

Tom T. Hall, Adventures Of Linda Bohannon

In a town about the size of a truckstop or bigger
Lived Linda Bohannon, a natural queen
She lived with her folks in a little white farmhouse
She helped out by hoeing the corn and the beans

Sometimes she would stare at herself in a mirror
And any would say there was much to admire
Every turn of the curve of her body was flawless
From pretty white teeth to her shiny blond hair

One day as she stood by the road leading westward
In blue jeans and t-shirt and mail-order boots
The tractors and trailers and pick-ups saw Linda
The drivers all slowed down to holler and hoot

They received not a smile from miss Linda Bohannon
No bag and no brush did she hold in her hand
Just Linda Bohannon, a physical treasure
Stepped into a light-blue Mercedes Benz

****And this is one of those times that we wish we knew the missing parts to these stories, but this is**

She was missing a week and her parents were worried
She called Sunday morning and said, "I'm okay"
****Well Bohannons don't talk much, but we found out later****
She called from a movie star's house in L.A.

She's home now and been here for six years or seven
She brought home a baby, a fine-looking lad
****Well Bohannons don't talk much, and Linda don't either****
And nobody told us a thing about his dad

Well she's pretty as ever and she works in a giftshop
Looks after her boy and she don't ask for help
She watches the re-runs of an old TV western
And the boy looks a lot like a re-run himself.

N.B. Between ****s** words are spoken