

## The Brothers Roberson

### "Little Bit Of Her, Little Bit Of Him"

Visit "[Little Bit Of Her, Little Bit Of Him](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

My daddy was a preacher man, mama was something else  
And every word he spoke on patience, was just him talking to himself  
Cause mama had a wild streak, no church choir could drown out  
But they taught us love was all we need to make a home, not some old house

And I'm a little bit of her, I'm a little bit of him  
I'm a little bit of drinkin' and cursin', I'm a little amen  
I play in bars for tips on Friday nights  
To pay my Sunday tabs again  
I'm a little bit of her,  
I'm a little bit of him

Taught us to be loyal to our family and that everyone's a friend  
Be should blur the lines where one ends and the other begins  
Sure they have their rough spots, thought they'd tear that old house apart  
Daddy taught me to follow the narrow path,  
mama taught me to follow my heart

And I'm a little bit of her, I'm a little bit of him  
I'm a little bit of drinkin' and cursin', I'm a little amen  
I play in bars for tips on Friday nights  
To pay my Sunday tabs again  
I'm a little bit of her,  
And I'm a little bit of him

Daddy he's still preachin', I'm sure he will for all his life  
I'm glad that only the good die young,  
cause mama might need time to get it right

And I'm a little bit of her, I'm a little bit of him  
I'm a little bit of drinkin' and cursin', I'm a little amen  
I'm an old honky-tonk jukebox singin', I'm some southern gospel hymn  
I'm a little bit of her, oh

I'm a little bit of him

Visit [The Brothers Roberson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.