

Old Man Tell Me

[**David Allan Coe**](#)

I've seen the old man sitting 'round
The courthouse square back home in town
Talkin' about the big war back in 1943Saying how much good it's done
Medals gleaming in the sun
Cussing at my long hair
And my talk of being freeTheir vision like their battle scars
Of other wars has faded
Like the colors on the ribbons
From the battles that they've wonIf there's one thing I've learned it's this
You just can't shake hands with a fist
And I once did my talkin' with a gunAnd, old man, I know what you've seen
But yours is not the only dream
I have to believe in something
More than yesterdayLet it die just like the past
I believe there's hope at last
Old man, did you ever have to pray?
Old man, can you show me the way?Shakes his head from time to time
And rambles somewhere in his mind
Mumbling 'bout the civil war
And how we should have wonSetting up his battle plans
On checker boards at his command
Watching all his gallant kings
Go fallin' one by oneAnd son, he'd say, "There's not much time
For you to straighten out your mind
But you never listen to the things I try to say" And I just turn my head and cry
Never understanding why
He'd set up that checker board
When he knew I couldn't play

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