I HAD AN UNCLE NAME OF MATTHEW, HE WAS HIS FATHER'S ONLY BOY.

BORN JUST SOUTH OF COLBY, KANSAS, HE WAS HIS MOTHER'S PRIDE AND JOY.

YES, AND JOY WAS JUST A THING THAT HE WAS RAISED ON.

LOVE WAS JUST A WAY TO LIVE AND DIE.

GOLD WAS JUST A WINDY KANSAS WHEAT FIELD.

BLUE WAS JUST THE KANSAS SUMMER SKY.

ALL THE STORIES THAT HE TOLD ME, BACK WHEN I WAS JUST A LAD.

ALL THE MEMORIES THAT HE GAVE ME, ALL THE GOOD TIMES THAT HE HAD.

GROWIN' UP A KANSAS FARM BOY, LIFE IS MOSTLY HAVIN' FUN.

RIDIN' ON HIS DADDY'S SHOULDERS, BEHIND A MULE BENEATH THE SUN.

WELL, I GUESS THERE WERE SOME HARD TIMES,

AND I'M TOLD SOME YEARS WERE LEAN.

THEY HAD A STORM IN 'FORTY-SEVEN,

A TWISTER CAME AND STRIPPED 'EM CLEAN.

HE LOST THE FARM AND LOST HIS FAMILY.

HE LOST THE WHEAT AND LOST HIS HOME.

BUT HE FOUND THE FAMILY BIBLE, A FAITH AS SOLID AS A STONE.

YES, AND JOY WAS JUST A THING THAT HE WAS RAISED ON.

LOVE WAS JUST A WAY TO LIVE AND DIE.

GOLD WAS JUST A WINDY KANSAS WHEAT FIELD.

BLUE WAS JUST THE KANSAS SUMMER SKY.
AND SO HE CAME TO LIVE AT OUR HOUSE
AND HE CAME TO WORK THE LAND
HE CAME TO EASE MY DADDY'S BURDEN
AND HE CAME TO BE MY FRIEND
AND SO I WROTE THIS DOWN FOR MATTHEW
AND IT'S FOR HIM THIS SONG IS SUNG
RIDIN' ON HIS DADDY'S SHOULDERS,
BEHIND A MULE BENEATH THE SUN.
YES, AND JOY WAS JUST A THING THAT HE WAS RAISED ON
LOVE WAS JUST A WAY TO LIVE AND DIE.
GOLD WAS JUST A WINDY KANSAS WHEAT FIELD.
BLUE WAS JUST THE KANSAS SUMMER SKY.