

# Cal Smith, Country Bumpkin

He walked up to the bar and parked his lanky frame upon a tall bar stool,  
And with a long soft southern drawl said,  
I'll just have a glass of anything that's cool;  
A barroom girl with hard and knowing eyes slowly looked him up and down,  
And she thought I wonder how on earth  
That country bumpkin found his way to town.

She said. "Hello country bumpkin, how's the frost down on the pumpkin?  
I've seen some sights, but man you're somethin',  
Where'd you come from country bumpkin?"

It was just a short year later in a bed  
Of joy-filled tears, yet death-like pain,  
Into this wondrous world of many wonders  
One more wonder came;  
That same woman's face was wrapped up  
In a raptured look of love and tenderness,  
As she marvelled at the soft and warm,  
And cuddly boy child feeding at her breast.

And she said, "Hello country bumpkin,  
Fresh as frost down on the pumpkin;  
I've seen some sights, but babe you're somethin',  
Mama loves her country bumpkin"

Forty years of hard work later in a simple, quiet  
And peaceful country place,  
The heavy hand of time had not erased  
The raptured wonder from the woman's face;  
She was lying on her death-bed knowing fully well  
Her race was nearly run,  
But she softly smiled and looked into  
The sad eyes of her husband and her son.

And she said, "So long country bumpkin  
The frost is gone now from the pumpkin;  
I've seen some sights and life's been somethin'  
See you later country bumpkin.