

Tom T. Hall**"Don't Tell Ruby Where I'm At"**

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(Hillman Hall - Hal Bynum)

If you're ever down in Dallas drinkin' in the Palace
Say hello to Ruby she's an old friend of mine
You just wait until she's able and she'll come sit at your
table
Hug your neck learn your name have a little glass of
wine.

It was 1967 we were both in search of heaven
She was young and pretty and I was hard and lean
She begged me not to leave her but I'd done caught
the fever
And I told her that ole heaven ain't a damn thing but a
dream.

Listen when she talks of things we used to do
Believe her when she speaks of old friends we once
knew
When she mentions me I'll almost have to make the bet
She'll say good Lord I wish we'd never met
Oh don't you dare tell Ruby where I'm at.

You know I lit out from Texas I was young and restless
I though guns and whiskey were the makin's of a man
I had a future waitin' for me workin' for the state of
Georgia
I always think of Dallas when I hear that jail door slam.

Tell her no when she asks if I'm comin' down
Lie and tell her Dallas ain't my kind of town
Go ahead and love her I'll forgive you that
But if Ruby does not love me I will eat my hat
But don't you dare tell Ruby where I'm at.

See Ruby thinks I'm in Virginia some place
Drivin' one of them big trucks that go
Swoosh swoosh she don't know where I'm at
And don't tell her please...

