

Alabama, Food On The Table

My dad was a big man with a will that was tough
He was at his best when the going was rough
He made a living for the family and never had to cheat
To keep food on the table and shoes on our feet
We sat down at the table and thanked God in prayer
'Cause we had plenty to eat and plenty to wear
We had patches on our britches but momma kept us neat
We had food on the table and shoes on our feet
We picked the cotton and gathered the corn
We were taught to work from the day we were born
Mom and dad and all us children worked in the summer's heat
To keep food on the table and shoes on our feet
We sat down at the table and thanked God in prayer
'Cause we had plenty to eat and plenty to wear
We had patches on our britches but momma kept us neat
We had food on the table and shoes on our feet
Well today it's the same no matter where you go
If you're gonna stay ahead you've gotta stay on your toes
You've gotta be a winner don't believe in defeat
If you keep food on the table and shoes on your feet
When you sit down at the table thank God in prayer
If you've got plenty to eat and plenty to wear
If you've got patches on your britches just be sure to keep 'em neat
If you've got food on the table and shoes on your feet
We sat down at the table and thanked God in prayer
'Cause we had plenty to eat and plenty to wear
We had patches on our britches but momma kept us neat
We had food on the table and shoes on our feet