

# 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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