

# Porter Wagoner, Albert Erving

On past the Riley Fruit Farm in the country and across the Gundy Hills to Jopin Holler  
An old man lived alone like a prisoner serving I'd never met a man like Albert Erving  
Albert never held a woman or a child you could see that loneliness had drove him wild  
He said I ain't seen a soul in three long years and down his lonely face came the tears  
His house was filled with logs and cardboard boxes  
The boxes sealed the cracks in the wintertime  
The floor in Albert's home was just the earth worn down  
Where Albert's lonely feet had walked around

[ fiddle ]

Everything in Albert's house was made by hand a picture carved in wood sat on a stand  
Such beauty in a face I'd never seen carved just below the picture the name Kathleen  
Albert held the picture close up to his face said my Kathleen adds beauty to this place  
I asked him who she was then came the tears  
He said she's not real she's just someone I've dreamed of all these years  
His house was filled...  
Where Albert's lonely feet had walked around