

To Hank

Hardy

To Hank
There's a lotta old boys like me
That grew up in a country state of mind
Knew every word, knew every line
You sang
We'd crank it up on a Friday night
Ride them roads and just let you play
I just wanna say, yeah

Thanks for the Whiskey Bents and Hell Bounds
And all those nights just riding around
To the soundtrack of my life
Man, we had us some nights
Between outlaw women and my rowdy friends
Every song you sang, it just seemed to fit
Like a Chevy on a riverbank
No telling how many beers I drank
To Hank, yeah

First time I saw you play
Well you were drunk and I was too
You forgot the words but I helped ya out
Sang along with the whole damn crowd
But Hank
Yeah, I know you rolled a little smoke
And ticked off some folks as I recall
But ain't we all? Yeah, ain't we all?

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And all those nights just riding around
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To Hank

Then with Hey Good Lookin' and I Saw The Light
And I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry
Yeah, he left us way too soon
Can't nobody fill his shoes
Between Cold, Cold Heart and Mansion On A Hill
Everybody song he sang just seemed to fill
Like a Caddy on a lost highway
So many things I'd like to say
To Hank