

## Laura Gibson

# "Country Bumpkin"

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He walked into the bar  
And parked his lanky frame upon a tall bar stool  
With a long soft southern drawl  
Said, "I'll just have a glass of anything that's cool"

A barroom girl with wise and knowing eyes  
Slowly looked me up and down  
And she said, "I wonder how on earth  
That country bumpkin found his way to town"

And she said, "Hello, country bumpkin  
How's the frost out on the pumpkin?  
I've seen some sights but man you're somethin'  
Where'd you come from country bumpkin?"

Just a short year later in a bed of joy  
Filled tears and death like pain  
Into this wondrous world of many wonders  
Another wonder came

That same woman's face was wrapped up  
In a raptured look of love and tenderness  
As I marveled at the soft and warm  
And cuddly boy child, feeding at her breast

And she said, "Hello, country bumpkin  
Fresh as frost out on the pumpkins  
I've seen some sights but babe you're somethin'  
Mommy, loves her country bumpkin"

Forty years, of hard work later  
In a simple, quiet and peaceful country place  
The heavy hand of time had not erased  
The raptured wonder from my woman's face

She was lying on her death bed  
Knowing fully well her race was nearly run  
But she softly smiled and looked into  
The sad eyes of her husband and her son

And I said, "So long country bumpkins

The frost is gone now from the pumpkins  
I've seem some sights and life's been somethin'  
See you later country bumpkins"

See you later country bumpkins

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