May I Sleep In Your Barn Tonight Mister?

Hank Thompson

One night it was dark and it was storming when along came a tramp in the rain
He was making his way to some station to catch a long distance trainMay I sleep in your barn Mister it is cold lying out on the ground
And the cold north wind is whistling and I have no place to lie down
Now I have no tobacco nor matches and I'm sure I can cause you no harm
I will tell you my story kind Mister for it runs through my heart like a stormIt was three years ago just last summer I shall never forget that sad day
When a stranger came out from the city and said that he wanted to stay
Now the stranger was fair tall and handsome and he looked like a man who had wealth
And he wanted to stay in the country said he wanted to stop for his healthOne night as I came from my workshop I was whistling and singing with joy
I expected a kind hearty welcome from my sweet loving wife and my boy
But what did I find but a letter it was placed in my room on the stand
And the moment my eyes fell upon it I picked it right up in my hand

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