

# Homecoming

Tom T. Hall

I guess I should've written, Dad  
To let you know that I was coming home  
I've been gone so many years  
I didn't realize you had a phone I saw your cattle coming in  
Boy, they're looking mighty fat and slick  
I saw Fred at the service station  
Told me that his wife is awful sick You heard my record on the radio  
Oh, well, it's just another song  
But I've got a hit recorded  
And it'll be out on the market 'fore too long I got this ring in Mexico  
No, it didn't cost me quite a bunch  
When you're in the business that I'm in  
The people call it puttin' up a front I know I've lost a little weight  
An' I guess I am looking kind of pale  
If you didn't know me better, Dad  
You'd think that I'd just gotten out of jail No, we don't ever call them beer joints  
Night clubs are the places where I work  
You meet a lot of people there  
But no, there ain't no chance of gettin' hurt I'm sorry that I couldn't be here with you all  
When Momma passed away  
I was on the road and when they came and told me  
It was just too late I drove by the grave to see her  
Boy, that really is a pretty stone  
I'm glad that Fred and Jan are here  
It's better than you being here alone Well, I knew you was gonna ask me  
Who the lady is that's sleeping in the car  
That's just a girl who works for me  
And man, she plays a pretty mean guitar We worked in San Antone last night  
She didn't even have the time to dress  
She drove me down from Nashville  
And to tell the truth I guess she needs the rest Well, Dad, I gotta go  
We got a dance to work in Cartersville tonight  
Let me take your number down  
I'll call you and I promise you I'll write Now you be good and don't be chasin'  
All those pretty women that you know  
And by the way if you see Barbara Walker  
Tell her that I said, "Hello"

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