

Rodney Atkins

"Growing Up Like That"

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I was 12 years old with some bolts and a wrench, a
piece of plywood that
Was 3/4 inch and daddy said son once your chores are
one I'll give you one
Of them gris old barn poles. I went out in the pasture
with no cow patties,
Got some post hole diggers, and I got after it. Had
some sun on my back and
A blister on my hand, but man I had myself a goal!

I dribbles that ball till the grass was gone and the
ground was brown and
Flat. Me and Daddy played horse and the cows all
"mooed" and we laughed. I
Was lucky and I didn't even know it growing up like
that.

I learned the birds and the bee's from the cats and the
dogs, & a frog
Starts out as a pollywog. The best blackberry cobbler is
made from scratch,
And worth every one you get from the briar patch. I
found out firewood will
Warm you twice, once when you cut it and once when
you light it. & I can't
Help but smile when I look back, cause I was lucky and I
didn't even know
It growin' up like that.

There was an old wooden barrel hind my grandpa's
house where we threw our
Tatter peels and coffee grounds, say you want to catch
catfish long as your
Arm, son you gotta have a night crawler farm. Well
we'd sit on the dock and
Share a bottle of pop and catch a few and then head on
back. Me and Daddy
Clean fish while the cats "meowed" and we laughed, I
was lucky and I didn't
Even know it growing up like that

I learned the birds and the bee's from the cats and the

dogs, & a frog
Starts out as a pollywog. The best blackberry cobbler is
made from scratch,
And worth every one you get from the briar patch. If
you ever got sugar in
A hot hay loft and you still can't believe y'all didn't get
caught. You
Close your eyes and smile when you look back, you
were lucky and you didn't
Know it growing up like that.

Ya learned the birds and the bee's from the cats and
the dogs, and skinny
Dippin beats anything ya ever saw. The best blackberry
cobbler is made from
Scratch, and worth every one you get from the briar
patch. Sometimes me and
Her still slip off to that cozy little corner in the old hay
loft, taste
That honeysuckle off her lips off the beaten path.
Cause I'm lucky and baby
I know. I'm doin my best there to show. Naw you never
really do outgrow it
Growin up like that.

You like good cold beer and pickin' guitar. & you really
don't care about
Being a star, you just do it cause you love it and love it
cause you do it.

Shuck cobs on the porch, till some buddies show up
with some (not sure
These last words)

Can I get an Amen growin up like that!

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