

Neal McCoy, The Last Of A Dying Breed

Giddy up

He's a cold beer drinker
A buck and deer hunter
The best friend a dog ever had
A post hole digger
A mint scole dipper
A John Deere cap sportin man
With a house on a hill
and a pond in the fields
surrounded by a mess of corn rows
makes a livin from his labor
with credit to the maker
he's somebody everybody knows

(chorous:)

Last of a dying breed
who tend the fields and mend the fences
heaven knows I hate to think that
generation might be ending
but if he goes
he will go
down in history
as the last,the last

of the overall wearers
farmer-tan tearers
down at the VFW hall (ya'll)
cake pan lickers
ripe tomato pickers
hay balers,loadin trailers in the fall
fruit stand sellers
town square dwellers who gather
at dairy queen at dawn
everybody knows'em everybody loves'em
god i'm gonna miss him if their gone

(chrous:)

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(instrumental break)

(last of a dying breed)
he's a hard working family man
(last of a dying breed)

(chrous:)

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