

Loretta Lynn

"They Don't Make 'em Like My Daddy Anymore"

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(Jerry Chesnut)

I wasn't much more than a baby I thought he was a bear

The way my daddy carried me around

They said I learned to walk while holdin' on to just one
finger

On the hand of a man that stands at six-foot-three.

Not old enough to understand the meaning of
depression

Just something people talked about a lot

My daddy wasn't one that tried to make no big
impressions

Just one heck of a man that worked for what he got.

They don't make men like my daddy anymore

Guess they've thrown away the pattern through the
years

In a great big land of freedom at a time we really need
'em

They don't make 'em like my daddy anymore.

--- Instrumental ---

From the Johnson County coal camps to the hills of
West Virginia

My daddy hauled the timber for the mines

Education didn't count so much as what you had born
in you

Like the will to live and a dream of better times.

Daddy never took a handout, we ate pinto beans a
bacon

But he worked to keep the wolf back from the door

And it only proves one thing to me when folks start
belly achin'

They don't make 'em like my daddy anymore.

They don't make men like my daddy anymore

Guess they've thrown away the pattern through the
years

In a great big land of freedom at a time we really need
'em

They don't make 'em like my daddy anymore.

They don't make 'em like my daddy anymore...

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