

**Dear Mrs.**

**Johnny Cash**

Dear Mrs though we've never met I know very much about you  
I know that you've got hair that shines like the morning sun  
You've got eyes that hold the blueness of the sky  
And of the deepest sea on a clear day and a smile that has a sparkle of a diamond  
I know that because I've heard him say those things about you  
These're the thoughts and the words of a man  
Who spent many heart breaking years behind prison walls  
The father of your children the man who worshipped the very ground that you walk on  
He had a picture of you Mrs it was old and faded and torn  
But you could tell at a glance that he never exaggerated in his thoughts and visions  
He never left his cell without first checking to see if he had your picture with him  
He was a young man when he first came to prison  
And he talked a great deal about you but as the years passed he talked less and less  
And during his last year here I don't believe he ever said a word to anybody  
He had the appearance of a man much older than he really was  
He walked with his head down and his shoulders saggin'  
And the walk itself seemed to take a great deal of effort  
He never received a letter or had a visitor while he was here in prison  
But never did he stop looking and waitin'  
Every day at mail call you could see him standing close to his bars  
With the look of a child awaiting a reward  
Even after the mailman had passed his cell his pleading eyes would follow beggin'  
As always he'd feel of his shirt pocket and then just stand there  
Staring at the emptiness and as always I could  
Somehow feel the lump in his throat  
And the burning in his eyes you know Mrs like just before you start to cry  
Well I thought you might like to know that they buried his body today  
Just outside the prison walls  
They buried him there because nobody cared enough to claim his body  
You know there was even a couple of old convicts there that actually cried  
No not because they cared for him but for what he died from they cared for  
Loneliness every prisoner knows loneliness but some know it more than others

The man that they buried today had died many times  
Every day he waited hopin' and prayin' for a letter or a card  
Or just a note or anything to let him know that somewhere out t  
here  
Somebody cared for him  
That assurance never came and today he died Mrs  
He died from loneliness starved for love a love that nobody eve  
r wanted  
You see no man woman or child is immune to the need of love or  
to be loved  
No matter how terrible his crime might have been  
The death he died from today was more inhuman  
But his suffering is over now and he's resting in a pauper's gr  
ave in a prison suit  
And in his pocket is an old torn and faded picture of yes of yo  
u Mrs