

## Papa Writes to Johnny

Gillian Welch

Papa writes to Johnny  
But Johnny can't come home  
It's been too much time now  
Too many nights on the road  
Oh, too many nights on the road

Blues on the table  
There's blues every week  
Pourin' out of the coffee pot  
With the first cup of the day  
Oh, the first cup of the day

Now where are my friends  
When I'm takin' the heat?  
Only help I got today  
Was from a stranger on the street  
Oh, the stranger on the street

And why would you laugh  
If you wanted to cry?  
Why would you say things  
If you knew it was a lie?  
Oh, you knew it was a lie

Dark was the night  
The cold was on the ground  
I couldn't sleep  
So I got up and walked around  
Oh, got up and walked around

And I walked into Dallas  
Crying all the way  
Running over in my mind  
Everything I meant to say  
Oh, everything I meant to say

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