

Tom T. Hall

"Three Sofa Story"

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(Tom T. Hall)

I was sittin' and drinkin' in an old friend's apartment
On the westside of Nashville one night
And in his apartment he had these three sofas
He had two too many all right.

I said buddy tell me about these three sofas
And start with that black on there first
He said there's story in each of the sofas
But give me a minute for quenchin' my thirst.

He said now that first one is a good one for sleepin'
I got that one from my first wife
She left me half crazy took all of the babies
And drove off to Houston one night.

Well I did as I pleased and I said what I thought
And it drove her right out of her mind
So many abuses and no damn excuses
I've often been told that I'm one of that kind.

Now that second sofa I got that from a pal
Who was broke and was headed back home
He was ram cut and rusty boozed out and dusty
And I got that thing for a song.

On long winter evenings I'd sit on that sofa
And listened what that fella sing
While I could do without it but there's something about
it
That makes me believe the attentions to the thing.

That third one right out there there's a story about it
I got that one from my second wife
A middle aged lady with money to spend
I guess she was the love of my life.

Now I like I never got that damn thing in here
Cause it don't seem to fit any house
It's oblong and shapeless it's ugly and tasteless

But I got it in here and I'll get it out.

I thanked him for tellin' the three sofa story
I yawned and I said my goodnight
And on my way home I considered the safas
And how they were part of his life.

Buddies and sweethearts the winners and losers
Kept conjuring up in my mind
And it's all in the tellin' of the three sofa story
Just one of the places where I've done my time...

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