

My Father's House

Darrell Scott

I was born and raised in my father's house
Can catching rain in the kitchen
He said a good song never comes to those who chase
It comes to those who listen
And I'd listen to him
Waking up in the middle of the night
I know he thought we were sleeping
And with an old melody and a guitar in hand
Somewhere between dreaming and weeping
He'd sing a walk on the wildside lasts a lifetime for me

I grew up quick in my father's house
Mama she gave him no daughters
Just a look in the eye of a woman in need
To be free of a love grown harder
So she hit the road in a Galaxy Ford
The one that my daddy had bought her
And she crossed the tracks and never looked back
She was hummin' a song he had taught her
She sang a walk on the wildside lasts a lifetime with me

There was this big black trunk in my father's house
Where he kept all the ledgers he'd write in
And I broke into it before I moved out
To see if I could find out more about him
There were letters written, never sent to my mom
It's a wonder it never killed him
And there were lines, and songs, and poetry
Damn near as good as Hank Williams
Sing a walk on the wildside lasts a lifetime with me