My Old Man

Rodney Atkins

Capo 1

Intro - D - G - D - G

(verse 1)
D D/F# G A
I got a picture of him bare foot in the mud,
D D/F# G A
Behind his grandpa's plow and two gray mules,
D D/F# G A
When he turned ten years old in May fifty three,
D D/F# G A
He grew up fearin God in Washburn, Tennesee,

(bridge)
F#m Bm D A
The closest thing that he had to a dad was his uncle Bob,
F#m Bm G F#
And he could only dream of things like little league baseball,
G A F#m Bm
That little boy with big blue eyes and callused hands,
A D -G-D-G
mm became My Old Man,

(verse 2)
D D/F# G A
She was a Kentucky girl born on Valentine's day,
D D/F# G A
A fourth child of five to my grandma Uma May,
D D/F# G A
So shy and beautiful with sunset hair and emerald eyes,
D D/F# G A
Daddy spent his life workin in the coal mines,

(bridge)
F#m Bm D A
And in my eyes, all of my life, my dad's been a saint,
F#m Bm G F#
But even saints need angels to show them the way,
G A F#m Bm
And over thirty-seven years ago he asked for Margaret Lynn's hand,
G A D
And that angel married My Old Man,

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(bridge)

F Am G

There were times I tried to buck the truthful things they said,

F Am G

Now I'm glad that more than once they rattled my stubborn head,

Bm E A C

Cause my folks are just like mountains I look at from afar,

G Bm G A

But now the closer I get to them the bigger they are,

(ending verse)

F#m Bm G A

Time seens to fly anymore and the holidays are so far apart,

F#m Bm G F#

There's no way a phone call could express what's in my heart,

G A F#m Bm

So this is just a song to say How thankful I am,

G A Bm A G A D -G-D-G

For momma and My Old Man, for momma and dad

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