

BUDDY STARCHER

I'LL STILL WRITE YOUR NAME IN THE SAND



AMB 71026



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Alle Menschen
sind Ausländer.
Fast überall.

1	My Beautiful Blue Eyed-Blonde (Buddy Starcher)	2:40
2	The West Virginia Hills (& Bill Clifton: vocal/autoharp) (traditional)	2:36
3	Let's (Buddy Starcher)	2:02
4	The Song Of The Old Waterwheel (& Mary Ann Starcher: vocal; Bill Clifton: autoharp) (Buddy Starcher)	2:14
5	Those Brown Eyes (Buddy Starcher)	2:45
6	I'll Still Write Your Name In The Sand (Buddy Starcher)	2:24
7	Wildwood Flower (traditional)	2:27
8	Foggy Mountain Top (& Bill Clifton: autoharp) (P. Carter)	2:25
9	Too Late To Worry (& Mary Ann Starcher: vocal) (Buddy Starcher)	2:04
10	My Shadow Grows Tall (Buddy Starcher)	2:38
11	We'll Be Sweethearts When We're Old (& Bill Clifton: vocal) (Buddy Starcher)	3:04
12	Midnight Special (traditional)	2:39
13	Today's Joy Today (Buddy Starcher)	0:41

- 14 **Too Hurt To Cry**
(Buddy Starcher)..... 2:00
- 15 **A Few Little Things**
(Buddy Starcher)..... 3:03
- 16 **May An Angel Sleep On Your Pillow Tonight**
(Buddy Starcher)..... 1:49
- 17 **Pickalong (instrumental)**
(& Bill Clifton: autoharp)
(Buddy Starcher)..... 1:32
- 18 **Talkin' With The Lord (In The Old Wood Shed)**
(Buddy Starcher)..... 2:33

Buddy Starcher: vocal & guitar (#13 & 18: unaccompanied)

Recorded on August 13 and 14, 1977 (20:00 - 21:45 both days)
at the Riverside Studio, Crum, West Virginia

BUDDY STARCHER *Vitae*

Name: *Oby Edgar Starcher*
(parents: Leona Margaret & Homer Francis Starcher)

Born: *16 March 1906 (died 2 November 2001)*
at Kentuck (near Ripley), Jackson County, West Virginia

Education: *Graduated from Grade School, Age 12*

Married: *3 June 1946 to Mary Ann Vasas*

Career: *First worked in the coal mines running a gathering motor.*

Gained early musical exposure playing banjo accompaniment to his father's fiddle on the local telephone party-line and at square dances.

In October 1928, Buddy Starcher traveled to Baltimore, Maryland, and responded to a department store advertisement offering the opportunity to record one's self on a portable RCA machine at the store in a bid for certain prizes. The man operating the recording machine introduced Buddy to the Program Director at radio station WFBR... resulting in his first radio work, a 15-minute daily program. Sold insurance on the side "to keep from starving." Left Baltimore for Washington... and identified himself with the cause of "The Bonus Boys," writing songs such as *The Bonus Blues*, *The Hoover Blues* and *Bloody Hand* to protest the treatment

of World War I veterans when their Pennsylvania Avenue demonstration was so abruptly ended when President Hoover ordered troops to use tear-gas and fixed-bayonets to remove the demonstrators (protesting the thirteen-year delay in receiving their WW I bonus payment).

From Washington to WSOC in Gastonia, North Carolina... and to many radio and television stations throughout the country, including (but not limited to) WTOP, Washington; WCHS, Charleston, West Virginia; WSWA, Harrisonburg, Virginia; KXEL, Waterloo, Iowa; KMA, Shenandoah, Iowa; WHEN, Fairmont, West Virginia; WPDY, Clarksburg, West Virginia; WCAU, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; WMBM, Miami Beach, Florida; WESC, Greenville, South Carolina; KWBA (now KBUK), Baytown, Texas; WHAZ and WGNA-FM, Troy-Albany, New York; and others.

First recordings were made in Chicago, Illinois, May 1946, for 4-STAR RECORDS. Further two sessions in the autumn of that same year in Hollywood, California, yielded among others his first 'Billboard' Top Ten recording (in 1949) – *I'll Still Write Your Name In The Sand*.

Further recordings were made for COLUMBIA, STARDAY, BOONE, HEART-WARMING, and DECCA.

His 1966 DECCA recording of *History Repeats Itself* won him a place in the best-selling charts of the trade publications, and a Grammy nomination, the music industry's highest award.

Early groups formed by Buddy included, among others, Anthony Slater (alias Smiley Sutter and Crazy Elmer), Jack Carter, and Fiddlin' Bob (who was re-named 'Georgia Slim' by Buddy). Other musicians with whom he has worked closely over the years include Grandpa Jones, Blaine Smith, Wilma Lee and Stoney Cooper, Hawkshaw Hawkins, Little Jimmy Dickens, Red Belcher, Mac Wiseman, Paul Buskirk, and Tex Ritter... in addition to a great many fine performers whose names, perhaps, are not so well known outside their locale... such as Radio Dot & Smokey, Dolph Hewitt, Budge & Fudge, the Mays Brothers (the only musicians to have recorded Buddy's song *Beautiful Blue-Eyed Blonde* until this album), the Franklin Brothers, Cowboy Loye, Bill Stallard & Little Montana, Rusty Gabbard, and many more. Through many of these years his lovely wife, Mary Ann, was an integral part of his show. Mary Ann is in her own right a country music star, having worked the WWVA 'World's Original Jamboree' with Hugh Cross and Shug Fisher, the WLS Chicago 'Barn Dance,' WMMN in Fairmont, West Virginia, and WEAL, Baltimore, with Happy Johnny (Zufall)... joining Buddy's group in 1942 as a featured performer.

BUDDY STARCHER

Buddy Starcher is the embodiment of the soul and spirit of country-folk music. He lends dignity to a profession which has been sadly tarnished by the tin-pan alley gold-diggers and the people-users who attach themselves to talented performers in order to gain recognition and material benefits for themselves. Now in his eighth decade he can look back on a half-century of professional music work which has given direction and purpose to all of us whose lives he has touched. Through his song-writing efforts (e.g. *Those Brown Eyes*, *We'll Be Sweethearts When We're Old*, *I'll Still Write Your Name In The Sand*, *The Song Of The Old Waterwheel* etc.) he has given poetic expression to the love-impulse. And he has carried this love through his work to many thousands of listeners and viewers who have been fortunate enough to be included within his sphere of activity.

While Buddy has achieved considerable national recognition through his song-writing and recording (he received a Grammy nomination for his *History Repeats Itself* in 1966) it is his grassroots work on local radio and television stations throughout the country which has endeared him to most of us. A firm believer in taking the music to the people, Buddy has proven again and again that a good clean program of country music has greater appeal to the television viewer than the sordid machinations of mass-produced shows which have been aimed at the lowest level of human response. In his home territory of Charleston, West Virginia, Buddy has enjoyed consistently higher viewer-ratings than even the most popular competing network shows. He has achieved this success with a generous measure of diverse talents which have accorded him recognition as a philosopher, a singer, a musician, a poet, a storyteller, a salesman, a radio station manager, and a gentleman... a man determined to refine and temper the Christian spirit within himself while always encouraging others to appeal to the finest qualities within their own characters.

For those of us who have been fortunate enough to have our own destinies converge with Buddy's at some point in our lives the truths are self-evident. But even if you have not been



(ABOVE) Bill Clifton visits Buddy Starcher at WMBM, Miami Beach, Florida, 1950.



(ABOVE) Buddy Starcher's TV Show on WHCS TV, Charleston, West Virginia
(FROM LEFT:) Rosco Swerps (Herman Yarbrough), Butch Lester, Norman Chapman,
Dorsey 'Padgy' Parsons, Buddy Starcher and Mary Ann.

so lucky I know that these same truths will speak to you from the voice and the music which you will hear on this compilation. It has been my privilege to know Buddy and his work for more than a quarter of a century, and his invitation for me to join him on several of the songs in this album is certainly a highlight of my own career in traditional country music. In addition to Buddy's fine strong voice and instantly recognizable guitar style, my autoharp and voice, you will also hear the voice of Buddy's partner in life, Mary Ann, who has shared not only his personal life with him but also she has been his main partner in music for more than 35 years.

Included here you will find the first three songs which Buddy performed in his October, 1928 radio debut on WFBR, Baltimore, Maryland (his own composition *Those Brown Eyes*; a unique version of the traditional *Midnight Special*; and *Wildwood Flower* – the song with which he has been most closely identified for the past 50 years) in addition to a diverse collection of songs and music ranging from *Foggy Mountain Top*, his radio and television theme song for many years, to a short philosophical recitation known as *Today's Joy Today...* a fine piece of advice for all of us... and including his two most widely known and best-loved compositions (*I'll Still Write Your Name In The Sand* and *The Song Of The Old Water Wheel*).

Also included are songs written by Buddy... and sung by him over many years... which have not heretofore been recorded by him (*Beautiful Blue-Eyed Blonde*; *We'll Be Sweethearts When We're Old*).

All in all, you're in for some good listening... a treasury of songs by a singer who commands the respect and admiration of those of us who know and love the music of countryfolks.

Enjoy!

Bill Clifton, Lutherville, Maryland, February 1978



Bill Clifton in the late 1970s
playing the autoharp







My Beautiful Blue Eyed-Blonde

(Buddy Starcher)

I Know A Girl In Carolina, She's The Sweetest Girl In Town
Big Blue Eyes That Sparkle, Like Dewdrops On The Ground;
To Meet Her Is To Love Her, She's Like A New Day Dawned
Heaven Is Not Far Above Her, She's A Beautiful Blue-Eyed Blonde.
I Met Her In November, One Cold And Dreary Day
She Brought The Sunshine With Her To Brighten My Pathway
No Need To Say I Love Her, She's Like A New Day Dawned
She Brightens The World With Laughter, She's A Beautiful Blue-Eyed Blonde
If I Had The Gold In The Treasury, And All The Riches On Earth
I Wouldn't Trade My Sweetheart, I Know Just What She's Worth
Her Voice Is Like Sweet Music, Her Hair's Like Golden Dawn
You'd Love Her If You'd See Her, She's A Beautiful Blue-Eyed Blonde
Each Night I Dream She's With Me, But Awake To Emptiness
If I Don't Get To See Her, I'll Just Go Crazy I Guess
I Wish My Dreams Were Real Ones, And Then When The Daylight Dawned
I'd Awake And Find Her With Me, My Beautiful Blue-Eyed Blonde

The West Virginia Hills

(traditional)

Oh, The West Virginia Hills
How Majestic And How Grand
With Their Summits Bathed In Glory
Like Our Prince Immanuel's Land
Is It Any Wonder Then
That My Heart With Rapture Trills
As I Stand Once More With Loved Ones
On Those West Virginia Hills

CHORUS:

Oh The Hills... Beautiful Hills
How I Love Those West Virginia Hills
If O'er Sea Or Land I Roam
Still I'll Think Of Happy Home
And The Friends Among The West Virginia Hills

Oh The West Virginia Hills
Where My Childhood Hours Were Passed
Where I Often Wandered Lonely
And The Future Tried To Cast
Many Are Our Visions Bright
Which The Future Ne' Er Fulfills
But How Sunny Were My Daydreams
On Those West Virginia Hills

Oh The West Virginia Hills
I Must Bid You Now Adieu
In My Home Beyond The Mountains
I Shall Ever Dream Of You
In The Evening Time Of Life
If My Father Only Wills
I Shall Still Behold The Vision
Of Those West Virginia Hills



Let's

(Buddy Starcher)

Let's... Pick Up... The Pieces Of An Old Broken Heart

Let's... Put Them... Together, And Make A Brand New Start

Let's... Forget... Jealousy Has Torn Us Apart

Let's... Forgive.. And Love Again Sweetheart

I Can't Find It In My Heart To Ever Say Goodbye

If We, Can Make Another Start I'll Never Make You Cry

Or Let My Jealous Heart Go Wild And Cause You So Much Pain

One More Chance Is All I Ask, To Live And Love Again



The Song Of The Old Waterwheel

(Buddy Starcher)

By The Valley Road The Lilacs Are Growing
Around A Mill With An Old Waterwheel
In His Dusty Coat The Miller Sits Dreaming
Of His True Love, The Pretty Lucille

The Old Waterwheel Keeps Turning And Turning
It Seems To Speak Of The Kisses They'd Steal
Of The Soft Summer Night, When Their Hearts Were So Light
Making Love To The Song Of The Old Waterwheel

CHORUS:

Around And 'Round The Mill Wheel Keeps Turning
It Seems To Speak Of The Lovely Lucille
The Miller Dreams With A Heart That Is Yearning
He's Lost In The Song Of The Old Waterwheel

In Her Eyes Of Blue, Two Heavens Lay Dreaming
Her Hair Was Brown As The Meadow Lark's Wing
Every Smile Revealed Bright Pearls Gently Gleaming
And Nature Made Her Lips Just To Sing

But Fate Was Unkind, She Sleeps 'Heath The Lilacs
The Busy World Keeps Moving Along
But The Old Miller Seems To Be Lost In His Dreams
While The Waterwheel, Turns, Gently Singing A Song

Those Brown Eyes

(Buddy Starcher)

One Evening When The Sun Was Low
Brown Eyes Whispered "I Must Go"
Not One Moment Could She Wait
She Kissed My Cheek And Left The Gate

CHORUS:

Those Brown Eyes I Love So Well
Those Brown Eyes I Long To See
How I Sigh For Those Brown Eyes
Since Strangers They Have Grown To Me

One Evening I Met Her On The Street
I Bowed My Head But Could Not Speak
Another Man Was By Her Side
And Soon I Thought She'd Be His Bride

Just One Year Ago Today
They Laid My Own Brown Eyes Away
Up In Heaven's Where I Long To Be
Where Brown-Eyed Angels Wait For Me

**This is the first song which
Buddy sang on Radio WFBR,
Baltimore, Maryland,
in October 1928.**

I'll Still Write Your Name In The Sand

(Buddy Starcher)

Years Have Gone Since We Were Childhood Sweethearts
Blissful Days That I Shall Never Forget
And I Love You Still My Little Darling
Tho The Years Bring Me Only Regret

CHORUS:

Oh I Love You My Darling, I Love You
If I Talk Will You Try To Understand
It's No Matter How You Treat Me I Love You
And I'll Still Write Your Name In The Sand

For Many, Many Years I Have Loved You
And I've Waited But Only In Vain
Now I Know That I've Lost You My Darling
But I Still Sing The Same Old Refrain

Now I Know That Your Heart Was For Another
And It Grieves Me More Than I Can Stand
Tho I've Lost The Only One That I Care For
I Will Still Write Your Name In The Sand.



Wildwood Flower

(traditional)

Oh I'll Twine With My Mingles And Waving Black Hair
With The Roses So Red And The Lillies So Fair
And The Myrtle So Bright With The Emerald Dew
The Pale And The Leader With Eyes Oh So Blue

I Will Dance I Will Sing, And My Laugh Shall Be Gay
I Will Charm Every Heart, In The Crowd I Will Sway
When I Woke From My Dreaming My Idols Were Clay
All Portions Of Love Had All Flown Away

Oh He Taught Me To Love Him And Promised To Love
And To Cherish Me Over All Others Above
How My Heart Is Now Yearning, No Misery Can Tell
He Left Me No Warning, No Words Of Farewell

Oh He Taught Me To Love Him And Called Me His Flower
That Was Blooming To Cheer Him Through Life's Darkest Hour
Oh How I Long To See Him, And Regret The Dark Hour
He's Gone And Neglected His Pale Wildwood Flower



Foggy Mountain Top

(P. Carter)

If I Was On Some Foggy Mountain Top
I'd Sail Away To The West
I'd Sail All Around This Whole Wide World
To The Girl I Love The Best

If I Had Listened To What Mama Said
I Would Not Be Here Today
Just Lying Around This Old Jail House
Weeping My Poor Life Away

Oh, When You See That Girl Of Mine
There's Something You Must Tell Her
She Need Not To Fool No Time Away
At Courting Some Other Feller

Oh, She's Caused Me To Weep, She Has Caused Me To Mourn
She's Caused Me To Leave My Home
Oh That Lonesome Pine And Them Good Old Times
I Am On My Way Back Home

Oh When You Go A-Courting
I'll Tell You How To Do
Pull Off That Long Pale Roust-About
Put On Your Navy Blue

Too Late To Worry

(Buddy Starcher)

Can You Forget The Night We Met Dear
Will You Forget The Lies You Told
Your Love Was All That I Asked For
Your Heart Was Set On A Rich Man's Gold

CHORUS:

Someday Your Heart Will Break And Then, Dear
You'll Know The Pain I've Had To Bear
You'll Call, But Baby I Won't Answer
Too Late To Worry, I Don't Care

Will You Remember One Who Loves You
When All Your Gold Has Brought Despair
Will You Want Me To Share Your Sadness
It's Too Late Now, Dear, I Don't Care

You Laid Your Head Upon My Shoulder
Kissed And Asked Me If I Cared
I Fell In Love With Your Blue Eyes, Dear
Too Late To Worry, I Don't Care



My Shadow Grows Tall

(Buddy Starcher)

I Stand Here Alone, Facing The West
Where The Evening Sun Is Sinking To Rest
Like Leaves From The Trees, Just Waiting To Fall
My Time Will Soon Come, My Shadow Grows Tall

CHORUS:

My Shadow Grows Tall, The Sun Gets Lower
Soon I'll Be Leaving For Ever More
There's No Tomorrow, My Saviour Calls
And It's All Over, My Shadow Grows Tall

The Sunset Of Life Beckons To Me
Beyond The Horizon Lies Eternity
No Moment Of Life Can I Recall
For It's All Over, My Shadow Grows Tall

I Hear Birds Singing, A Note Of Farewell
Their Songs Are Ringing, Through Out The Dell
Beyond The Sunset, I'll Hear Their Call,
But It's Goodbye Now, My Shadow Grows Tall

We'll Be Sweethearts When We're Old

(Buddy Starcher)

Life Has Brought Us Joy And Sorrow
We Have Shared Them Day By Day
But Your Love Has Made Each Morrow
All The Brighter On Life's Way

Life Roses Fade And They Wither
And Its Story Soon Is Told
But Our Love Will Never Change, Dear
We'll Be Sweethearts When We're Old

One Dear Thought Is Mine Forever
Love Like Ours Cannot Grow Cold
And Tho Sometimes Hopes May Sever
We'll Be Sweethearts When We're Old

We Have Seen The Summer Fading
But Its Bloom Has Lived Again
We Have Marked The Clouds O'er Shading
But The Sunlight Follows Rain

Love-Lit Eyes May Lose Their Splendour
While The Years Have Onward Rolled
But Their Glance Will Be As Tender
We'll Be Sweethearts When We're Old

Tho Our Hearts May Miss The Lightness
And The Freshness Of Life's Morn
Yet The Sunset Has Its Brightness
And The Stars Mid Gloom Are Born

Links Of True Love Are Never Broken
Dear To Me Your Hand I Hold
And Your Lips To Mine Give Token
We'll Be Sweethearts When We're Old

Midnight Special

(traditional)

Oh, I'll Wake Up In The Morning, Hear The Ding-Dong Ring
Go Marching To The Table, Have The Same Old Thing
Let The Midnight Special Shine Her Light On Me
Let The Midnight Special Shine Her Ever-lovin' Light On Me

I Never Had The Blues So, In All My Life Before
'Til My Woman Left Me At The Jailhouse Door
She Left Me Cryin', Tears Rolled Down Her Face
Saying "I'd Rather See You Dead, Boy, Than In This Place"
Let The Midnight Special Shine Her Light On Me
Let The Midnight Special Shine Her Ever-lovin' Light On Me

When You Go To The City, Boys, You'd Better Have The Kale
Or The Law Will Arrest You, And Put You In Jail;
The Judge He'll Fine You, They'll Shake You Down,
If You Haven't Got The Money, Boys, You're Jail-house Bound
Let The Midnight Special Shine Her Light On Me
Let The Midnight Special Shine Her Ever-lovin' Light On Me

If You've Got A Good Man, Woman, You'd Better Keep Him At Home
For The Big City Women Won't Leave Him Alone;
They'll Paint And Powder, Lord They Sure Look Swell
The First Thing You Know, Woman, Your Man's Gone To Singin'
Let The Midnight Special Shine Her Light On Me
Let The Midnight Special Shine Her Ever-lovin' Light On Me

**This is one of the songs
which Buddy sang on
Radio WFBR, Baltimore,
Maryland,
in October 1928.**

Today's Joy Today

(Buddy Starcher)

I Would Rather Have One Little Rose
From The Garden Of A Friend
Than To Have The Choicest Flowers
When My Stay On Earth Must End.

I Would Rather Have The Kindest Words
And A Smile That I Can See
Than Flattery, When My Heart Is Still
And This Life Has Ceased To Be.

I Would Rather Have A Loving Smile
From A Friend I Know Is True
Than Tears Shed 'Round My Casket
When This World I Bid Goodbye

Bring Me All The Flowers Today,
Whether Pink, White Or Red;
I'd Rather Have One Blossom Now
Than A Truckload When I'm Dead.



Too Hurt To Cry

(Buddy Starcher)

No One Will Ever Know How Lonely I Have Been
Since I Had To Leave You And Say Good-Bye Again
Your Kiss Was Never Sweeter Than When You Said Goodbye
But You Could Not Have Known I Was Too Hurt To Cry

CHORUS:

Yes I'm Too Hurt To Cry, Since Love Has Passed Me By
Yet Um Sure That I'll Never Cross Your Mind
One Thing I Wish You'd Do When Someone Is Kissing You
Think Of Love That's True, And A Heart Too Hurt To Cry

Your Kisses Were The Sweetest, You Gave So Willingly
But Then You Let Another Steal Them Away From Me
If I Must Live Without You I Wish That I Could Die
I Know That You Don't Care That I'm Too Hurt To Cry

A Few Little Things

(Buddy Starcher)

The Flame In My Heart Is Burning Low
For It's Been Burning Since Long Ago
I've Carried A Torch, But All In Vain
Because I Forgot A Few Little Things

CHORUS:

A Few Little Things, I Didn't Do Then
Like A Tender Kiss Every Now And Again
And Run My Fingers Through Her Hair
A Few Little Things To Show That I Care

If I Could Undo, Things Of The Past
I'm Sure That Our Love Would Always Last
Things That You Wanted, Like Wedding Rings
But A Fool Forgot Those Few Little Things



May An Angel Sleep On Your Pillow Tonight

(Buddy Starcher)

May An Angel Sleep On Your Pillow Tonight
May All Your Tomorrows Be Happy And Bright
May The Petal Of A Rose Adorn Your Cheeks
May Your Name Be Mentioned When The Angel Speaks

CHORUS:

May Your Mornings Be Full Of Sunshine And Joy
May You Greet Each Day Like A Brand New Toy
May Cloudy Skies Turn Into Sunlight
May An Angel Sleep On Your Pillow Tonight

May Tee Song Birds Sing For You A Happy Tune
May Little Ones Bring Sunshine To Your Room
If My Wishes Come True 'Twould Bring You Delight
May An Angel Sleep On Your Pillow Tonight

Talkin' With The Lord (In The Old Wood Shed)

(Buddy Starcher)

I Remember Well When I Was A Lad,
The Times Were Hard And The Crops Were Bad
Wasn't Much Work Nowhere To Be Had,
And No-One To Work But Me And Dad;

And Dad, Well He Was Gettin' Along
Guess 'Round Seventy, But Pretty Strong
And Mother, Well - My Mother Was Gone
She Had Joined Up With The Heavenly Throng

Once All We Had Was A Poke Of Flour,
And Spectin The Sheriff Most Any Hour
Last Years Taxes Had Not Been Paid,
And We'd Done Eat The Only Hen That Laid

Then I'd Find Dad Out In The Old Wood Shed,
He'd Go There Often Since Mother Was Dead
I Was Wonderin' Why, And Then One Day
I Snuck In To See, And I Heard Him Pray.

As I Stood By The Door I Heard Him Say,
"Lord, I Thank You For This Wonderful Day
And For Your Kindness And Care Throughout The Night,
Just Knowin' You, Lord Makes Everything Alright;

I Know That Things Get A Little Rough
But That's Why You Made These Hands So Tough
Now As For Me, Lord, I Don't Worry None,
But Would You Kinda Look Out For My Son?

I Know That I Don't Have Much Longer To Stay,
And I Don't Mind Since Ma's Gone Away
I Have A Hankerin' To Join Her Up There,
And That's One Reason For This Prayer

I Want My Boy To Learn To Trust You,
Like Ma And Me Would Allus Do;
Of Course We've Knowed You For Many Years
And Just Talkin' To You Has Dried Many Tears.

And Right Now My Boy Is Worried To Death
Cause We Ain't Hardly Got No Food Left
But It's Been This Way Many Times Before,
And I'd Allus Come A-Knockin' On Your Door

Somehow, Lord, You'd Answer My Prayer,
And I'd Allus Know The Food Would Be There
I Thank Ye Lord, Enough Has Been Said,
And I'll See You Tomorrow, Here In The Old Wood Shed"

As I Saw Him Bowed In Reverence There,
I Knew He Had A Special, Kind Of Prayer
He Had Been Talkin' Jist Talkin' To The Lord,
And Somehow I Knew God Heard Every Word

My Dad Is Gone Now, But I Still See His Face,
As He Looked Toward Heaven And Asked For God's Grace;
The Old Shed Is Still There,
As It Was On That Day,
When I Stood By The Door
And Heard My Dad Say,
"Jist Havin' A Talk With The Lord"
He Said,
And I Thank God I Heard Him, In The Old Wood Shed.

