

Tim Hawkins**"Grover Henson Feels Forgotten"**

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World, I'm writing you this letter
And I'm not the kind of guy
Who likes to complain but this morning
Private Grover Henson really felt forgotten
And you couldn't have picked a worse time
To drop that lonely morning rain

There's mail call again this morning and
I just disappeared from the end of the line
I guess you'd say, I've run out of excuses
About those lost letters of mine

Did you know that last year's income tax
Was the only mail I've gotten, that's right
And they said I still owed a hundred bucks
And Grover Henson feels forgotten

(Grover Henson feels forgotten)

So, I wrote myself a letter
Mmm hmm, are you ready for me
Yes, I did, and I must have read it
To just about everyone

I signed it, your loving mother and
I addressed it to her favorite son
But God knows I've never known her
And I've never known her love

The only dad I ever had
Was my father up above
And, world, Grover Henson feels
Forgotten in this early morning rain

World, if my time should come tomorrow
Could I ask one thing of you
Would you send me one little letter, world
If it's not too much to do

And could you have it
Read to me by a choir

I'd hear it wherever I lie

And Grover Henson
Wouldn't feel forgotten
If his time should come to die

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