

Hank Williams Jr., Old Frank

Sittin' by a campfire eatin' old pork and meats
Waitin' on an old slow freight headin' south to New Orleans
They say it's warm and there's a hot a pretty Creol queen
So I'm leavin' this poor north so cold and eatin' shramps instead of beans
Just like old Frank sittin' there by me the fire was dying neath the pot
And his hands so old tremble from the cold a scene I've never forgot
He said son go on home to your mama before you wind up like me
Hurтин' everyone else includin' yourself don't waste your life foolishly
I could see the tears filling his eyes as he handed me a picture faded bad
And as the angel of death took his last breath
There's standing by me in the picture I could see old Frank and it was sign of death