

Porter Wagoner "Albert Erving"

Visit "[Albert Erving](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

On past the Riley Fruit Farm in the country and across
the Gundy Hills to Jopin Holler
An old man lived alone like a prisoner serving I'd never
met a man like Albert Erving
Albert never held a woman or a child you could see that
loneliness had drove him wild
He said I ain't seen a soul in three long years and down
his lonely face came the tears
His house was filled with logs and cardboard boxes
The boxes sealed the cracks in the wintertime
The floor in Albert's home was just the earth worn down
Where Albert's lonely feet had walked around
[fiddle]
Everything in Albert's house was made by hand a
picture carved in wood sat on a stand
Such beauty in a face I'd never seen carved just below
the picture the name Kathleen
Albert held the picture close up to his face said my
Kathleen adds beauty to this place
I asked him who she was then came the tears
He said she's not real she's just someone I've dreamed
of all these years
His house was filled...
Where Albert's lonely feet had walked around

Visit [Porter Wagoner](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.