

Joey and Rory "My Ol' Man"

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He was different, he was one of a kind
As far as daddies went and not just 'cause he was mine
He could build anything with his two calloused hands
My ol' man

He drove an old truck, he could've had a newer one
Floorboards full of rust but he sure loved the way it'd
run
I learned to drive in it in the pastures on our land
With my ol' man

One day he caught me in a lie
And with his belt, he tanned my behind
And 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 brokenhearted when I said I'm going to
Tennessee
But he sold that old truck and stuck the money in my
hand
My ol' man

When I got on that big Greyhound
With my bags full of songs and my guitar
I remember looking down and him yelling
"Son, remember who you are"

He fought a good fight but in the end it took him down
We told him goodbye and then we prayed him in the
ground
Now he's with Jesus, walking in the promised land
My ol' man

And I'm so proud when people say
Just how much I am like my ol' man

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