

Tom T. Hall, Song For Uncle Curt

I hate to write this song I never wanted to but after all Curt writin' songs is what I do
Right now the paper's staring at me cold and blank
Defying me to even try express my thanks
But this song is for you uncle Curt you never were my uncle ain't that strange
This song is for you uncle Curt a name is just a name is just a name is just a name

They called and said that you had bought your final's rout
You gave me hell right to the end and I was proud
I know some friends have wanted you to beg for life
But I knew you'd live long enough to learn to die
This song is for you uncle Curt...

I'm living down in Nashville now and writin' tunes
The neighborhood is full of trees and good saloons
I just got back from California on a plane everything is different but it's just the same
And this song is for you uncle Curt...
Is just a name is just a name is just a name