## 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