

## **Joerg Vogeltanz**

### **"My Old Man"**

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He was different, he was one of a kind, as far as  
daddies go, and not just cause he was mine  
He could build anything, with his 2 calloused hands,  
my old man  
He drove an old truck, he could've had a newer one  
Floorboards full of rust, he sure loved the way it'd run  
I learned to drive in it, in the pastures on our land, with  
my old man  
One day he caught me in a lie, and with his belt, he  
tanned my behind  
I saw the teardrops in his eyes falling down, just as  
hard as mine

When you're born a farmer, it's what you want your son  
to be  
He was broken hearted when I said I'm going to  
Tennessee  
He sold that old truck and stuck the money in my hand  
My old man

When I got on that big Greyhound  
With my bags full of songs, and my guitar  
I remember looking down, and him yellin' son,  
remember who you are.  
He fought a good fight, but in the end it took him down  
We told him goodbye, then we prayed him in the  
ground  
Now he's with Jesus, walking in the promise land, My  
old Man

I'm so proud when people say, just how much I am, like  
my old man

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