

# A Letter from Home

[Johnny Cash](#)

A cowpoke rode in, one hot dusty day  
To a store down in old San Antone  
He stood at the window and I heard him say  
Do I have a letter from home The postmaster looked through the mail that had come  
Then smilingly shook his gray head  
The cowpoke looked sadly a moment at him  
And these are the words that he said No letter from home, no letter from home  
There's never a letter from home  
No message from mother or none of the others  
There's never a letter from home That night he was shot on the wrong side of town  
No more of those plains will he roam  
I reached for my Bible and gave it to him  
And said, "Son here's your letter from home" "If only I had just a little more time  
To read it", the young cowpoke said  
"I can't take it with me and I must go on"  
Then he died with his letter unread The letter from home, the letter from home  
No time for the letter from home  
The cowboy laid dead with his letter unread  
Too late for the letter from home

Songwriters

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