

Randy Travis, 3 Wooden Crosses

A farmer and a teacher, a hooker and a preacher
Riding on a midnight bus, bound for Mexico
One was headed for vacation, one for higher education
And two of them were searching for lost souls

That driver never ever saw the stop sign
And 18-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 80 acres
The faith and love for growing 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 them all a better start

And that preacher whispered can't you see the promise land
As he lay his blood stained Bible in that hooker's hand

(Chorus)

That's the 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