

# Heartland, Built To Last

I made a trip back to my hometown last week  
For my grandparent's fifty year anniversary  
It was black leather wingtips, and big bouffant hair  
Your typical senior affair

They were cuttin' the rug to a Glen Miller tune  
When someone stood up and tapped a glass with a spoon  
It was old Eddie Vicker's granddaddy's best man  
And his very best friend to this day  
And his eyes grew misty as he raised his champagne

He said, "Here's to the makers of things built to last  
Like church bells and bridges, and baseball on grass  
Like Ferguson tractors and Lucchese boots  
My daddy's old tools I still use

The pledge of allegiance, the stars and the stripes,  
The words in the Bible, the sun in the sky  
And here's to the twinkle in old married eyes  
Still there after fifty years past  
Here's to the makers of things built to last"

We live in a world now of plastic and glue  
Disposable honor, replaceable truth  
And if a pot breaks, why fix it? Man, what's the use?  
It costs less to buy it brand new

Oh but lately I've looked in the eyes of my wife  
And I see there what matters the most in this life  
And I have decided I'm takin' a stand  
To stay on that fifty year plan  
Inspired by the words of a very wise man

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