

## 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."

I remember my old man  
He worked in the oil fields  
And now I understand why