

John Popper & The Duskray Troubadours

"You Never Even Call Me By My Name"

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[spoken] This is a song I wrote with John Prine 4 years ago (1972) and we tried to put into one song, everything that had ever been in any of the country and western songs we had ever heard. Tried to put it all into one song. Serves us right. This is what came out:

Well it was all I could do to keep from cryin'
Some times it seems so useless to remain
You're the one who always tried to change me
And that is why I will always stay the same

Chorus:

But I'll hang around as long as you will let me
I never minded standing in the rain
You don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
But you never even call me by my name

No, you don't have to call me Freddy Fender
You don't have to call me Charlie Pride
You don't have to call me Merle Haggard anymore
Even though you know you're on my fighting side

Chorus- this verse only:

And I'm gonna hang around as long as you will let me
I never minded standing in the rain (when nights are
cold and lonely)
You don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
But you never even call me by name.

[musical by mouth improv done in a Merle Haggard-
like tone -no words]

[spoken] I've seen my name, a few times in the phone
book

[spoken] And on the neon sign above the bar I used to
own

[spoken] And there's only one thing I'm really sure of
was that sucker

You're gonna hear it when my savior calls me home

[spoken] That's a lot to get into one song. We left out

all the good stuff. Dallas, dope, divorce, dead dogs,
trains prison Christmas, mothers, farms, and trucks.
Mothers, prison, trucks, trains, farms, Christmas, and
dead dogs are essential, you can't have a good
country song without them things. And with all due
respect this song needs mothers, prison, trucks, trains,
farms, Christmas and dead dogs and is that it?
Whatever it is - it's also 4 minutes long already (they're
going 'when's he gonna end, when's he gonna end in
the booth back there') So I'll just tack this verse on the
end here-

Ever since the dog died and mama went to prison
Ain't nothin' round this old farm that's been the same
[Spoken] You know when mom broke out last Christmas
She drove the getaway laundry truck into a train

Chorus:

But I'll hang around as long as you will let me
I never minded standing in the rain
You don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
But you never even call me by my name

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