

The Man He Was

George Jones

He always walked like he was in the country
His southern drawl was as sweet as honey
He hated biscuits in a rolled up can
That's the way he was, my old man

He always loved my mama's cookin'
He'd pat her butt and say 'hey good lookin''
Now he's the reason i'm the way i am
I remind myself of my old man

He could drink like a fish, smoke like a fein
Never got drunk and never got mean
Strong as an ox, work like a dog
Hard as a rock and sweat like a log

The only man my mama ever loved
Hey that's my dad and that's the way he was

You never spoke back to my father
He never raised his voice or had to holler
He's tell us one time and we'd understand
That's the way he was, my old man

He loved his family and he helped his church
He hardly ever miss a day of work
God and country and two callused hands
That's the way he was, my old man

He could drink like a fish, smoke like a fein
Never got drunk and never got mean
Strong as an ox, work like a dog