

'48 Ford

Steve Wariner

It's got a window busted, scraped and rusted but it's beautiful
to me
And when it's flathead roared those running boards saw miles of
history
I see the gun rack and hear the crack of my ol' pump twenty-two
That kept all the rabbits running from Post to Idalu

One afternoon in the middle of June we were picnicking at the lake
We were watching a couple of teen-
aged boys tempt the hands of fate
When one went down Daddy quickly found his rope inside the door
That boy got a second chance at life in the bed of our '48 Ford

And when the Sunday morning sun came up that pick-
up truck would roll
Momma said that that old preacher's words was medicine for our
soul
I was with my Dad when he got it, now he's gone to his reward
But he left two tons of memories in the shape of a '48 Ford

Well it'd seen some years when we got it now it's a silent old
antique
But all those pictures come to life when I'm sitting in that seat
I remember well my first kiss behind the hardware store
As a young man I was shifting gears in the cab of that '48 Ford

And when the Sunday morning sun came up that pick-
up truck would roll
Momma said that that old preacher's words was medicine for our
soul
I was with my Dad when he got it, now he's gone to his reward
But he left two tons of memories in the shape of a '48 Ford
Yeah I was with my Dad when he got it now he's gone to his reward
But he left two tons of memories in the shape of a '48 Ford