

My daddy was a Southern Baptist deacon
On the Good Book I was born and raised
But I never quite bought into the preachin'
Too much fear, too much hate

So I drifted from my faith outta high school
I questioned things that I could not see
That's when they told my dad that we weren't welcome back
And they were gonna be prayin' for me

He said "Son, the road, it ain't easy
"It's all just a series of mistakes
"But you gotta learn how to take
"The bruises with the breaks
"The love with the heartache
"The crooked with the straight"

I wandered through my twenties uninspired
I got my education at the end of the bar
And I traded in my youth for three chords and the truth
And the ring of an electric guitar
And we made all these plans, we were gonna take a stand
Set out and rise above the noise
But after all those shows we played, their fight began to fade
And as they walked away, I heard my father's voice

He said "Son, the road, it ain't easy
"It's all just a series of mistakes
"But you gotta learn how to take
"The bruises with the breaks
"The love with the heartache
"The crooked with the straight"

He said "Son, the road, it ain't easy
"It's all just a series of mistakes
"And Son, you might not believe me
"But I promise, you will one of these days
"That you're gonna learn how to take
"The bruises with the breaks
"The love with the heartache
"The crooked with the straight"