

Charles Esten "Papa Writes To Johnny"

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Papa writes to Johnny
But Johnny can't come home
Been too much time now
Too many nights on the road
Oh, too many nights on the road

Blues on the table
There's blues every week
Pouring out of the coffee pot
With the first cup of the day
Oh, the first cup of the day

Now where are my friends
When I'm taking the heat
Only help I got today
Was from a stranger on the street
Oh, a stranger on the street

And why would you laugh
If you wanted to cry
And why would you say things
If you knew it was a lie
Oh, you knew it was a lie

Dark was the night
Cold was the ground
I couldn't sleep
So I got up and walked around
Oh, I got up and walked around

And I walked into Dallas
Crying all the way
Running over in my mind
Everything I meant to say
Oh, everything I meant to say

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