

Tom T. Hall, Homecoming

I guess I should've written, Dad, to let you know that I was coming home
I've been gone so many years, I didn't realize you had a phone
I saw your cattle coming in, boy they're looking mighty fat and slick
I saw Fred at the service station, told me that his wife is awful sick
You heard my record on the radio, oh, well it's just another song
But I've got a hit recorded and it'll be out on the market 'fore too long
I got this ring in Mexico, no, it didn't cost me quite a bunch
When you're in the business that I'm in, the people call it puttin' up a front
I know I've lost a little weight, I guess I am looking kind of pale
If you didn't know me better, Dad, you'd think that I'd just gotten out of jail
No, we don't ever call them beer joints, night clubs are the places that I work
You meet a lot of people there, but no, there ain't much chance of gettin' hurt
I'm sorry that I couldn't be there with you all when Momma passed away
I was on the road and when they came and told me it was just too late
I drove by the grave to see her, boy, that really is a pretty stone
I'm glad that Fred and Jan are here, it's better than you being here alone
Well I knew you's gonna ask me who the lady is that's sleeping in the car
That's just a girl who works for me and, man, she plays a pretty mean guitar
We worked in San Antone last night, she didn't even have the time to dress
She drove me down from Nashville and to tell the truth I guess she needs the rest
Well, Dad, I gotta go, we got a dance to work in Cartersville tonight
Let me take your number down, I'll call you, and I promise you I'll write
Now you be good and don't be chasin' all those pretty women that you know
And by the way if you see Barbara Walker tell her that I said "Hello."