

## Zant, van

# "Help Somebody"

Visit "[Help Somebody](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

Visit [Zant, van](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.