

Roger Creager "I Got The Guns"

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Roger Creager

They are little more than a few old guns handed down
the line.

Once owned by my Nana and Papa, but now they are
mine.

They've been all the way to Utah, then back home to
Texas again.

They've seen Colorado, Wyoming, and the Grand
Canyon.

Hunting trips in the freezing snow and up before the
sun.

They're now apart of me, I got the guns.

I never really got to know him I was much to young

He died on the Corpus Christi Bay when I was one.

A Christian man I barely knew, but he was oh so proud
of me.

He ran the nursery at the church for free

"Amazing Grace how sweet the sound" he always sung

Sometimes I can hear him when I fire them guns

Chorus:

I've seen tears in grown men's eyes when they speak of
their granddad

Then they laugh at how he spoiled then to the bone

I don't have those memories that I can hold on to

So I keep hanging on to his old guns

Nana lived on a few more years until Christmas '79

I thank God for those childhood memories of mine

My sister told me in confidence her innocent secret
birthday wish,

"dear Lord bring Nana back to us"

But instead she got her earrings old time clip-ons and
she had fun

Me, I was 8 years old and I got the guns

I was only daughter's son, his pride and all his love

Maybe someday if I try my best I'll be half the man he
was

He knew love lasted longer. The great depression only

made him stronger
He saved his pennies and prayed to God each night
He knew how to weather hard times and showed us
how to overcome
I can feel his strength when I hold his guns

Just an old bolt-action 16 gauge
And my grandmother's 410
A 270 that my dad fired once
He brought a mule deer in

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