

# Don't Pay The Ransom

Nat Stuckey

Last night I stopped off for a beer on my way home  
And I saw this broken hearted sweet thing cryin' all alone  
My tender heart was deeply touched at the sight of a woman's tears  
So I said hi there and I pulled up a chair and ordered us a couple of beers  
We must have drunk a gallon of brew when I looked at my watch it was half past two  
And I suddenly realized I hadn't even called my wife  
And knowin' what would happen to me when I get home  
I nearly broke my neck gettin' to the phone  
And here's what I told her in an effort to save my life  
Don't pay the ransom honey I've escaped  
Considering what I've been through I'm in good shape  
Well my wrist and ankles are a little sore from the tape  
But don't pay the ransom honey I've escaped  
[ guitar - steel ]  
Now if you got tied up somewhere tonight on your way home  
In a poker game or with a pretty dame and it slips your mind to phone  
Don't blow your cool like a crazy fool and tell your woman where you've been  
Your situation requires imagination and I've got a suggestion my friend  
Tell her now don't pay the ransom ...  
No don't pay the ransom honey I've escaped