

Harlan Howard, That Little Boy Who Follows Me

A careful man I want to be a little youngster follows me
I do not dare to go astray in fear he might go that same way
I cannot once escape his eyes and what he sees me do he tries
Like me he says he wants to be that little boy who follows me
Now he thinks that I'm so big and fine he believes every single word of mine
Lord the bad in me please don't let him see I wish that I could much stronger be
I must remember as I go through summer's sun and winter's snow
I'm molding for eternity that little boy who follows me
Yes I'm molding for eternity that little boy that follows me