

Clay Crosse, Give Him Roots

So many voices in his ear
Are they playing on his fears
It's a bad situation
All the way around
But with a solid foundation
He's gonna stand his ground

Take a little time
Plant the seeds
Give him reason to believe

Give him roots, and give him wings
And he'll grow up to do great things
Let him know the joy that he brings
Teach him the value of the truth
Oh you gotta give him roots, give him wings

When he comes to you
And he needs your help
And he's so unsure of himself
Give him vision
So he can see the Light
Let him know the difference between
Wrong and right

Share the wisdom
Of your peers
There'll be laughter
There'll be tears

He should aim as high as the sky
There ain't nothing he can't do
If he'll only try