

Van Veen Herman

"Get Right With The Man"

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Well, Granddaddy was a hillbilly, scholar blue collar of
a man
He came from the school where you didn't need
nothing
If you could make it with your own two hands
He was backwoods, backwards, used words like, 'No
sir, yes ma'am'
By God be darned, hell yeah, I'm American

And all the years he walked this Earth, I swear all he
did was work
He said, "The Devil dreams on an idle horse so you
listen to me squirt
Don't get too high on the bottle and get right with the
man
Fight your fights, find the grace in all the things that
you can't change
And help somebody, if you can"

Now, Granny said, "Son, I'd stick to your gun" and said
"If you believe in something no matter what
'Cause it's better to be hated for who you are
Than be loved for who you're not"

She was 5 feet of concrete
New York born and raised on the slick city street
She'd cold stare you down
Stand her ground, still kickin' and screamin' at 93

I remember just how frail she looked in that hospital
bed
Taking her last few breaths of life, smilin' as she said
"Don't get too high on the bottle, just a little sip every
now and then
Fight your fights, find the grace, in all the things that
you can't change
And help somebody if you can and get right with the
man"

"I never let a cowboy make the coffee"
Yeah, that's what granny always said to my Granddad

And he'd say, "Never tell a joke that ain't that funny
more than once
And if you wanna hear God laugh, tell him your plans"

"Don't get too high on the bottle, get right with the
man, son
Fight your fights, find the grace in all the things that
you can't change
And help somebody if you can and get right with the
man"

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