

Country Bumpkin

Hank Thompson

COUNTRY BUMPKIN

(Don Wayne)

'74 Tree Publishing 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 wise and knowing eyes slowly looked me up and down

And she said I wonder how on earth that country bumpkin found his way to town

And 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 you come from country bumpkin

Just a short year later in a bed of joy filled tears and death like pain

Into this wondrous world of many wonders another wonder came

That same woman's face was wrapped up in a raptured look of love and tenderness As I 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 pumpkins

I've seen some sights but babe you're somethin'

Mommy 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 my woman's face

She was lying on her death bed 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 I said so long country bumpkins

The frost is gone now from the pumpkins

I've seem some sights and life's been somethin's

See you later country bumpkins see you later country bumpkins

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