

Johnny Cash

"A Letter From Home"

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A cowpoke rode in, one hot dusty day
To a store down in old San Antone
He stood at the window and I heard him say
Do I have a letter from home

The postmaster looked through the mail that had come
Then smilingly shook his gray head
The cowpoke looked sadly a moment at him
And these are the words that he said

No letter from home, no letter from home
There's never a letter from home
No message from mother or none of the others
There's never a letter from home

That night he was shot on the wrong side of town
No more of those plains will he roam
I reached for my Bible and gave it to him
And said, "Son here's your letter from home"

"If only I had just a little more time
To read it", the young cowpoke said
"I can't take it with me and I must go on"
Then he died with his letter unread

The letter from home, the letter from home
No time for the letter from home
The cowboy laid dead with his letter unread
Too late for the letter from home

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