

## Judds, The "Guardian Angel"

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A hundred year old photograph stares out from a  
frame  
And if you look real close, you'll see our eyes are just  
the same  
I never met them face to face but I still know them well  
From the stories my dear grandma would tell

Elijah was a farmer, he knew how to make things grow  
And Fannie vowed she'd follow him wherever he would  
go  
As things turned out, they never left their small  
Kentucky farm  
But he kept her fed, she kept him warm

They're my guardian angels and I know they can see  
Every step I take, they are watching over me  
I might not know where I'm goin' but I'm sure where I  
come from  
They're my guardian angels and I'm their special one

Sometimes when I'm tired, I feel Elijah take my arm  
He says, "Keep a goin', hard work never did a body  
harm"  
And when I'm really troubled and I don't know what to  
do  
Fannie whispers, "Just do your best, we're awful proud  
of you"

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