

George Strait, The Best Day

We loaded up my old station wagon
with a tent, a Coleman and sleepin' bags.
Some fishin' poles, a cooler of Cokes,
three days before we had to be back.

When you're seven you're in seventh heaven
when you're goin' campin' in the wild outdoors.
As we turned off on that old dirt road
he looked at me and swore...

[Chorus:]

Dad, this could be the best day of my life.
I've been dreamin' day and night about the fun we'll have.
Just me and you doin' what I've always wanted to.
I'm the luckiest boy alive,
this is the best day of my life.

His fifteenth birthday rolled around,
classic cars were his thing.
When I pulled in the drive with that old Vette
I thought that boy would go insane.

When you're in your teens
your dreams revolve around four spinnin' wheels.
We worked nights on end 'till it was new again,
and as he sat behind the wheel he said,

[Chorus:]

Dad, this could be the best day of my life.
I've been dreamin' day and night about the fun we've had.
Just me and you doin' what I've always wanted to.
I'm the luckiest boy alive
this is the best day of my life.

Standin' in a little room back of the church with our tuxes on,
Lookin' at him I say, I can't believe, son that you've grown.
He said,

[Chorus:]

Dad, this could be the best day of my life.
I've been dreamin' day and night of bein' like you.
Now it's me and her,
watchin' you and mom I've learned,
I'm the luckiest man alive,
this is the best day of my life.

I'm the luckiest man alive,
this is the best day of my life.