

# 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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So glad I was the chosen one