

Tom T. Hall, I Hope It Rains At My Funeral

A man with forty acres plowed and planted
can't send no fourteen year-old boy to no school.
The only thing I learned in the years I worked on my daddy's farm
was, "Son, you better get them crops in when it turns cool."
In the magazines, I saw the naked women.
I heard about the drinkin' and the bars.
If my daddy could've caught me, he'd a-killed me.
He said, "You might run, boy, but you ain't gonna get far."
I hit town or you might say that it hit me.
Next mornin' there were things I knew more about.
The woman who had taken me in said, "Country boy, you're all right."
The same way I turned her on, she turned me out.
The first law I broke, right away they got me.
I helped them build the country roads for awhile.
They fed me two times a day and knocked me down about four.
For thirty days I didn't even crack a smile.
I met a nice girl and she said I was her baby.
She let me go and would never tell me why.
I learned what it means to be somebody's baby.
They let you lie in your bed by yourself and cry.
The miles were good but the mileage is turnin' my hair gray.
I've met some people that knew me and call me friend.
Ain't no sense in wantin' my life to live over.
I'd find different ways to make those mistakes again.
So let me say this, I never tried to hurt anybody.
Though I guess there's a few that I still couldn't look in the eye.
If I've got one wish, I hope it rains at my funeral.
For once, I'd like to be the only one dry.