

Amanda Overmyer "Fight Like A Son"

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I was born and raised in Little Rock, Arkansas
Daddy worked his fingers to the bone
Building missiles to save us all
He told me freedom is a blessing
But to fight is not the place for you
Just keep God and family first,
And bleed red white and blue
And as the fighter pilots flew over my head
I recognized the words my daddy said

He said:
Baby there's lot's of change to go
But every year I'm proud to see this nation grow
Well I said, Uncle Sam ain't ready for a girl behind a
gun
But this proud leatherclad rider
Can fight like a son
Fight Like A Son

Riding down the road
My head it drifts away
I think of how many young men died
So I can view what I see today
How can I advocate the overwhelming pride?
What's the way?
So I'm sharing a piece of advice that made me what I
am today

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I recognized the words my daddy said
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Listen to what I say as I cry in the night
Hope and prayer can go a long way but it wont make it
right

So stand up, stand strong, while we hold it together at
home
Fire up them engines girls, show a woman is just as
strong

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