

Hank Williams Jr. "Conversation"

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Hank, let's talk about your daddy
Tell me how your mama loved that man
Well, just break out a bottle, hoss
I'll tell you bout the driftin' cowboy band

We won't talk about the habits
Just the music and the man, that's all

Now Hank, you just got to tell me
Did your daddy really write all them songs? Did he?
That don't deserve no answer, hoss
Let's light up and just move along

Do you think he wrote 'em about your mama
Or about the man who done her wrong, you know that

Yeah, back then they called him crazy
Nowadays they call him a saint
Now the ones that called him crazy
Are still ridin' on his name

Well, if he was here right now, Bocephus
Would he think that we were right? Do you think he
might?
Don't you know he would Watasha
Be right here by our side

If we left for a show in Provo
He'd be the first one on the bus and ready to ride,
[Incomprehensible]

Wherever he is I hope he's happy
You know I hope he's doin' well, yes I do
He is 'cause he's got one arm around my mama now
And he sure did love Miss Audrey and raisin' hell

I won't ask you no more questions
To the stories only Hank could tell
[Incomprehensible]

Back then they called him crazy
Nowadays they call him a saint

Most folks don't know that they fired him from the Opry
And that caused his greatest pain

I loved to tell you about lovesick
How Miss Audrey loved that man
You know I've always loved to listen
To the stories about that driftin' cowboy band and the
man

You know when we get right down to it
Still the most wanted outlaw in the land, yeah, woh

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