

## **Benaiah**

### **"Family Man"**

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The family man he works all day, and sleeps little at night  
Thinking about his problems, seems nothing going right  
With mom and the kids depending on him, and the world  
So cold outside, all he has is his family's love that's a port  
His strength and pride.

God bless the family man, please help the working man  
The family man he carves this land with his back and callus  
Hand.

He lies in bed with his eyes wide open, and thinks it's just not  
Fear, he knows by now he can't get ahead or have a dollar to  
Spear, with tears in his eyes to pride to cry his heart is broken  
To, all he wants is the best for his kids and all their dreams  
Come true.

God bless the family man, please help the working man  
The family man he carves this land with his back and callus  
Hand.

Now this struggle is over, the kids are up and gone, just the  
Two are left together to share a lonely home, with spirits weak  
And bodies strong but yet they can't go home, future plans must  
Be forgotten his heart is almost gone.

He turns to the west as the sun is set, and looks into the

sky

Now it becomes so easy to cry but so very hard to die.

God bless the family man, please help the working  
man

The family man he carves this land with his back and  
callus

Hand.

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