

Travis Randy, Three Wooden Crosses

A farmer and a teacher, a hooker and a preacher,
Riding on a midnight bus, bound for Mexico.
One was headed for vacation, one for higher education,
And two of them were searching for lost souls.
Well, that driver never ever saw that stop sign,
And eighteen- wheelers can't stop on a dime.

There are, three wooden crosses on the right side the highway.
Why there's not for 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 behing you when you go.

Well, that farmer left a harvest, a home on eighty acres,
The faith and love of growin' things, in his young son's heart.
That teacher left her wisdom, in the minds of lots of children,
In her quest to give them all a better start.
That preacher whispered, "Can't you see the cross lands?"

As he layed that blood-stained bible in that hooker's hands.

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 the 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 momma, who read it to me."

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.