Letters From Home

[John Michael Montgomery](#)

My Dearest son, it's almost June
I hope this letter catches up with you
And finds you well
It's been dry
But they're callin' for rain
And everything's the same old same
In Johnsonville
Your stubborn old daddy
Ain't said too much
But I'm sure you know
He sends his loveAnd she goes on
In a letter from homeI hold it up and show my buddies
Like we ain't scared
And our boots ain't muddy
And they all laugh
Like there's something funny
'Bout the way I talk
When I say, "Mamma sends her best, y'all"I fold it up and put it in my shirt
Pick up my gun and get back to work
And it keeps me drivin' on
Waitin' on letters from homeMy dearest love, it's almost dawn
I've been lyin' here all night long
Wonderin' where you might be
I saw your mamma
And I showed her the ring
Man on the television
Said something
So I couldn't sleep
But I'll be alright,
I'm just missin' you
And this is me kissin' you
X's and O's in a letter from homeI hold it up and show my buddies
Like we ain't scared
And our boots ain't muddy
And they all laugh
'Cause she calls me honey,
But they take it hard
'Cause I don't read the good partsI fold it up and put it in my shirt
Pick up my gun and get back to work

And it keeps me drivin' on
Waitin' on letters from homeDear son, I know I ain't written
I'm Sittin' here tonight alone in the kitchen
It occurs to me
I might not have said it
So I'll say it now
"Son, You make me proud"I hold it up and show my buddies
Like we ain't scared
And our boots ain't muddy
But no one laughs
'Cause there's ain't nothin' funny
When a soldier cries
And I just wipe my eyesI fold it up and put it in my shirt
Pick up my gun and get back to work
And it keeps me drivin' on
Waitin' on letters from home

Songwriters
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