

# Robert Earl Keen, The Great Hank

Then there was the time  
I saw the great Hank Williams singing on the stage in Philadelphia,  
Pennsylvania and he was all dressed up in drag  
From his rose red lips to his rhinestone hips he belted  
out song after song as he drank from a brown paper bag  
And the songs he sang of love and pain,  
so pure perfect reflections of human imperfections,  
it damn near choked me up  
But the rest of the show, was kind of slow  
And then someone woke me up

Later on the Astros were silently beating the living crap  
out of Cincinnati on the TV above  
and a little to the left of the great Hank Williams' head  
As a busty suicide blonde waitress poured him a double shot of 'whatever you got'  
and laughingly said "I thought you were dead"  
The pool balls cracked as he tilted his head back  
and told her how he had been a big star but now country music was full of freaks  
He sat there, in the TV glare  
Mascara streaked his cheeks

When I was only sixteen years old I went from Houston to Abilene  
with a spunky stunningly handsome woman in a Volkswagen Bug  
She was grown with some kids all her own,  
a commitment-free divorcee, and I was a man in love  
We had only one 8-track tape but it was of the late great  
Hank Williams and we sang in two-part harmony  
"Hey good lookin', how's about cookin'  
Something up with me"

Back at the bar they were calling last call  
so I gave the barmaid a credit card to pay up my tab  
The TV was turned off and the stage was dark  
and the great Hank Williams was gone so I asked her to call me a cab  
She said if you like I can give you a ride,  
so there we were out the door and into the city of brotherly love  
Into the night, out of sight  
In a VW Bug