

# Daddy Had a Beer

Josh Thompson

That's me in that black and white  
On mama's right hip back in 79  
Big sister on the couch curled up with Raggedy Ann  
And daddy had a beer in his hand

I used to wait on the porch every night about dark  
For that flat bed chevy to roll up in the yard  
Even twelve hours tired he still hugged his little man  
And daddy had a beer in his hand

He liked to sip 'em slow, make 'em last  
One too many was one he never had  
But watching the game, fishing or cutting the grass  
Daddy had a beer in his hand

Just about every Saturday night  
We heard mama in the kitchen saying you ain't right  
He'd be tugging at her apron saying c'mon baby let's dance  
And daddy had a beer in his hand

He liked to sip 'em slow, make 'em last  
One too many was one he never had  
But watching the game, fishing or cutting the grass  
Yeah daddy had a beer in his hand

I got this picture in my mind  
Of all the folks I love on the other side  
A little postcard greeting sayin' "Welcome to the Promised Land  
"

I just had to laugh cause daddy had a beer in his hand  
Yeah daddy had a beer in his hand