

Hank Williams Jr., First Years Blues

FIRST YEARS BLUES

Written by Ernest Tubb 1941 11-17-41

Now I've been married about six months,
Only six months you see,
The first three months, was all ok,
But the last three is killin' me,
My wife began her hiss'n', cut down on her kissin',
And then she failed to shine my shoes,
My shirts they came up wrinkled,
My pants with dirt were sprinkled,
And then I took the first year blues.

Well then she started naggin',
She left the sink a'saggin',
With dishes piled up high,
No food upon the table, she said if she was able,
She'd cook something bye and bye,
Then I began to wonder, if I had made a blunder,
When I said I do, she must have read my thinkin',
Her eyes began to blinkin' and that gal broke in - to.

Well I heard the dishes crashin',
And I began to dashin', gettin' out of sight,
For right there was my honey,
On who I'd spent my money, turnin' into dy - na - mite,
Then after she'd exploded, her meanness all unloaded,
And things began to simmer down,
I found myself a'bleedin', and very much a'needin',
Of stitches taken all a - round.

Well then she started cryin', I felt myself a'sighin',
And then I took her in my arms,
I was afraid to scold her, so I just gently told her,
She didn't do a bit of harm,
Now the first six months is over, and I am much the older,
And experienced with a wife,
If I can stand the next six, my friends all say I'll be fixed,
To take it the rest of my life.