

When He Was My Age

Confederate Railroad

He worked all week for a hard day's pay
Walked to school five miles one way
It must have rained every day
When he was my age

He quit school early to help Grandpa
He was one man short on a crosscut saw
There was wood to cut and ground to break
When he was my age

By the time he turned twelve in '39
He'd been through Hell and Hoover times
Drank his first homemade wine
And started to shave
The tales get taller every time they're told
The fish get longer as he grows old
He loves to talk about the good old days
When he was my age

He was sixty pounds lighter with a head full of hair
A dollar in his tank would take him anywhere
But nine o'clock was coming on late
When he was my age

He talks about the time the Dodgers called
He could have played pro ball
But he had me to raise
When he was my age

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When he was my age he had a lot more living left to do
But hard work and hard times
Robbed him of his youth
He says it seems like yesterday
When he was my age
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When he was my age
When he was my age
When he was my age