

# Merle Haggard, I Wonder If They Ever Think Of Me

There's not much a man can do inside a prisoner  
Just take his mem'ry trips and fights the pain  
And a word from home can mean so much to a prisoner  
It's been years since that last letter came  
Not a day goes by that I don't think of mama  
And my nights are filled with thoughts of sweet Marie  
And old friends I ran around with keep on running through my mind  
But I just wonder if they ever think of me  
I wonder if they know that I'm still living  
and still proud to be a part of Uncle Sam  
I wonder if they think I died of hunger  
in this rotten prison camp in VietNam  
Not a day goes by that I don't think of mama  
And my nights are filled with thoughts of sweet Marie  
And I remember daddy sayin' you'll come back a better man  
And I just wonder if they ever think of me  
oh I just wonder if they ever think of me