

Don't Forget Where You Come From

Kyle Park

I remember my old man
He worked in the oil fields
And I could never understand why
The dirt and greese on his hands
Driving home at sundown
Making just enough to get us by

When I left home I swore I'd make it rich some other way
I didn't know where I was going but my dad would always say
"Pray out loud, make us proud, and son don't forget where you come from."

A few years out on the road
Working on the high lines
I got laid off in the spring
I mowed yards and sold used cars
I worked nights down at the bars
Yeah I tried damn near everything

I had to find my own way no matter what he said
But the sound of his voice was still ringing in my head
"Pray out loud, make us proud, and son don't forget where you come from."

And I went home to be by daddy's side before he passed away
And I never will forget the last words I heard him say
"Pray out loud, make us proud, and son don't forget where you come from."

Now I'm breaking ground on my own
Oceans of oil fields
And my hands get dirty every day
A big house in San Antone
I'm living the good life
But my home seems far away

No matter where I am each night before I fall asleep
I'll always think of what my daddy said to me
"Pray out loud, make us proud and son don't forget to pray out loud make us proud, and son don't forget where you come from."

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He worked in the oil fields
And now I understand why