

God, Family and Country

Craig Morgan

He grew up in a time,
When a third-grade education,
Was all the school you needed,
To work the family farm.
He'd take time off on Sunday,
Him and all his family,
warm a pew,
And give thanks to the Lord. There was no gray, only black and white.
Didn't need no-one to tell him,
What was wrong or right.
'Cause he had God, Family, and Country.
He set aside his plow,
In early 1940,
Said goodbye to his small town,
And put on the Army green.
Hard Times on the front lines,
Writin' letters on wet paper,
Not one word about the awful things he'd seen. His was a generation,
That answered without question.
They knew they had to win,
'Cause they were fightin' for...
God, Family, and Country. On the coffee table,
Sits the family Bible,
Where just last year he added,
A little boy to the family tree.
There's the folded flag they gave us,
On the day he left us.
But the thing that I remember most,
Is the way that he... Believed... In God, Family, and Country... Ohhh, we've got
God... Family... And Country...
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