

## John's

Johnny Cash

Most of the favorite mem'ries of my boyhood days in Arkansas  
Are scattered around an ole wood stove at a place we call John's

It was just an ole tarpaper shack  
With a pump out front and some junk out back  
But inside there was always a hot cup of coffee  
And a warm place around the fire for anyone  
John pumped gas for a livin' and he fixed tires on the side  
And I guess ole John could fix most anything  
If you didn't push it he'd try  
And he gave me my first charge account for some gas  
And financed my first date  
Even fixed my ole radio just in case I got lucky  
And wanted to park down by the lake

And among the carburetors and the re-built generators  
I spent the whole night pickin' on an ol' flattop guitar  
John would play the fiddle and I'd always sing a little  
No there ain't no place to get filled up the way you could at John's

John taught me a whole lot about country music cause he loved it  
We'd sit up and listen to the Grand Ole Opry ever Saturday night  
Nobody would ever say a word not even durin' Martha White  
And I was awful young back then but still I knew just why  
That John closed the shop the whole day  
When we heard that Hank had died

There was somethin' else special about ole John  
He had a way of makin' us kids feel important  
simply by givin' us a good clean place to hang out  
Well I can still hear him sayin' pumpin' gas is a fever boys  
It'll get in your blood and it'll make your face break out in a grin  
Just to check ole lady Hanson's oil or to help a stranded friend

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