

Hank

5-9--21 Christine Robins

For Victor & Tom

"The sound of his voice went through me like an electric rod." --Bob Dylan

1. The Great Depression, absent Dad, screwed-up back, pretty bad. G C D G
He stared at singin' cowboys on the screen. C D7 G
A Black man taught him blues & beats. Played for tips, on city streets, G C D G
Then a show on radio, at fourteen. C D7 G

CHORUS

In the songs, he didn't hide, the hurt that took him for a ride C G D G
I can't write like him, but I try. C D7 G

Instrumental Solo

2. He dreamed about the Opry stage. Writer's fire all ablaze,
He scribbled in his notebook every chance.
Two hundred songs from his pen. Some were junk, but some were gems.
His specialty was heartbreak, not romance.

3. At the peak of country charts, lonesome blues, cheatin' hearts,
Hank became..... a millionaire.
But the busted back never healed, ...marriage was a battlefield.
Drinkin' eased what couldn't be repaired.

CHORUS

In the songs, he didn't hide, the little boy who cried inside. C G D G

I can't sing like him, but I try. C D7 G

4. Cowboy hat, fancy suit, pint of whiskey in his boot,
For the fire in his spine, a steel brace
Medicine had intervened, chloral hydrate.....morphine.
He fumbled, stumbled,couldn't take the pace.

5. One too many drunken songs, the Grand Ole Opry said, "So long!"
He grinned and laughed, ...he was doin' fine.
On the way to Ohio, another night, another show,
He bought the farm, age 29.

Harmonica Solo on chorus

6. I Saw the Light is just the start. There's Jambalaya, Cold Cold Heart,
I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry, Lovesick Blues,
Honky Tonkin', Ramblin' Man, Hey Good Lookin', You Win Again.
I Can't Help It if I'm Still in Love with You.

CHORUS

In the songs, he tried to hide, a crippled back, a crippled mind. C G D G

I can't smile like him, but I try. C D7 G

I can't smile like him, but I try. C D7 G