

Porter Wagoner, House Of Shame

There's nothing unusual about the way my day begins
As I walk up and down the streets with my mailpouch in my hands
I've run this route for years everybody knows my name
Especially at the old folks home which I call the House of Shame
The old folks home is my last stop that's where I end my daily rout
And my mailpouch is usually empty by then not always but just about
Except for an accosional letter and they all wait anxiously
With sad eyes that said the question is there anything for me
And I hear their trembling voices as they talk back and forth
I guess the children're just too busy to write
They've got a lot of things to do of course
And I try to cheer 'em up and say things to make 'em feel better
Then I think to myself just how little effort it takes to write a letter
Their old and wrinkled faces and hair as white as snow
And memories locked up in their minds that only they could know
I spent many hours there at the end of each day's run
Trying in some way to fill the place of a daughter or a son
And I listen as they tell me of their families of days gone by
And the sadness there at times is so great I can't help but cry
And thought it's reality it seems more like a dream
That some of them have grandchildren that they've never even seen
And I think it's just a shame that children they have raised
Would put 'em in this House of Shame to spend their later days
So there they sit just waitin' waitin' for letters they never get
Waitin' for children that never come by waitin' just waitin' to die
You see my folks are old now too and we've put 'em in a home
But the difference is they live with us and they'll never be alone