

## Tom T. Hall

# "The Son of Clayton Delaney"

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On Fourth Street in Louisville in 1978  
Stranded in a honky-tonk, somewhere 'tween dates  
There was a little band playin' as I sipped my beer  
But I never thought that I'd hear what I'd hear

There was a young man pickin' electric guitar  
Smokin' and a snippin', an' a learnin' how to be a star  
He had a big blue bandanna tied around his head  
A laid-back bass and a drummer named Red

Well, his hair was cut long in the fashion of the time  
Sandpaper vocal but he milked every line  
His fingers like lightnin' on the guitar that he played  
He did lay down Sally and Hank didn't do it this way

Well, I sat there and listened for over an hour  
And the closest thing to country was a rockin' wildwood  
flower  
And I got that feelin' that I had been there before  
But I knew I had never been through that door

Well, the jukebox was turned on and the band took a  
break  
I made my way up front to Howdy and Shake  
I said, "Son, I like your music and I kinda like your  
style"  
But it seemed to me that I had seen that smile

While he stood there for a moment  
Then he laughed and he slapped his knee  
He said, "You are one man I've wanted to see"  
He said, "I know you, you story-tellin' son of a gun"  
And you know me I'm Clayton Delaneys son

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