

# Tom T. Hall, Last Hard Town

Woke up on a bus and heard the driver say friends fill it up with No 2  
Wondered where I was and wondered what today would be demanding me to do  
It's not for me the last cause I'm just goin' where life's sendin' me I guess  
The thing that keeps us goin' is the good folks in the last hard town we met  
I sat pickin' on my guitar till I saw the new sun comin' through the skies  
Ain't it funny how the truth is sometimes written on an artificial high  
Carry water from the well untill you know that all the children are refreshed  
The thing that keeps us goin' is the good folks in the last hard town we met  
We were drinking too much yesterday nobody's ever told us what's enough  
The ones that we should've prayed for more than likely were the ones we had to cuss  
They applauded as we killed ourselves but angels don't have bourbon on their breath  
The thing that keeps us goin' is the good folks in the last hard town we met  
( guitar )

They came to see the people that they thought we were and never changed their minds  
They explained the way that difference caused the folks who love a picker can be blind  
They misunderstood the words but understood that our intentions were the best  
The thing that keeps us goin' is the good folks in the last hard town we met  
What a picker does for others is the thing he's mainly doing for himself  
There were friends and there were neighbors  
But the good homes that we came from didn't help  
If there's anything you'd like to say about us after we have gone to rest  
We would like someone to mention all the good folks in the last hard town we met