

Craig Morgan "Lotta Man"

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His life is that blue bike, ball glove an' fishin' pole
Tree-house, baby gun and band aid covered knees
He does good deliverin' papers an' cuttin' grass for the
neighbors
Except for Widow Wilson, he cuts hers for free
His little hands do a lot for a kid his age

He puts one-tenth of his hard earned money
In the orphan plate each Sunday by his own choice
There's a lotta man in that little boy

Weekdays, he tries to sleep late, weekends, he's up at
daybreak
Him an' Roy wadin' in Cotton Creek
That dog was like his brother you'd seen one, you'd
see the other
Cut one an' both of them would bleed
Tires screamed, but that ol' truck couldn't stop

There's the tree that he buried him under
He made a cross from scraps of lumber an' on a card,
"God Bless ol' Roy"
There's a lotta man in that little boy

There's a house, down where he goes fishin'
He told his Mom, "Those kids got nothin' and I don't
need all these toys"
There's a lotta man in that little boy

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