

Van Zant, That Scares Me

Once I had a fortune ridin' on the shoe
Of a field goal kicker from LSU
I never broke a sweat
Hell it was just a bet

Now I've climbed mountains
And jumped from planes
Even played chicken with a couple trains
Lord, I've been a fool
Still I kept my cool

I don't mind admitting this heart of mine starts to pound
Thinkin' 'bout

The day my son starts asking me
All about my history
The things I don't want him to know
The sex, the drugs, the Rock N' Roll
All the while I watch my daughter
Climb in some boys car as I hollar
Honey don't be late
I swallow hard while they drive away
How sad my life without my wife would be
Now that scares me

This morning while I combed my hair
I found a few stray greys in there

And I laughed out loud
I guess I ain't that proud

Some people are afraid to die
But me and Jesus get along ok
I'll be ok
As my judgement day will be the day

The day my son starts asking me
All about my history
The things I don't want him to know
The sex, the drugs, the Rock N' Roll
Or the night I walk my daughter
Down the aisle in a stiff white collar
Just to hear them say
"Who gives this girl away?"
And leave her standing while I find my seat
Now that scares me

The things I don't want them to know
The sex, the drugs, and rock n' roll
And the day they call another house their home
I'm hoping they find everything that they need
How sad my life without my wife would be
Now that scares me
Woah that scares me