

## **Hank Williams Jr. "Old Frank"**

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Sittin' by a campfire eatin' old pork and meats  
Waitin' on an old slow freight headin' south to New  
Orleans  
They say it's warm and there's a hot a pretty Creol  
queen  
So I'm leavin' this poor north so cold and eatin'  
shrams instead of beans  
Just like old Frank sittin' there by me the fire was dying  
neath the pot  
And his hands so old tremble from the cold a scene  
I've never forgot  
He said son go on home to your mama before you wind  
up like me  
Hurtin' everyone else includin' yourself don't waste  
your life foolishly  
I could see the tears filling his eyes as he handed me a  
picture faded bad  
And as the angel of death took his last breath  
There's standing by me in the picture I could see old  
Frank and it was sign of death

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