

Dinner on the grounds of an old white church
In a West Texas town
Women brought a covered dish and old men told stories
About the fish that got away
Children played with horny toads and stumbled on
Gravel in the road
Turned their Sunday suits to gray
The preacher had a house out back
The flatbed was still loaded down with hay

Chorus

And Old Man Johnson was laid to rest today
Old Man Johnson was laid to rest today

So many times he offered me a nickel and dime
And I'd take the larger one in size
He'd smile a toothless grin because I fell for it again

Chorus

My God he had the kindest eyes
He showed me how to ride a horse
The sweat was warm the hair was coarse
The smell still linger now

The bullet riddled stop sign off the highway
Down the market road
Tells me that I'm going home

My five year old mind turned that casket into a time machine
I knew things weren't quite right
But I wasn't sure of what was happening
The weathered hands of a farming man
Stained by the soil of a harvest land
Are you resting by his side

The bullet riddled stop sign
Off the highway down the market road
Tell me that I'm going home