

Hank Thompson, Country Bumpkin

COUNTRY BUMPKIN

(Don Wayne)

'74 Tree Publishing

He walked into the bar and parked his lanky frame upon a tall bar stool
With a long soft southern drawl said I'll just have a glass of anything that's cool
A barroom girl with wise and knowing eyes slowly looked me up and down
And she said I wonder how on earth that country bumpkin found his way to town
And she said hello country bumpkin
How's the frost out on the pumpkin
I've seen some sights but man you're somethin'
Where'd you come from country bumpkin
Just a short year later in a bed of joy filled tears and death like pain
Into this wondrous world of many wonders another wonder came
That same woman's face was wrapped up in a raptured look of love and tenderness As I marveled
Fresh as frost out on the pumpkins
I've seen some sights but babe you're somethin'
Mommy 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 my 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 I said so long country bumpkins
The frost is gone now from the pumpkins
I've seem some sights and life's been somethin's
See you later country bumpkins see you later country bumpkins