

The Son Of Clayton Delaney

Tom T. Hall

On fourth street in louisville in 1978
Stranded in a honky-tonk, somewhere 'tween dates
There was a little band playin' as I sipped my beer
But I never thought that I'd hear what I'd hear

There was a young man a pickin' 'lectric guitar
Smokin' and a snippin', a learnin' how to be a star
He had a big blue bandanna tied around his head
A laid-back bass and a drummer named red

Well, his hair was cut long in the fashion of the time
Sandpaper vocal but he milked every line
His fingers like lightnin' on the guitar that he played
He did "lay down sally" and "hank didn't do it this way"

Well, I sat there and listened for over an hour
And the closest thing to country was a rockin' "wildwood flower
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And I got that feelin' that I had been there before
But I knew I had never been through that door

Well, the jukebox was turned on and the band took a break
I made my way up front to howdy and shake
I said, "son, I like your music and I kinda like your style."
But it seemed to me that I had seen that smile

Well, he stood there for a moment, then he laughed and he slapped his knee
He said, "you are one man I've wanted to see."
He said, "i know you, you story-tellin' son of a gun
And you know me I'm Clayton Delaney's son."