

THE GREATEST COUNTRY SONG

Well, it was all
That I could do to keep from crying'
Sometimes it seemed so useless to remain
But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
You never even call me by my name

You don't have to call me Waylon Jennings
And you don't have to call me Charlie pride
And you don't have to call me Merle Haggard anymore
Even though you're on my fighting' side

And I'll hang around as long as you will let me
And I never minded standing' in the rain
But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
You never even called me by my name

Well, I've heard my name
A few times in your phone book (hello, hello)
And I've seen it on signs where I've played
But the only time I know
I'll hear "David Allan Coe"
Is when Jesus has his final judgment day

CHORUS

> Well, a friend of mine named Steve Goodman wrote
that song
> And he told me it was the perfect country & western
song
> I wrote him back a letter and I told him it was
> Not the perfect country & western song
> Because he hadn't said anything at all about mama,
> Or trains, Or trucks, Or prison, Or getting' drunk

> Well he sat down and wrote another verse to the song
> And he sent it to me,
> And after reading it,
> I realized that my friend had written the perfect
> Country & western song

> And I felt obliged to include it on this album
> The last verse goes like this here:

Well, I was drunk the day my mom got out of prison
And I went to pick her up in the rain
But before I could get to the station in my pickup
truck
She got run ned over by a damned old train

CHORUS