

# George Strait, So Much Like My Dad

I know that I surprised you coming home,  
It's not my usual time of year; but I've got myself a problem,  
And I know that I might find the answer here.

Remember when I was dad's pride and joy and your little man,  
Every time that I got hurt you were there to give a hand.  
You would pick me up, and you'd kiss my hurt away.  
Remember what you'd say,  
"Boy you're getting more like him each and every day."

Can we have a talk like it was yesterday?  
Your boy is back in trouble and he needs you right away.

She says she's gonna leave me, momma.  
Nothing on God's green Earth would make her stay.  
I can't live without her, momma,  
But this time you can't kiss the hurt away.

But if I'm so much like my dad,  
There must have been times you felt her way.  
So tell me word for word what he said that always made you stay.

She says she's gonna leave me, momma.  
But if I'm so much like my dad,  
There must have been times you felt her way.  
So tell me word for word what he said  
That always made you stay.