Porter Wagoner, My Name Is Mud

My name was Stranger on the night that we met
And then it was Sweetheart and it might have been yet
But my arms grew careless like a fear that they would
Now my arms are empty my lips are so cold and my name is Mud
My name is Mud my darling is gone
She won't even see me she won't even write me she won't even call
Oh they call me a cheater and they say I'm no good
And in any man's language my name is Mud
[piano]
My true love worshipped the ground where I stand
Till the learned the hard way it was just shifting sand
Oh she cried enough teardrops to start her a flood
Teardrops soak my name in the sand and my name is Mud
My name is Mud...