

Hall Tom T "Homecoming"

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I guess, I should've written, Dad
To let you know that I was comin' home
I've been gone so many years
I didn't realize you had a phone

I saw your cattle comin' in
Boy, they're looking mighty fat and slick
I saw Fred at the service station
Told me that his wife is awful sick

You heard my record on the radio
Oh, well it's just another song
But I've got a hit recorded
And it'll be out on the market 'fore too long

I got this ring in Mexico
An' no, it didn't cost me quite a bunch
When you're in the business that I'm in
The people call it puttin' up a front

I know, I've lost a little weight
I guess, I am lookin' kind of pale
If you didn't know me better, Dad
You'd think that I'd just gotten out of jail

No, we don't ever call them beer joints
Night clubs are the places where I work
You meet a lot of people there, but no
There ain't much chance of gettin' hurt

I'm sorry that I couldn't be here
With you all when Momma passed away
I was on the road and when they came
And told me it was just too late

I drove by the grave to see her
Boy, that really is a pretty stone
I'm glad that Fred and Jan are here
It's better than you being here alone

Well, I knew you's gonna ask me
Who the lady is that's sleepin' in the car

That's just a girl who works for me
And man, she plays a pretty mean guitar

We worked in San Antone last night
She didn't even have the time to dress
She drove me down from Nashville
And to tell the truth I guess she needs the rest

Well, Dad, I gotta go, we got a dance
To work in Cartersville tonight
Let me take your number down, I'll call you
And I promise you I'll write

Now you be good and don't be chasin'
All those pretty women that you know
And by the way if you see Barbara Walker
Tell her that I said hello

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