

Del Reeves, Nothing To Write Home About

Well almost every night I write a letter
To my mother in old North Carolina
She'll prob'ly cry tomorrow when the mailman meets her out
The way my baby done me is nothing to write home about

I promise mom I send you news about my baby
She was so proud her son had finally found true love
Oh that's the long way such a long way from the way the things turn out
The way my baby done me is nothing to write home about

[harmonica]

Old blue and me who walk these hills just reminiscing
But he can't tell I'm not the same something's missing
Oh one I'm holding oold blue and pain another's holding her no doubt
The way my baby done me is nothing to write home about
The way my baby done me is nothing to write home about