

# Tom T. Hall, Who's Gonna Feed Them Hogs

I met him in a hospital about a year ago  
And why I still remember him I guess I'll never know  
He'd lie there and cry out in a medicated fog,  
"Here I am in this dang bed and who's gonna feed them hogs?"  
"Four hundred hogs, they just standin' out there  
My wife can't feed 'em and my neighbors don't care  
They can't get out and roam around like my old huntin' dogs  
Here I am in this dang bed and who's gonna feed them hogs?"  
His face was lean and his hands were rough  
His way was hogs and his nature was tough  
His doctors tried to tell him that he may not live at all  
But all he ever talked about was who's gonna feed them hogs  
"Four hundred hogs, they just standin' out there  
My wife can't feed 'em and my neighbors don't care  
They can't get out and roam around like my old huntin' dogs  
Here I am in this dang bed and who's gonna feed them hogs?"  
Four hundred hogs comes to eight hundred hams  
And that's a lot of money for a hog-raisin' man  
Four hundred hogs comes to sixteen hundred feet  
The market's up and there are people a-waitin' on that meat  
Well, the doctors say they do not know what saved the man from death  
But in a few days he put on his overalls and he left  
That's all there is to this small song but waitress, before you leave,  
Would you bring me some coffee and a hot ham sandwich, please?  
Four hundred hogs they're just standing out there  
His wife couldn't feed 'em and his neighbors didn't care  
They couldn't get out and roam around like his old huntin' dogs...  
[fades out]