

We Ain't Much Different

Lynyrd Skynyrd

This is a story 'bout livin'
A tale of a long hard road
Ain't a whole lot of misgiving's
Of the things that I thought I sowed My daddy was a real hard worker
He said, Son there will come a day"
Talk ain't always cheap
And here's what daddy had to say "With these hands I've made my livin'
With these hands I've held a child
With these hands I've climbed a mountain
Sometimes we forget
We ain't much different at all "He likes grits, you like the apple
There ain't nothin' wrong with that
He says y'all, you say you're
It all depends on where you're at Well a little bit of music is a whole lot of fun
And it's always good for the soul
From New York City out to California
You know it's only rock and roll With these hands we come together
With these hands we can change the world
With these hands I play my music
Sometimes we forget
We ain't much different at all Oh, not at all So what I'm trying to tell you
Is I'm only one son of the south
It's gonna take more than you me and you
To work this whole thing out With these hands I've made my livin'
With these hands I've held a child
With these hands I've climbed a mountain
Sometimes we forget, oh With these hands we come together
With these hands we can change the world
With these hands I play my music
Sometimes we forget
We ain't much different We ain't much different
Ain't much different
At all

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