

Porter Wagoner, Silent Kind

No we don't do much talkin' down here on the Row you might call us the Silent Kind
But the only time we do much talkin' is when we need a dime or two for wine
But if you could only hear when our mind talks to our soul
My God friend you'd hear stories that's never been told
Some words so sad that a voice couldn't even speak of 'em
Just to think of makes your body tremble and your heart weaken
Why there's been here in these alleys that we call the Silent Kind
That find love and happiness in one little bottle of wine
No we don't talk much here in the alley when we do it's usually lies
Like hey Mister I was once like you had a lot of money a home and family
Could you sapre me a quarter to get me a bowl of soap
Then take the quarter buy another bottle of wine
And slip back to the alley and join the silent kind