

Hall Tom T, Last Hard Town

Woke up on a bus and heard the driver say
Friends fill it up with No 2
Wondered where I was and wondered what today
Would be demanding me to do
It's not for me the last cause I'm just goin'
Where life's sendin' me I guess
The thing that keeps us goin' is the good folks
In the last hard town we met

I sat pickin' on my guitar till I saw
The new sun comin' through the skies
Ain't it funny how the truth is sometimes
Written on an artificial high
Carry water from the well untill you know
That all the children are refreshed
The thing that keeps us goin' is the good folks
In the last hard town we met

We were drinking too much yesterday
Nobody's ever told us what's enough
The ones that we should've prayed for more than likely
Were the ones we had to cuss
They applauded as we killed ourselves
But angels don't have bourbon on their breath
The thing that keeps us goin' is the good folks
In the last hard town we met

They came to see the people that they thought we were
And never changed their minds
They explained the way that difference caused
The folks who love a picker can be blind
They misunderstood the words but understood
That our intentions were the best
The thing that keeps us goin' is the good folks
In the last hard town we met

What a picker does for others is the thing
He's mainly doing for himself
There were friends and there were neighbors
But the good homes that we came from didn't help
If there's anything you'd like to say
About us after we have gone to rest
We would like someone to mention all the good folks
In the last hard town we met