

Tom T. Hall

"Song For Uncle Curt"

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I hate to write this song I never wanted to
But after all, Curt writin' songs is what I do
Right now the paper's staring at me, cold and blank
Defying me to even try express my thanks

But this song is for you uncle Curt
You never were my uncle, ain't that strange?
This song is for you uncle Curt
A name is just a name, is just a name, is just a name

They called and said that you had bought your final's
rout
You gave me hell right to the end and I was proud
I know, some friends have wanted you to beg for life
But I knew, you'd live long enough to learn to die

This song is for you uncle Curt
You never were my uncle, ain't that strange?
This song is for you uncle Curt
A name is just a name, is just a name, is just a name

I'm living down in Nashville now and writin' tunes
The neighborhood is full of trees and good saloons
I just got back from California on a plane
Everything is different but it's just the same

And this song is for you uncle Curt
You never were my uncle, ain't that strange?
This song is for you uncle Curt
A name is just a name, is just a name, is just a name
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