

Hand Me Downs

I made a hunting knife for my brother one Christmas, and my sister wrote me a poem another Christmas. These gifts I remember the most. And working on a farm for free was the hardest job, yet most rewarding.
Life is more valuable when you have less and work harder.

Baggy pants and Daddy's boots
Passed on down the line
The smell of cows at 5:00 a.m.
Fits this boy just fine

The silo held our bank account
Good times turn to bad
But I was rich with so much more
Dear ol' Mom and Dad

CHORUS:
And I remember hand-me-downs
And the pride that we once wore
And I still taste old Ivory soap
From the first time that I swore
But most of all I remember
That Bible in Daddy's hands
The hand-me-down of hope
Once held by Grandpa
I'm now holding in my hands

Neighbors died for neighbors
Their hunger we shared
Underneath those snowy dreams
The coming 4H fair

Handmade toys for Christmas
Sister writes a poem
The manger scene was right between
Momma's heart and Daddy's home

BRIDGE:
Today I miss those good old days
All those pictures I still see
Mom and Dad, if you could hear
me now
I'd tell you I still believe

Life today looks different
We're running way too fast
The dot coms and drive throughs
Can't take away my past

My baby girl looks like Mommy
My little boy is me
But even now when he wears
my shoes

Those hand-me-downs I see