

Pride And Glory, The Chosen One

Hey Papa, wanna thank you so
For who you is and what you be and all that ya do
You, yeh, you, you always taught me right from wrong
I ain't got much, but Papa I wrote you this song
All the pain and suffering I watched you ignore
From a poor boy, through the ruins of war
When my life is over and I done found my home
Just remember ... son you're not alone
A hard road is what it's gonna be
When I think of all you been and done
So glad I got to know ya Papa
So glad I was the chosen one
So glad I was the chosen one
You, yeh, you, always seemed to find some time
Beyond my dying day, you'll always be a friend of mine
And you, ya left some big shoes to fill
I'll do my best to make ya proud
I promise that I will
All the pain and suffering I watched you ignore
From a poor boy, through the ruins of war
When my life is over and I done found my home
Just remember... son you're not alone
A hard road is what it's gonna be
When I think of all you been and done
So glad I got to know ya Papa
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