

# Randy Travis, Three Wooden Crosses

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 Stop Sign  
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 Its, Not What You Take, When You Leave This World Behind You  
Its What You Leave Behind You When You Go  
That Farmer Left A Harvest, A Home And Eighty Acres  
The 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 Them 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

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'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"

Chorus

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