

I Used to Be a Country Singer

Gordon Lightfoot

I was sittin' in my hotel room, strummin' my old guitar
Not much to do when you're far away, playin' some smokey bar
I was feelin' a little empty and feelin' a little blue
When the maid came in and asked me if she could do my room
I put down my old guitar and she gave me a smile
She had a crusty voice and a drinker's look, but she had a friendly style
She dusted my room and made my bed and she talked of days gone by
She spoke of when she wooed the men; a tear came to her eye

And she said
I used to be a country singer
I could sing a mean Patsy Cline
My husband he could yodel like Wilf Carter
Kitty Wells was a real good friend of mine

She told me that her husband died and her son was overseas
I could tell by her eyes and her broken smile she was lonely just like me
She asked me if I'd listen to a tape of when she was young
She said I can't sing now I forgot the words and my voice is almost gone

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Oh I cried inside but I couldn't tell if it was for her or for me
So I grabbed my axe and we sang a song in two part harmony
Ever since that day when I'm feelin' down and I can't find a happy tune
I just think if that maid and the feeling she gave, when she came to clean my room

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