

Overalls

Emily Scott Robinson

He wore overalls to meet his kids
Took a pack of Marlboro reds and his wedding ring
And his fifty year long faithful bride
Held his hand
Walked him to the other side
He said, "sweetheart I'm just so tired,
Of being hooked up to a hundred wires"
I wanna be in my own bed
Called the kids around and said:

Raise a glass, to my good, long life
Don't dress in black
And don't let me see you cry
I'm not afraid, I'm just headed home
And it's time to let me go

Said "I probably shouldn't have survived,
April 1945,
We buried half my company,
And I wondered why it wasn't me"
Well that's the year I learned to pray
Just glad to wake up everyday
I'm bound to see those boys again
Rolling dice and rolling cigarettes in heaven

So raise a glass, to my good, long life
Don't dress in black
And don't let me see you cry
I'm not afraid, I'm just headed home
And it's time to let me go

Well I kissed the ground after Japan
Came home to be a mail man
Right here in Crossville, Tennessee
I bought this farm, to raise a family
We planned for 4 but we had 5
Your baby sister was a big surprise
I know I don't have much to show
But I'm the richest man I know

So raise a glass, to my good, long life
Donâ€™t dress in black
And donâ€™t let me see you cry
Iâ€™m not afraid, Iâ€™m just headed home
And itâ€™s time to let me go
Itâ€™s time to let me go

Lyrics Submitted by Sophie

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