

## **Buddy Jewell**

# **"Times Like These"**

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He's three-feet tall and four years old  
An' still believes that I can do no wrong  
When I get home at five o'clock  
He's waitin' with that Cowboys jersey on

I laugh 'cause he's just like his Dad  
He'll miss the ball an' he'll get mad  
Thinks when he grows up, he'll catch 'em all  
Then I get down on my knees an' tell him  
"Sometimes, even Daddies drop the ball"

It's times like these that I realize  
They don't stay little long  
You blink your eyes an' turn around  
Before you know it, they're grown up an' gone

I've been takin' time for granted  
Now I'm gonna take advantage of every golden  
opportunity  
Make the most of every moment  
While we still have times like these

I could go to work this Saturday  
Lord knows, that I could use the overtime  
But I'll be sittin' there behind home plate  
Cheerin' on that little man of mine

Yeah, the extra pay would sure be nice  
But it's worth any sacrifice  
To see my little slugger's first at bat  
An' when he looks up in the stands an' sees me  
Man, you can't put a price on that

It's times like these that I realize  
They don't stay little long  
You blink your eyes an' turn around  
Before you know it, they're grown up an' gone

I been takin' time for granted  
Now I'm gonna take advantage of every golden  
opportunity  
Make the most of every moment

While we still have times like these

I've been takin' time for granted  
Now I'm gonna take advantage of every golden  
opportunity  
Make the most of every moment  
While we still have times like these  
Thank God for times like these

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