Tom T. Hall, Little Brown Suitcase

A little brown suitcase at the top of the stairs
Not much to start with and worse for the wear
Mama said Virgil let's thow that away he said no it might come in handy some day
Well first there was Billy Joe then there was Jack
They took that old suitcase but all brought it back
Now some went a ridin' and some had to walk
But Lord if that little brown suitcase could talk
Well my brother Quentin the one with a smile
He took that old suitcase and he went to Ohio
And he brought it back on Christmas full of toys and things
And some Bill Monroe records that I soon learned to sing
Well that was the year of 57 and the month of July
When I took that old suitcase and I joined the GI's
I followed the pattern set down by the rest
On the inside of the cover I wrote my address
Well my folks are passed on now I don't know where it's at
You know Betty might know cause she keeps things like that
And when dad gets to heaven mom won't be alarmed
If he got that old suitcase tucked under his arms