

John's

Johnny Cash

Most of the favorite mem'ries of my boyhood days in Arkansas
Are scattered around an ole wood stove at a place we call John's

It was just an ole tarpaper shack
With a pump out front and some junk out back
But inside there was always a hot cup of coffee
And a warm place around the fire for anyone
John pumped gas for a livin' and he fixed tires on the side
And I guess ole John could fix most anything
If you didn't push it he'd try
And he gave me my first charge account for some gas
And financed my first date
Even fixed my ole radio just in case I got lucky
And wanted to park down by the lake

And among the carburetors and the re-built generators
I spent the whole night pickin' on an ol' flattop guitar
John would play the fiddle and I'd always sing a little
No there ain't no place to get filled up the way you could at John's

John taught me a whole lot about country music cause he loved it
We'd sit up and listen to the Grand Ole Opry ever Saturday night
Nobody would ever say a word not even durin' Martha White
And I was awful young back then but still I knew just why
That John closed the shop the whole day
When we heard that Hank had died

There was somethin' else special about ole John
He had a way of makin' us kids feel important
simply by givin' us a good clean place to hang out
Well I can still hear him sayin' pumpin' gas is a fever boys
It'll get in your blood and it'll make your face break out in a grin
Just to check ole lady Hanson's oil or to help a stranded friend

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