

## Growing Up Like That

Rodney Atkins

I was 12 years old with some bolts and a wrench, a piece of ply wood that was 3/4 inch and daddy said son once your chores are one I'll give you one of them gris old barn poles. I went out in the pasture with no cow patties, got some post hole diggers, and I got after it. Had some sun on my back and a blister on my hand, but man I had myself a goal!

I dribbles that ball till the grass was gone and the ground was brown and flat. Me and Daddy played horse and the cows all "mo oed" and we laughed. I was lucky and I didn't even know it grow ing up like that.

I learned the birds and the bee's from the cats and the dogs, & a frog starts out as a pollywog. The best blackberry cobbler is made from scratch, and worth every one you get from the briar patch. I found out firewood will warm you twice, once when you cut it and once when you light it. & I can't help but smile wh en I look back, cause I was lucky and I didn't even know It gro win' up like that.

There was an old wooden barrel hind my grandpa's house where we threw our tatter peels and coffee grounds, say you want to cat ch catfish long as your arm, son you gotta have a night crawler farm. Well we'd sit on the dock and share a bottle of pop and catch a few and then head on back. Me and Daddy clean fish whil e the cats "meowed" and we laughed, I was lucky and I didn't ev en know it growing up like that

I learned the birds and the bee's from the cats and the dogs, & a frog starts out as a pollywog. The best blackberry cobbler is made from scratch, and worth every one you get from the briar patch. If you ever got sugar in a hot hay loft and you still c an't believe y'all didn't get caught. You close your eyes and s mile when you look back, you were lucky and you didn't know it growing up like that.

Ya learned the birds and the bee's from the cats and the dogs, and skinny dippin beats anything ya ever saw. The best blackber ry cobbler is made from scratch, and worth every one you get fr om the briar patch. Sometimes me and her still slip off to that cozy little corner in the old hay loft, taste that honeysuckle off her lips off the beaten path. Cause I'm lucky and baby I k now. I'm doin my best there to show. Now you never really do ou tgrow it growin up like that.

You like good cold beer and pickin' guitar. & you really don't care about being a star, you just do it cause you love it and l ove it cause you do it. Shuck cobs on the porch, till some budd

ies show up with some [?] can I get an Amen growin up like that  
!