

Talking To Hank

Mark Chesnutt

While I was hunting wild turkey and sippin' on Jim Beam
I walked up on something like I've never seen
So deep in the woods where I thought I was alone
Stood a structure where something or someone called home
I saw a shotgun and guitar and six- pack of beer
A sign on the front door said guess who lives here
An old red bone hound that looked older than time
And an old man who that he was just twenty-nine

I swear he looked just like ole Hank
I wouldn't bet a wooden nickel that he ain't
I got goose bumps and dizzy and felt kinda faint
I think I've been talkin' to Hank

He said I've played that old guitar in a drifting country band
Played coast to coast and a dew foreign lands
Some crowds were big and some crowds were small
Somehow I hope I let 'em know I loved them all
I said you're mighty skinny, he said would you believe
It only took one woman to do this to me
But you gotta bet your hat son and get out of the way
When they start hating love and loving to hate