

Who's Gonna Feed Them Hogs

Tom T. Hall

I met him in a hospital about a year ago
And why I still remember him I guess I'll never know
He'd lie there and cry out in a medicated fog,
"Here I am in this dang bed and who's gonna feed them hogs?"

"Four hundred hogs, they just standin' out there
My wife can't feed 'em and my neighbors don't care
They can't get out and roam around like my old huntin' dogs
Here I am in this dang bed and who's gonna feed them hogs?"

His face was lean and his hands were rough
His way was hogs and his nature was tough
His doctors tried to tell him that he may not live at all
But all he ever talked about was who's gonna feed them hogs

"Four hundred hogs, they just standin' out there
My wife can't feed 'em and my neighbors don't care
They can't get out and roam around like my old huntin' dogs
Here I am in this dang bed and who's gonna feed them hogs?"

Four hundred hogs comes to eight hundred hams
And that's a lot of money for a hog-raisin' man
Four hundred hogs comes to sixteen hundred feet
The market's up and there are people a-waitin' on that meat

Well, the doctors say they do not know what saved the man from death
But in a few days he put on his overalls and he left
That's all there is to this small song but waitress, before you leave,
Would you bring me some coffee and a hot ham sandwich, please?

Four hundred hogs they're just standing out there
His wife couldn't feed 'em and his neighbors didn't care
They couldn't get out and roam around like his old huntin' dogs
...