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 breastAnd 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 sonAnd 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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