

Tom T. Hall, The Year That Clayton Delaney Died

I remember the year that Clayton Delaney died
They said for the last two weeks that he suffered and cried
It made a big impression on me, although I was a barefoot kid
They said he got religion at the end and I'm glad that he did
Clayton was the best guitar picker in our town
I thought he was a hero and I used to follow Clayton around
I often wondered why Clayton, who seemed so good to me
Never took his guitar and made it down in Tenn-o-see
Well, Daddy said he drank a lot, but I could never understand
I knew he used to pick up in Ohio with a five-piece band
Clayton used to tell me, "Son you better put that old guitar away,
There ain't no money in it, it'll lead you to an early grave."
I guess if I'd admit it, Clayton taught me how to drink booze
I can see him half-stoned a-pickin' out the lovesick blues
When Clayton died I made him a promise, I was gonna carry on somehow
I'd give a hundred dollars if he could only see me now
I remember the year that Clayton Delaney died
Nobody ever knew it but I went out in the woods and I cried
Well, I know there's a lotta big preachers that know a lot more than I do
But it could be that the good Lord likes a little pickin' too
Yeah, I remember the year that Clayton Delaney died