

## The Carter Boys

Tom T. Hall

The carter boys were born one after another in a little old country place

I was the last and the death of my mother and I know it was a pretty bad trade

We'd get to drinking and I'd do the singing, they taught me to chase girls and cuss

We'd play poker, I'd do the dealing I was the only one we could trust

And there were six of us all together

And that's how we stood all the time

Six of us all together

The carter boys were brothers of mine

We had an old car that we kept tied together with pieces of baling wire and hope

They knew when we got there, they knew when we left, they could tell by the noise and the smoke

Anytime the sheriff had nothing to do he'd get out and chase us around

The old women prayed, the old men laughed and the middle-aged people all frowned

Daddy was a preacher and the lord knows he tried, gave us everything he could afford

We lost a lot of battles but daddy always said the only thing we feared was the lord

Well as I look back through the long lean years, I wonder how we ever survived

All that hard work, all of those women, and all those pistols and knives