

Three Wooden Crosses

Randy Travis

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.
An' eighteen wheelers can't stop on a dime. 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,
The faith an' love for growin' things in his young son's heart.
And that teacher left her wisdom in the minds of lots of children:
Did her best to give 'em all a better start.
An' that preacher whispered: "Can't you see the Promised Land?"
As he laid his blood-stained bible in that hooker's hand. 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 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, an' that preacher;
"Who gave this Bible to my mamma,
"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.

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