

Van Zant "Get Right With the Man"

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Well Granddaddy was a hillbilly, skyler 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 m'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 its better to be hated for who you are than beloved 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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