

The Year That Clayton Delaney Died

Tom T. Hall

I remember the year that Clayton Delaney died
They said for the last two weeks that he suffered and cried
It made a big impression on me, although I was a barefoot kid
They said, he got religion at the end and Im glad that he did Clayton was the best guitar picker in our town
I thought he was a hero and I used to follow Clayton around
I often wondered why Clayton, who seemed so good to me
Never took his guitar and made it down in Tenn-o-see Well, daddy said, he drank a lot, but I could never
understand
I knew he used to pick up in Ohio with a five-piece band
And Clayton used to tell me, "Son you better put that old guitar away"
There aint no money in it, itll lead you to an early grave I guess if Id admit it, Clayton taught me how to drink
booze
I can see him half-stoned a-pickin out the lovesick blues
When Clayton died I made him a promise, I was gonna carry on somehow
Id give a hundred dollars if he could only see me now I remember the year that Clayton Delaney died
Nobody ever knew it but I went out in the woods and I cried
Well, I know theres a lotta big preachers that know a lot more than I do
But it could be that the good Lord likes a little pickin too Yeah, I remember the year that Clayton Delaney died

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