

## **Tom T. Hall**

# **"Adventures Of Linda Bohannon"**

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In a town about the size of a truck-stop or bigger  
Lived Linda Bohannon, a natural queen  
She lived with her folks in a little white farmhouse  
She helped out by hoeing the corn and the beans

Sometimes she would stare at herself in a mirror  
And any would say, there was much to admire  
Every turn of the curve of her body was flawless  
From pretty white teeth to her shiny blond hair

One day, as she stood by the road leading westward  
In blue jeans and t-shirt and mail-order boots  
The tractors and trailers and pick-ups, saw Linda  
The drivers all slowed down to holler and hoot

They received, not a smile from miss Linda Bohannon  
No bag and no brush did she hold in her hand  
Just Linda Bohannon, a physical treasure  
Stepped into a light-blue Mercedes Benz

And this is one of those times  
That we wish we knew the missing parts to these  
stories  
But this is all we know

She was missing a week and her parents were worried  
She called Sunday morning and said, "I'm okay"  
Well, Bohannons don't talk much, but we found out  
later  
She called from a movie star's house in L.A

She's home now and been here for six years or seven  
She brought home a baby, a fine-looking lad  
Well Bohannons don't talk much, and Linda don't either  
And nobody told us a thing about his dad

Well she's pretty as ever and she works in a gift shop  
Looks after her boy and she don't ask for help  
She watches the re-runs of an old TV western  
And the boy looks a lot like a re-run himself

