

Randy Travis - Three Wooden Crosses

Tom: C

A farmer and a teacher, a hooker and a preacher, ridin' on a midnight bus, bound for Mexico.

One was headed for vacation, one for higher education, and two of them were searchin' for lost souls.

That driver never, ever saw the stopsign, and eighteen-wheelers can't stop on a dime.

Chorus:

There are three wooden crosses on the right side of the highway.

Why there's not four of them heaven only knows.

I guess it's not what you take when you leave this world behind you.

It's what you leave behind you when you go.

That farmer left a harvest, a home and eighty acres, a faith and love for

growin' things in his young son's heart.
And that teacher left her wisdom in the minds of lots of children and did her best to give'm all a better start.
And that preacher whispered, "Can't you see the promised land?" as he laid his blood-stained Bible in that hooker's hand.

Chorus:

That's a story that our preacher told last Sunday, as he held that blood-stained Bible up for all of us to see. He said,

"Bless the farmer and the teacher and the preacher who gave this Bible to my mama, who read it to me."

There are three wooden crosses on the right side of the highway.

Why there's not four of them, now I guess we know.

It's not what you take when you leave this world behind you.

It's what you leave behind you when you go.

There are three wooden crosses on the right side of the highway.

Acordes

