

Tom T. Hall

"Man Who Shot Himself"

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(Tom T. Hall)

He did not seem much like a man with a problem
He was small he was quiet he dressed neat and
shaved
His job was five days in a brick making plant
And he drank a few beers on his other two days.

His music was country, his faith was in Jesus
In fact he had pictures of Christ in his house
He never once questioned his daily existence
Nor wondered a lot what his life was about.

He was fond of his pistol and he cleaned it too often
He'd go down by the river shoot driftwood all day
Stare out the window and sip on the cold beer
Sometimes he was happy like children who play.

His music was country, his faith was in Jesus
In fact he had pictures of Christ in his house
He never once questioned his daily existence
Nor wondered a lot what his life was about.

And some Saturday morning he came to my father
And said Virgil would you cut my hair for me please
And my father was handy with razors and scissors
Sometimes he cut hair with the guys on our street.

His music was country, his faith was in Jesus
In fact he had pictures of Christ in his house
He never once questioned his daily existence
Nor wondered a lot what his life was about.

As small boys would do I sat watchin' my father
Dad kidded him some bout his jealous wife
The man thanked my father and he offered to pay him
Went back to his house and he took his own life.

His music was country, his faith was in Jesus
In fact he had pictures of Christ in his house
He never once questioned his daily existence

Nor wondered a lot what his life was about.

His music was country, his faith was in Jesus
In fact he had pictures of Christ in his house
He never once questioned his daily existence
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