

Brooks Garth**"The Night I Called The Old Man Out"**

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(Jenny Yates, Garth Brooks)

The dining room fell silent
I can't believe what I just said
I just told my dad he's full of it
And I watched his face turn red
And I should've said, "I'm sorry"
But I matched him shout for shout
I can still hear that screen door slammin'
The night I called him out

He said, "Son it's gonna hurt me more than it hurts
you"
But somehow I couldn't help but have my doubts
'Cause I'd seen my own dear brothers crawl back in
the house
Each time they called the old man out

Fist to fist and eye to eye
Standin' toe to toe
He would've let me walk away
But I just would not let it go
Years of my frustration
Had let me to this night
Now he'll pay for all the times that he's been right

He said, "Son it's gonna hurt me more than it hurts
you"
But somehow I couldn't help but have my doubts
'Cause I'd seen my own dear brothers crawl back in
the house
Each time they called the old man out

It was over in a minute
That's when I realized
The blood came from my mouth and nose
But the tears came from his eyes
And in memory of that fateful night
I know the greatest pain was his
And I just pray some day I'm half the man he is

He said, "Son it's gonna hurt me more than it hurts
you"
But somehow I couldn't help but have my doubts
'Cause I'd seen my own dear brothers crawl back in
the house
Each time they called the old man out

Just like my own dear brothers
I crawled back in the house
The night I called the old man out

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