

Talking To Hank

Mark Chesnutt

While I was hunting wild turkey and sippin' on Jim Beam
Well, I walked up on something like I'd never seen
So deep in the woods where I thought I was alone
Stood a structure where something or someone called home I saw a shotgun and a guitar and a six-pack of beer
A sign on the front door said 'Guess, who lives here'
An old red bone hound that looked older than time
And an old man that's sure he was only twenty-nine And I swear he looked just like ole Hank
I wouldn't bet a wooden nickel that he ain't
I got goose bumps and dizzy and felt kinda faint
I think I've been talkin' to Hank He said, "I've played that old guitar in a drifting country band
Played coast to coast and a few foreign lands"
He said, "Some crowds are big and some crowds are small
Somehow I hope, I let 'em know I loved them all" I said, "You're mighty skinny" and he said, "Would you
believe"
That it only took one woman to do this to me
But you know you better get your hat, son, get on out of the way
When they start hating love and start loving to hate I swear he looked just like ole Hank
I wouldn't bet a wooden nickel that he ain't
I got goose bumps and dizzy and felt kinda faint
I think I've been talkin' to Hank Well, I swear he looked just like ole Hank
I wouldn't bet a wooden nickel that he ain't
I got goose bumps and dizzy and felt kinda faint
Well, I think I've been talkin' to Hank
Oh Lord, I feel like we've been talkin' up, ole Hank

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