

John Michael Montgomery **"Letters From Home"**

Visit "[Letters From Home](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

My dearest son it's almost June
I hope this letter catches up with you, and finds you well
It's been dry but they're calling for rain
And everything's the same old same, in Johnsonville
Your stubborn old daddy ain't said too much
But I'm sure you know he sends his love
And she goes on, in a letter from home
I hold it up and show my buddies
Like we ain't scared and our boots ain't muddy
And they all laugh like there's something funny bout
the way I talk
When I say momma sends her best y'all
I fold it up and put it in my shirt
Pick up my gun and get back to work
And it keeps me drivin' on
Waitin' on, letters from home

My dearest love it's almost dawn
I been lying here all night long
Wonderin' where you might be
I saw your momma and I showed her the ring
Man on the television said some things, so I couldn't
sleep
But I'll be all right I'm just missin' you
And this is me kissing you
X's and O's, in a letter from home
I hold it up and show my buddies
Like we ain't scared and our boots ain't muddy
And they all laugh cause she calls me honey
But they take it hard, cause I don't read the good parts
I fold it up and put it in my shirt
Pick up my gun and get back to work
And it keeps me drivin' on
Waitin on, letters from home

Dear son I know I ain't written
And sitting here tonight alone in the kitchen it occurs to
me
I might not have said it so I'll say it now
Son you make me proud
I hold it up and show my buddies

Like we ain't scared and our boots ain't muddy
But no one laughs, cause there ain't nothing funny
when a soldier cries
And I just wipe my eyes
I fold it up and put it in my shirt
Pick up my gun and get back to work
And it keeps me drivin' on
Waitin on, letters from home

Visit [John Michael Montgomery](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.