

Tom T. Hall, Songwriter

He sits with the guitar on his knee thinking of love that he's had
If it makes a sound he writes it down he's a songwriter
He's trying to paint little pictures of mountains
Turn little teardrops into mighty fountains he's a songwriter
He smiles at the good lines frown at the bad lines
Cries with the sad parts rewrites the bad parts he's a songwriter

He looks through the window of life some people think he's a joke
But who can tell the thing might sell he's a songwriter
He's trying to paint...

Thank you for hearing my tune now I'll get out of your room
It's late you know I've got to go I'm a songwriter mhm mhm