

Tom T. Hall, Thank You Connersville Indiana

I rolled into Connersville in 1961 with what was left of my last army pay
I had a letter with me from a buddy living there
He said you stop and see me if you're ever up this way
Need I say he was surprised to find me at his door
With what I guess you'd call a silly grin
He said where are you headed and I said I'm headed here
His Mama said don't stand there you'll catch cold just come on in
They gave me room and board I paid a very modest fee
Then I went looking for a place to play
If you've ever had a hat and didn't wear one then you'll know
The way a country singer made a living in those days
The menu printed on the window of the bar and grill
The man said we're too small to have a band
I said well I'll just pick and sing and pass my hat awhile
He said go right ahead but you just do the best you can
Well after seven hours of Cheatin' Heart and Wildwood Flower
I had me seven dollars eighty cents
I gave it to a waitress who was gonna have a baby
She said she needed just that much to help her pay the rent
(dobro)
Later on I formed a band and really hit the big time
Ten bucks a night for working at the time
We worked through winter gardens and some other choice nightspots
Looking back I have to say those were the good ole times
Summer came and me and old Mitch Mitchell fished White River
And caught those big ole juicy channel cats
Sometimes when I'm ridin' on the jet plane going somewhere
I get to thinking that I'd like to live a life like that
So thank you Connersville and thanks to you old Indiana
You took me in when I knew slimmer days
I won't forget you and I hope that you will not forget me
And you folks stop and see me if you're ever down this way