

Return To Harper Valley

Jeannie C. Riley

Melody by Tom Hall; Lyrics by Jeannie C. Riley

Y'all remember Harper Valley
And the Harper Valley PTA
Well, have you ever wondered where they are
And what those folks are doin' today
Now, things have changed a lot,
But we all seem to understand things better by and by
Now, my daughter is the mother of two children
At the Harper Valley High

Well, the daughter came to see me
Sellin' tickets for the high school dance
I could win a brand new album by some Stray Cats
If I'd only buy a chance
Well, I bought the tickets and the chance
To win a brand new rock 'n' roll LP
And when Friday came, I walked into the place
My dress was well below my knees

Now, Mr. Harper took my ticket and
He smiled at me sober as a judge
Shirley Thompson, she was there with him
She shook my hand and then gave me a hug
Ya know, they're married now, and my,
They look so happy and contented side by side
And to my surprise, Bobby Taylor never
Took his eyes off of his wife

Mr. Baker stirred the punch
It was lemonade with nothin' on the side
His secretary smiled at me
And said she was so happy as his bride
Widow Jones is dead, she and a young kid
Missed a curve on Lover's Lane
Mr. Kelley's gone, he drank until
They said it took his liver and his brain

Now, the music started up
And it was louder than a thunder storm in May
Well, I stood there and I laughed
To see the way the kids all get their kicks today
Then I saw a man who gave a cigarette
To some small kid too young to smoke
He was a full-grown man and he was set up
In the parkin' lot sellin' dope

Well, I walked around the place
And saw the drummer sniffin' powder up his nose
Then I walked out through the parkin' lot
And saw these kids were takin' off their clothes
They were drinkin' beer and poppin' pills
And actin' like they were all havin' fun
I got so mad, I thought at first I'd go
Back to the house and get a gun

Then I went back to my home and took

My Bible out and said a little prayer
Now, tomorrow, I can tell 'em that
God loves 'em and I tell 'em that I care
I think back fifteen years ago when
I was wild and wore a mini skirt
Ain't no way I can explain the things I did
Or the people that I hurt

Well, the music keeps on ringin' in my ears
And I can hear the drummer's beat
I can see the way things are and I can see
The way the kids are thinkin' needs
Well, tomorrow afternoon, the PTA'll meet
And I got things to say
To a brand new generation of the Harper Valley PTA

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