

Dear Mrs.

Johnny Cash

Dear Mrs though we've never met I know very much about you
I know that you've got hair that shines like the morning sun
You've got eyes that hold the blueness of the sky
And of the deepest sea on a clear day and a smile that has a sparkle of a diamond
I know that because I've heard him say those things about you
These're the thoughts and the words of a man
Who spent many heart breaking years behind prison walls
The father of your children the man who worshipped the very ground that you walk on
He had a picture of you Mrs it was old and faded and torn
But you could tell at a glance that he never exaggerated in his thoughts and visions
He never left his cell without first checking to see if he had your picture with him
He was a young man when he first came to prison
And he talked a great deal about you but as the years passed he talked less and less
And during his last year here I don't believe he ever said a word to anybody
He had the appearance of a man much older than he really was
He walked with his head down and his shoulders saggin'
And the walk itself seemed to take a great deal of effort
He never received a letter or had a visitor while he was here in prison
But never did he stop looking and waitin'
Every day at mail call you could see him standing close to his bars
With the look of a child awaiting a reward
Even after the mailman had passed his cell his pleading eyes would follow beggin'
As always he'd feel of his shirt pocket and then just stand there
Staring at the emptiness and as always I could
Somehow feel the lump in his throat
And the burning in his eyes you know Mrs like just before you start to cry
Well I thought you might like to know that they buried his body today
Just outside the prison walls
They buried him there because nobody cared enough to claim his body
You know there was even a couple of old convicts there that actually cried
No not because they cared for him but for what he died from they cared for
Loneliness every prisoner knows loneliness but some know it more than others

The man that they buried today had died many times
Every day he waited hopin' and prayin' for a letter or a card
Or just a note or anything to let him know that somewhere out t
here
Somebody cared for him
That assurance never came and today he died Mrs
He died from loneliness starved for love a love that nobody eve
r wanted
You see no man woman or child is immune to the need of love or
to be loved
No matter how terrible his crime might have been
The death he died from today was more inhuman
But his suffering is over now and he's resting in a pauper's gr
ave in a prison suit
And in his pocket is an old torn and faded picture of yes of yo
u Mrs