

Hank Snow

"The Vanishing Breed"

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Refrain:

Born in the shadows of a turpentine still
Raised up believing that a man shouldn't kill
Mom and dad taught me to work hard for things I might
need
They made me part of a vanishing breed.

The Yellow flicker in lifes comparison lands hanging
down
Reminds me of home in the middle of a tiny wood
sawmill town
A six mile walk to school with a blanket of frost on the
clay
Or a brand new shirt from a flour sack to wear on
church meeting day.

Refrain:

I've slept on memories of meals mom cooked on a
wood burning stove
And a burden my dad had to beg for a little more credit
at the temperance store
Though we were poor and in the company house where
we lived there was no rent
Even blest with love, some folks can't find with all the
money they're spent

Refrain:

Born in the shadows of a turpentine still
Raised up believing that a man shouldn't kill
Mom and Dad taught me, eat to work hard for things I
might need
They made me part of a vanishing breed.

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