started runnin' to your back forty
When they saw me comin' on my gator
I look in the eye
And I said, He's mine that one
Got a wild-hair side and them some
There's no surprise what He's done
He's ever last bit of my old man's son
If you knew me then
There 'd be no question in your mind
You'd know he's mine- yeah he is
Friday night the football games
I was livin' for the speakers
To call the name
On the back of number thirty-seven

Just one Forty-five
And five foot eleven - maybe
Limelight barely shined on hime
But everyone still remember when
He whooped up on that boy way bigger
For thinkin' that cheap shot our little kicker
And they threw him out
Man, you should've, you should've hear me shot
I yelled he's mine that one
Got a wild-hair side and then some
There's No surprise what he's done
He's every last last bit of my old man's son
And I'll take the blame
And claim him every time
Yeah man, he's mine and he'll always be

The best thing that ever happened to me
You can't turn it off like electricity
I will love him unconditionally
And I'll take the blame
And claim him every time
Yes, sir he's mine
Thank god , he's mine
Songwriter: Casey Beathard, Tim James, Phil O'Donnell

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