

Letters from Home

John Michael Montgomery

My dearest son, it's almost June
I hope this letter catches up with you and finds you well
It's been dry but they're callin' for rain
And everything's the same ol' same in Johnsonville
Your stubborn ol' daddy ain't said too much
But I'm sure you know he sends his love
And she goes on, in a letter from home

I hold it up and show my buddies
Like we ain't scared and our boots ain't muddy
And they all laugh like there's something funny
'bout the way I talk, when I say mama sends her best ya'll
I fold it up and put it in my shirt
Pick up my gun and get back to work
And it keeps me drivin' on, waitin' on
Letters from home

My dearest love, it's almost dawn
I've been lyin' here all night Long,
Wonderin' where you might be
I saw your mama and I showed her the ring
Man on the television said
Something so I couldn't sleep
But I'll be alright, I'm just missin' you
And this is me kissin' you
X's and O's in a letter from home

I hold it up and show my buddies
Like we ain't scared and our boots ain't muddy
And they all laugh 'cause she calls me honey
But they take it hard, 'cause I don't read the good parts
I fold it up and put it in my shirt
Pick up my gun and get back to work
And it keeps me drivin' on, waitin' on
Letters from home

Dear son, I know I ain't written
And sittin' here tonight alone in the kitchen
It occurs to me I might not have said it, so I'll say it now
Son, you make me proud

I hold it up and show my buddies
Like we ain't scared and our boots ain't muddy
But no one laughs 'cause there ain't nothin'
Funny when a soldier cries, and I just wipe my eyes
I fold it up and put in my shirt
Pick up my gun and get back to work
And it keeps me drivin' on, waitin' on,
Letters from home