

Randy Travis, Three Wooden Crosses

A Farmer And A Teacher, A Hooker And A Preacher
Ridin' On A Midnight Bus, Bound For Mexico
One Was Headed For Vacation, One For Higher Education
And Two Of Them Were Searchin' For Lost Souls
That Driver Never Ever Saw The Stop Sign
And Eighteen Wheelers Can't Stop On A Dime

Chorus

There Are, Three Wooden Crosses On The Right Side Of The Highway
Why There's Not Four Of Them, Heaven Only Knows
I Guess Its, Not What You Take, When You Leave This World Behind You
Its What You Leave Behind You When You Go
That Farmer Left A Harvest, A Home And Eighty Acres
The Faith And Love For Growin' Things, In His Young Son's Heart
And That Teacher Left Her Wisdom, In The Minds Of Lots Of Children
And Did Her Best, To Give Them All A Better Start
And That Preacher Whispered Can't You See The Promised Land
As He Laid His Blood Stained Bible In That Hooker's Hand

Chorus

There Are, Three Wooden Crosses On The Right Side Of The Highway
Why There's Not Four Of Them, Heaven Only Knows
I Guess It's, Not What You Take, When You Leave This World Behind You
It's What You Leave Behind You When You Go
That's A Story That Our Preacher Told Last Sunday
As He Held That Blood Stained Bible Up, For All Of Us To See
He Said, "Bless The Farmer, And The Teacher, And The Preacher
Who Gave This Bible To My Mama, Who Read It To Me"

Chorus

There Are, Three Wooden Crosses On The Right Side Of The Highway
Why There's Not Four Of Them, Now I Guess We Know
It's Not What You Take, When You Leave This World Behind You
It's What You Leave Behind You When You Go
There Are, Three Wooden Crosses On The Right Side Of The Highway