

# Jackie Greene

## "1961"

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He loved her back in 1961  
He held her through the night  
Till the dark was done

But he's been gone now for several years  
Left her nothing but a letter to catch the tears  
He might not know it but she had his son  
Back in 1961

She raised the baby  
And off to school he went  
She had help from the neighbors  
Along from the government

She tells herself that she did her best  
Through out all the trials, they had been blessed  
But she still longs to have her fun  
Like in 1961, oh

He wakes up on a lonely stretch of road  
And driving rigs for a living  
Truckin' a heavy load

His thoughts drift back to another time  
And a woman that he treated so unkind  
And wonders just what her life's become  
Since 1961

He lays there now upon his dying bed  
Memories of lifetime's in his head

The nurse comes back, she says to him  
"You have a visitor, should I let him in?"  
And in walks a face that could only be his son  
From 1961, oh, from 1961, yeah, 1961, oh yeah

I'm comin' home, oh, 1961, oh  
Yeah

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