I started writing country songs in 1962
Just a dream that I had on my mind
My girl and I got married in 1963
We tried so hard to keep our dreams alive
So I bought an old house-trailer out on the countryside
You can't write country songs in town they say
We packed up and moved out there and as the time went by
We found that we liked living free that way

I got me an old Cadillac just to have around Cadillacs and country songs were meant to be I heard that old Hank Williams drove one just like mine So I thought that something might rub off on me

You can take what you want after I'm gone
It's only just a little place that we called home sweet home
One old house trailer two rusty Cadillacs and 5000 country musi
c songs

I always sent my songs up to Nashville town
In case the boys could use a guy like me
But the mailman brought 'em right back down and I think it made
him sad
You're bound to get you one just wait and see

I recall the year Ray Price came through town
His tour bus parked about a mile from here
I sat there in the backseat of that old Coupe De Ville
Those shoes were just too big to fill that year

A song on Bobby Bare would take you anywhere
If I'm still here it wasn't for lack of trying
My wife would tell me Honey I'm feelin' somethin' there
Don't care if Bobby never reads a line

Then late one summer evening she called me to her side Saying sing me something in your real old style The one I like to hear Bobby Bare passed by I'll just close my eyes and rest a while Well she liked that big old tree and the honeysuckle vine And the mocking bird that sang so tenderly I just packed up all those song words and my old guitar I locked them up and threw away the key