Hank let's talk about your daddy
Tell me how your momma loved that man.
Well, just break a bottle hoss
I'll tell ya' about the drifting cowboy band.

We wont talk about the habits.

Just the music and the man thats all.

Now Hank, you just gotta tell me

Did your daddy really write all them songs, did he.

That don't deserve no answer hoss Let's light up and just move along. Do you think he wrote 'em about your momma Or about the man who done her wrong You know that.

Yeah, back then they called him crazy Nowadays they call him a saint Now the ones that call him crazy Are still riding on his name.

Well, if he was here right now Bocephus Would he think that we were right? Do you think he might?

Don't you know he would Watusy
Be right here by our side.
If we left for a show in Provo
Be the first one on the bus and ready to ride
Last one to go hoss.

Wherever he is I hope he's happy You know, I hope he's doing well. Yes, I do.

He is

'Cause he's got one arm around my momma now And her sure did love Miss Audrey and raising hell. I wont ask you no more questions

To the stories only Hank could tell And he could tell'em. Back then they called him crazy Now days they call him a saint .

Most folks don't know that
They fired him from the Opry
And that 'caused his greatest pain.
I'd love to tell you about lovesick
How Miss Audrey loved that man.

You know, I've always loved to listen to The stories about that drifting cowboy band. That man.

You know when we get right down to it Still the thoust wanted outlaw in the land...