

Trisha Yearwood, It Wasn't His Child

He was her man, she was his wife
And late one winter night
He knelt by her
As she gave birth
But it wasn't his child,
It wasn't his child

Yet still he took him as his own
And as he watched him grow
It brought him joy
But it wasn't his child
It wasn't his child

But like a father he was strong and kind
And I believe he did his best
It wasn't easy for him
But he did all could
His son was different from the rest
It wasn't his child
It wasn't his child

And when the boy became a man
He took his father's hand
And soon the world
Would all know why
It wasn't his child
It wasn't his child

But like a father he was strong and kind
And I believe he did his best
It wasn't easy for him
But he did all could
He grew up with his hands in wood
And he died with his hands in wood
He was God's child,
He was God's child

He was her man
She was his wife
And late one night
He knelt by her
As she gave birth
But it wasn't his child
It was God's child