

Waiting On June

Holly Williams

She was from North Louisiana in the town of Mer Rouge
I fell in love in a week or two,
It didn't take long to love a girl like that
We were barely ten in the cotton fields
Playing horseshoe with the coloured kids
I tried to kiss her, she grabbed a baseball bat I was waiting on June, I hope she comes to see me
Waiting on June, I can't take this feeling
Waiting on June, I pray to God she'll love me one of these days
I hope I find my way waiting on June I went off in '42 to fight those boys and pay my dues
Her wallet picture kept my spirits high
Charley boy died in my arms, he saw Jesus, I saw blood
It soaked her wallet picture that cold night Well I told my best friend Charley I would kiss his girl goodbye
He made me promise I'd go home and make miss June my wife
Shaking like a drunk old fool, I hopped off of that plane
And I ran home to ask her in the rain Waiting on June, I hope that she says yes
Waiting on June, in her faded summer dress
Waiting on June, her daddy shook my hand
And she lit up the moment I pulled out that silver band
Waiting on June Well we married at the Methodist Church
Found a big white cow and a piece of dirt
With pecan trees to build our homestead on
Jolynn, Becky, then Donna, then Shelby,
Our tiny house was a sanctuary
Laughter filled those rooms all day long Waiting on June, she's putting on her makeup
Waiting on June, she's trying to get her hair curled
Waiting on June, kids listen to me
You walk on down to Sunday school, I'll be there in 15
Waiting on June Well time flew by like they said it would
Yeah the kids grew fast and the farm did good
Mrs. Bertha made our supper everyday
At noon that silver bell would ring
We'd all say grace and dig on in
We always ate together in those days One by one those kids went off and found a love of their own
There's nothing like the joy I knew when they brought their babies home
We'd play all day in the cotton fields with the dogs I raised up right
And end in grandma's kitchen every night Waiting on June, honey don't burn the bacon
Waiting on June, our bellies are a-aching
Waiting on June, she turns that fork so slow
And we all had to sit there 'til the last bite was no more

Waiting on June
We were slower than we used to be, the nursing home told June and me
That we'd have separate rooms side by side,
Oh what I'd give for one more night of sleeping with my wife,
Since '45 I've touched her skin in the middle of the night
So I'm lyin' in this single bed until they cut the lights,
That's when she'll sneak in and I'll be fine
Waiting on June, so we can kiss goodnight
Waiting on June, I'll hold her hand so tight
Waiting on June, I'll love her 'til I die
It's bittersweet when love grows old and you really miss your wife
Waiting on June
Well they buried me last Tuesday morn,
The good Lord came, He took me home,
I closed my eyes and quickly went away
But the angels let me see her everyday
Waiting on June, our mansion is so grand
Waiting on June, footprints in the sand
Waiting on June, that's the story of my life
Cause me and Jesus are standing here 'til she walks through that light
Waiting on June
I'm still waiting on June,
I'm always waiting on June.
No more waiting on June

Songwriters

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