David Allan Coe "Old Man Tell Me"

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By: David Allan Coe and Buzz Rabin

I'VE SEEN THE OLD MAN SITTING' 'ROUND
THE COURTHOUSE SQUARE BACK HOME IN TOWN
TALKIN' ABOUT THE BIG WAR BACK IN 1943
SAYING' HOW MUCH GOOD IT'S DONE
MEDALS GLEAMING' IN THE SUN
CUSSING' AT MY LONG HAIR
AND MY TALK OF BEING' FREE

THEIR VISION LIKE THEIR BATTLE SCARS
OF OTHER WARS HAS FADED
LIKE THE COLORS ON THE RIBBONS
FROM THE BATTLES THAT THEY'VE WON
IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED IT'S THIS
YOU JUST CAN'T SHAKE HAND WITH A FIST
AND I ONCE DID MY TALKIN' WITH A GUN

AND, OLD MAN, I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE SEEN BUT YOURS IS NOT THE ONLY DREAM I HAVE TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING MORE THAN YESTERDAY
LET IT DIE JUST LIKE THE PAST I BELIEVE THERE'S HOPE AT LAST OLD MAN, DID YOU EVER HAVE TO PRAY OLD MAN, CAN YOU SHOW ME THE WAY

HE SHAKES HIS HEAD FROM TIME TO TIME
AND RAMBLES SOMEWHERE IN HIS MIND
MUMBLING' 'BOUT THE CIVIL WAR
AND HOW WE SHOULD HAVE WON
SETTING' UP HIS BATTLE PLANS
ON CHECKER BOARDS AT HIS COMMAND
WATCHING' ALL HIS GALLANT KINGS GO FALLEN' ONE
BY ONE

AND "SON," HE'D SAY, "THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME FOR YOU TO STRAIGHTEN OUT YOUR MIND BUT YOU NEVER LISTEN TO THE THINGS I TRY TO SAY" AND I JUST TURN MY HEAD AND CRY NEVER UNDERSTANDING WHY

HE'D SET UP THAT CHECKER BOARD WHEN HE KNEW I COULDN'T PLAY

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