

Van Zant, Help Somebody

Written by Kip Raines and Jeffrey Steele

Well, Granddaddy was a hillbilly scholar, blue collar of a man.
He came from the school where you didn't need nothin',
If you couldn't make it with your own two hands.
He was backwoods, backwards, used words like:
"No Sir," "Yes, Ma'am," "By God," "Be darned,"
"Hell yeah, I'm American."
In all the years he walked this earth,
I swear all he did was work.
He said: "The devil dreams on an idle horse,
"So you listen to me squirt.

"Don't get too high on the bottle,
And get right with the Man.
Fight your fights, find a grace,
And all the things that you can change,
And help somebody if you can."

Now Granny said: "Sonny, stick to your ganas,
If you believe in something, no matter what,
'Cause it's better to be hated for who you are,
Than be loved for who you're not."
She was five feet of concrete
New York born an' raised on a slick city street.
She'd cold-stare you down, stand her ground,
Still kickin' and screamin' at 93.
I remember just how frail she looked in that hospital bed:
Takin' her last few breaths of life, smilin' as she said:

"Don't get too high on the bottle,
Just a little sip ev'ry now and then.
Fight your fights, find a grace,
And all the things that you can change,
And help somebody if you can.
And get right with the Man."

Instrumental Break.
(C'mon now.)

"I never let a cowboy make the coffee."
Yeah, that's what Granny always said to my Grandad.
And he'd say: "Never tell a joke that ain't that funny more than once."
And "if you wanna hear God laugh, tell Him your plans."

"Don't get too high on the bottle,
Get right with the Man, son.
Fight your fights, find a grace,
And all the things that you can change,
And help somebody if you can.
And get right with the Man."

Yeah.
(Get too high.)
(Help somebody if you can.)