

Steve Forde "Half The Battle"

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My great grand daddy's daddy
Lived in 1883
A tough as nails cowboy
A peice of history
And all I know about him, comes from a diary
He passed down, and it's mine now

He didn't have much education
Judging by the way he wrote
He was partial to the herefords
With a good thick winter coat
He must've done some living
Cause he wanted us to know
What he learned, the little wisdom earned

Tell the truth all the time
Look a stranger in the eye
Sit up tall but not too high in your saddle
Don't be scared of anyone
But don't be quick to draw your gun
Knowing when to fight and when to run
Is half the battle

Now we got big cities
Where they say it's civilized
There's crack head, crooks and crazies
And concrete to the sky
Nothings really changed
Tt's still a struggle to survive
Even now, but I know how

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