

Toby Keith, Heart To Heart

I watched him throw his oatmeal bowl
Halfway across the kitchen floor
His momma said don't let me see you do that anymore

And he let loose with a cup of orange juice
Right down the back of her dress
Without a doubt she lined him out
Then cleaned up the mess

Now he is just a chip off of the old block
Just like me we keep her on her toes a lot

But when he cries she'll match him tear for tear
When he laughs she'll grin from ear to ear
When he's wrong they'll stand there face to face
She can put him in his place
Side by side and hand in hand
She'll talk with daddy's little man
He knows that she's done her part
I'm watching God's love grow
Heart to heart

He'll grow to be six foot three
Yeah he's gonna be just like me
He'll be tall and play football
But he'll always be a momma's boy

And when he cries she'll match him tear for tear
When he laughs she'll grin from ear to ear
When he's wrong they'll stand there face to face
She can put him in his place
Side by side and hand in hand
She'll talk with daddy's little man
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