

Alabama, Food On The Table (And Shoes On My Feet)

my dad was a big man with a will that was tough
He was at his best when the going was rough
He made a living for the family and never had to cheat
To keep food on the table and shoes on our feet

we sat down at the table and thanked god in prayer
Cause we had plenty to eat and plenty to wear
We had patches on our britches but momma kept us neat
We had food on the table and shoes on our feet

we picked the cotton and gathered the corn
We were taught to work from the day we were born
Mom and dad and all us children worked in the summer's heat
To keep food on the table and shoes on our feet

when you sit down at the table thank god in prayer
If you've got plenty to eat and plenty to wear
If you've got patches on your britches just be sure to keep em neat
If you've got food on the table and shoes on your feet