

# Growing Up Like That

Rodney Atkins

I was 12 years old with some bolts and a wrench, a piece of plywood that  
Was 3/4 inch and daddy said son once your chores are one I'll give you one  
Of them gris old barn poles. I went out in the pasture with no cow patties,  
Got some post hole diggers, and I got after it. Had some sun on my back and  
A blister on my hand, but man I had myself a goal! I dribbles that ball till the grass was gone  
and the ground was brown and

Flat. Me and Daddy played horse and the cows all "mooed" and we laughed. I  
Was lucky and I didn't even know it growing up like that. I learned the birds and the bee's from  
the cats and the dogs, & a frog

Starts out as a pollywog. The best blackberry cobbler is made from scratch,  
And worth every one you get from the briar patch. I found out firewood will  
Warm you twice, once when you cut it and once when you light it. & I can't  
Help but smile when I look back, cause I was lucky and I didn't even know  
It growin' up like that.

There was an old wooden barrel hind my grandpa's house where we threw our  
Tatter peels and coffee grounds, say you want to catch catfish long as your  
Arm, son you gotta have a night crawler farm. Well we'd sit on the dock and  
Share a bottle of pop and catch a few and then head on back. Me and Daddy  
Clean fish while the cats "meowed" and we laughed, I was lucky and I didn't  
Even know it growing up like that

I learned the birds and the bee's from the cats and the dogs, & a frog  
Starts out as a pollywog. The best blackberry cobbler is made from scratch,  
And worth every one you get from the briar patch. If you ever got sugar in  
A hot hay loft and you still can't believe y'all didn't get caught. You  
Close your eyes and smile when you look back, you were lucky and you didn't  
Know it growing up like that. Ya learned the birds and the bee's from the cats and the dogs, and  
skinny

Dippin beats anything ya ever saw. The best blackberry cobbler is made from  
Scratch, and worth every one you get from the briar patch. Sometimes me and  
Her still slip off to that cozy little corner in the old hay loft, taste  
That honeysuckle off her lips off the beaten path. Cause I'm lucky and baby  
I know. I'm doin my best there to show. Now you never really do outgrow it  
Growin up like that.

You like good cold beer and pickin' guitar. & you really don't care about  
Being a star, you just do it cause you love it and love it cause you do it. Shuck cobs on the  
porch, till some buddies show up with some (not sure  
These last words) Can I get an Amen growin up like that!