

Nat Stuckey, Don't Pay The Ransom

Last night I stopped off for a beer on my way home
And I saw this broken hearted sweet thing cryin' all alone
My tender heart was deeply touched at the sight of a woman's tears
So I said hi there and I pulled up a chair and ordered us a couple of beers
We must have drunk a gallon of brew when I looked at my watch it was half past two
And I suddenly realized I hadn't even called my wife
And knowin' what would happen to me when I get home
I nearly broke my neck gettin' to the phone
And here's what I told her in an effort to save my life
Don't pay the ransom honey I've escaped
Considering what I've been through I'm in good shape
Well my wrist and ankles are a little sore from the tape
But don't pay the ransom honey I've escaped
[guitar - steel]
Now if you got tied up somewhere tonight on your way home
In a poker game or with a pretty dame and it slips your mind to phone
Don't blow your cool like a crazy fool and tell your woman where you've been
Your situation requires imagination and I've got a suggestion my friend
Tell her now don't pay the ransom ...
No don't pay the ransom honey I've escaped