

## My Father's House

Darrell Scott

I was born and raised in my father's house  
Can catching rain in the kitchen  
He said a good song never comes to those who chase  
It comes to those who listen  
And I'd listen to him  
Waking up in the middle of the night  
I know he thought we were sleeping  
And with an old melody and a guitar in hand  
Somewhere between dreaming and weeping  
He'd sing a walk on the wildside lasts a lifetime for me

I grew up quick in my father's house  
Mama she gave him no daughters  
Just a look in the eye of a woman in need  
To be free of a love grown harder  
So she hit the road in a Galaxy Ford  
The one that my daddy had bought her  
And she crossed the tracks and never looked back  
She was hummin' a song he had taught her  
She sang a walk on the wildside lasts a lifetime with me

There was this big black trunk in my father's house  
Where he kept all the ledgers he'd write in  
And I broke into it before I moved out  
To see if I could find out more about him  
There were letters written, never sent to my mom  
It's a wonder it never killed him  
And there were lines, and songs, and poetry  
Damn near as good as Hank Williams  
Sing a walk on the wildside lasts a lifetime with me