

# Gram Parsons, My Uncle

A letter came today from the draft board  
With trembling hands I read the questionnaire  
It asked me questions about my mama and papa  
Now that ain't what I call exactly fair

So I'm heading for the nearest foreign border  
Vancouver might be just my kind of town  
'Cause they don't need the kind of law and order  
That tends to keep a good man underground

A sad old soldier once told me a story  
About a battlefield that he was on  
He said a man should never fight for glory  
He must know what is right and what is wrong

Now, I don't know how much I owe my uncle  
But I suspect it's more than I can pay  
He's asking me to sign a three-year contract  
I guess I'll catch the first bus out today