

# Trace Adkins, I Came Here To Live

I grew up in a town where tough was a cigarette  
And a souped up car on a county road  
Nothin' much to do back then  
So we'd make bets  
On how much drink a guy could hold  
And I held my own  
Learn to hold my own  
Daddy works some dead-end job at the concrete plant  
Mama taught the Sunday bible class  
For eighteen years I remember thinkin'  
There was more to life than that  
So I ran the streets to beat the Devil  
Goin' just as fast as I could fly  
'Cause I came here to live  
I didn't come here to die  
Mama used to wait for me with the porch light on  
Worried about her little boy 'til I got home  
Daddy he'd say listen son  
But back then there wasn't much  
That I didn't already know  
I reckon I was doing close to 80  
When I felt the tire slip out from under me  
And I never set out lookin' for Jesus  
So I guess Jesus come lookin' for me  
And He found me upset down in a ditch  
Smokin' gas in my eyes  
And He said son you came here to live  
You didn't come here to die  
Sunday morning I got up and I went to church  
That summer I got a job and I went to work  
Met a girl in town put some money down  
On a little house with a yard  
Our little boy was due in September  
But he came early in July  
For eighteen days all I remember  
Was settin' there at his side  
Sayin' son open up your eyes  
Just open up your eyes  
'Cause you came here to live  
You didn't come here to die  
Son you came here to live