

# Country Bumpkin

Cal Smith

He walked into the bar and parked his lanky frame upon a tall bar stool  
With a long soft southern drawl said  
"I'll just have a glass of anything that's cool"  
A barroom girl with hard and knowing eyes slowly looked him up and down  
And she thought "I wonder how on earth  
That country bumpkin found his way to town" She said "Hello, country bumpkin  
How's the frost out on the pumpkin?  
I've seen some sights but, man, you're somethin'  
Where'd ya come from, country bumpkin?" It was just a short year later in a bed of joy filled tears yet death like  
pain  
Into this wondrous world of many wonders one more wonder came  
That same woman's face was wrapped up  
In a raptured look of love and tenderness  
As she marveled at the soft and warm and cuddly boy child  
Feeding at her breast And she said "Hello, country bumpkin  
Fresh as frost out on the pumpkin  
I've seen some sights but, babe, you're somethin'  
Mamma loves her country bumpkin" Forty years of hard work later in a simple quiet and peaceful country place  
The heavy hand of time had not erased  
The raptured wonder from the woman's face  
She was lying on her deathbed, knowing fully well her race was nearly run  
But she softly smiled and looked into the sad eyes  
Of her husband and her son And she said "So long, country bumpkin  
Frost is gone now from on the pumpkin  
I've seen some sights and life's been somethin'  
See you later, country bumpkin" She said "So long, country bumpkins  
The frost is gone now from on the pumpkin  
I've seen some sights and life's been somethin'

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