

# He's Mine

Rodney Atkins

Old man knocked on my front door  
With my teenage boy and a couple more  
From up the road  
He had him by the collar  
Said he caught him shootin' beer bottles  
Down in the holler and smokin'  
I said is that right  
He said, they won't speak when spoken to  
So which one here belongs to you  
And I know one does  
'Cause they all started runnin'  
To your back forty  
When they saw me comin' on my gator  
I looked in them in the eyes  
And I said, he's mine that one  
Got a wild-hair side and handsome  
There's no surprise what he's done  
He's ever last bit of my old man's son  
If you knew me then  
There'd be no question in your mind  
You know he's mine  
Yeah he's Friday night football games  
I was livin' for the speakers To call the name  
On the back of number thirty-seven  
Just one-forty-five  
And five foot eleven  
Maybe  
Limelight barely shined on him  
But everyone still remembers when  
He whooped up on that boy way bigger  
For taking that cheap shot our little kicker  
And they threw him out  
Oh man, you sure, you sure hear me shout I yelled he's mine that one  
Got a wild-hair side and handsome  
It's no surprise what he's done  
He's ever last last bit of my old man's son  
And I'll take the blame  
And claim him every time  
Yeah man, he's mine and he'll always be  
The best thing that ever happened to me  
You can't turn it off like electricity  
I will love him unconditionally

And I'll take the blame  
And claim him every time  
Yeah, y'all, he's mine  
I thank God, he's mine

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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