

Tom T. Hall

"Senior Citizen Star"

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On the floor of the limo there's a bottle of whiskey
A white Stetson hat with a fine feather band
His face covered up with the two day old paper
He's a songwriter legend that gray haired old man

They don't say much to him, he don't say much to them
They wonder what goes on inside his old head
Sometimes when they shake him tryin' to wake him
He comes round so slowly they think that he's dead

And you're not allowed to talk about Denver, Colorado
You're not allowed to talk about his first wife, Joanne
You're not allowed to talk about his first fiddle player
Or anybody who ever worked in Elvis's band

He motions the driver to get him some coffee
He sits there and sips it his eyes on the floor
When he's readin' his paper he sometimes looks angry
He's still tryin' to figure out the Second World War

He mentions Chicago, the Opry and Wheeling
His awards are all stacked in the box in his barn
He made millions of dollars with a hoop and a holler
Now he lives in a trailer on a five acre farm

And you're not allowed to talk about [unverified]

As the limo rolls on down the America's highways
Just frames to the sign on the side of his car
It says pickin' and singin' for any occasion
The song writtin' senior citizen star

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