

Austin Cunningham, Buck Clayborn

Austin Cunningham
Let That Poor Boy Sing
Buck Clayborn

His name was Robert Clayborn but the whole town called him Buck
He didnt have a whole lot cept his cowdog and his truck
And Id hang out on the front porch of his shack just west of town
And soak up all his stories til the Texas sun went down

Hed sip his flask of bourbon while I sipped a bottle coke
Id almost wet my pants yall just laughing at his jokes
He taught me how to cuss and how to lose at dominoes
And how to throw a roundhouse right if it ever came to blows

Chorus:
We were the toughest hombres
We were the best of friends
And freedom never felt so free
As sittin there on that front porch way back when
When it was Buck Clayborn and me

Now some town folks called him drunkard and they called my Daddy twice
Concerned that my virtue to be exposed to all Bucks vice
I can still hear Mrs. Beasley tell my Mama I declare Im afraid to see what kind of manners your boy

But what a preacher could not teach me about how to talk to God
I learned from Buck a prayin when we buried his old dog
He said Please take him to heaven Lord if you let an old dog in
And bless dear Mrs. Beasley, shes a peach, Amen.

Sometimes I like to come home, and stand on this very spot
And though the porch we sat and laughed on is now an asphalt parking lot
I can still hear his old whiskey voice whisper on the wind sayin
How bout a game of checkers son, if youre lucky Ill let you win

Whoa, take me back to that front porch once again
When it was Buck Clayborn and me