

Hank And Fred

Loudon Wainwright III

On my way Thursday from the Y I heard it in the car

Bob Edwards broke the news tonight yes he of NPR

Driving through Montgomery I hung my head and cried

Then visited Hank Williams grave the day Fred Rodgers
Died.

Zelda Sayre, F. Scott Fitzgerald lived somewhere in
This old town

Nat King Cole was born here Rosa Parks stayed sitting
Down

Black And white death booze and music genius courage
Kindness pride

I felt them all around me there the day Fred Rodgers
Died

And we mocked King Friday the thirteenth on Saturday
Night Live

But once I started crying it was pretty hard to drive

On New Year's day Hank slipped away slumped over in the
Back

Oh I hope he had his cardigan on in that Cadillac

When you look out from the hilltops you can see
Confederate graves

And the railroad runs by the river it carries cotton,
Soldiers, slaves

Hank's real name was Hiram we all could feel his pain

And Fred McFeely Rodgers knew how to talk to a train

And we mocked King Friday the thirteenth on Saturday
Night Live

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I visited Hank Williams grave when Mr. Rodgers died.