Three Wooden Crosses

Kevin Mills

A farmer and a teacher, a hooker and a preacher
Ridin' on a midnight bus bound for Mexico
One was headin' for vacation, one for higher education
And two of them were searchin' for lost soulsThat driver never ever saw the stop sign
And 18 wheelers can't stop on a dimeThere are three wooden crosses on the right side of the highway
Why there's not four of them Heaven only knows
I guess it's not what you take when you leave this world behind you
It's what you leave behind you when you goThat farmer left a harvest, a home and 80 acres
The faith and love for growin' things in his young son's heart
And that teacher left her wisdom in the minds of lots of children
Did her best to give 'em all a better startAnd that preacher whispered, "Can't you see the promised land?"
As he lay his blood stained Bible in that hooker's handThere are three wooden crosses on the right side of the highway
Why there's not four of them Heaven only knows
I guess it's not what you take when you leave this world behind you
It's what you leave behind you when you goThat's the story that our preacher told last Sunday
As he held that blood stained Bible up for all of us to see
He said, "Bless the farmer and the teacher and the preacher
who gave this Bible to my momma who read it to me"There are three wooden crosses on the right side of the highway
Why there's not four of them now I guess we know
It's not what you take when you leave this world behind you
It's what you leave behind you when you goThere are three wooden crosses on the right side of the highway

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