

Warts and All

Sometimes I think about taking the road
And finding a place where I can be me.
And there ain't nothin stops me from doing just that but
My wife, my children, and me.

My wife's a beauty, a work of art.
When I said I do, I gave her my heart.
Oh, the promise wears thin after 43 years
But I know it would kill me to part.

Warts and all, a family, that's what they call us.
We're gonna go far, at least till we run out of gas.

My children are special, my pride and my joy.
Four sweet little girls, three cute little boys.
But they ain't quite as sweet as they used to be
When they speak to their mother and me.

Warts and all, a family, that's what they call us.
We're gonna go far, at least till we run out of gas.

When I think of leaving, it causes me pain
From the pit of my stomach to the top of my head
Oh the road keeps calling me back home again
But I'd feel like a thief if I did.

Warts and all, a family, that's what they call us.
We're gonna go far, at least till we run out of gas.
Warts and all, a family, that's what they call us.