

Tom T. Hall **"Homecoming"**

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I guess I should've written, Dad
To let you know that I was coming home
I've been gone so many years
I didn't realize you had a phone

I saw your cattle coming in
Boy, they're looking mighty fat and slick
I saw Fred at the service station
Told me that his wife is awful sick

You heard my record on the radio
Oh, well, it's just another song
But I've got a hit recorded
And it'll be out on the market 'fore too long

I got this ring in Mexico
No, it didn't cost me quite a bunch
When you're in the business that I'm in
The people call it puttin' up a front

I know I've lost a little weight
An' I guess I am looking kind of pale
If you didn't know me better, Dad
You'd think that I'd just gotten out of jail

No, we don't ever call them beer joints
Night clubs are the places where I work
You meet a lot of people there
But no, there ain't no chance of gettin' hurt

I'm sorry that I couldn't be here with you all
When Momma passed away
I was on the road and when they came and told me
It was just too late

I drove by the grave to see her
Boy, that really is a pretty stone
I'm glad that Fred and Jan are here
It's better than you being here alone

Well, I knew you was gonna ask me
Who the lady is that's sleeping in the car

That's just a girl who works for me
And man, she plays a pretty mean guitar

We worked in San Antone last night
She didn't even have the time to dress
She drove me down from Nashville
And to tell the truth I guess she needs the rest

Well, Dad, I gotta go
We got a dance to work in Cartersville tonight
Let me take your number down
I'll call you and I promise you I'll write

Now you be good and don't be chasin'
All those pretty women that you know
And by the way if you see Barbara Walker
Tell her that I said, "Hello"

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