

# Tom T. Hall, Song For Uncle Curt

I hate to write this song I never wanted to but after all Curt writin' songs is what I do  
Right now the paper's staring at me cold and blank  
Defying me to even try express my thanks  
But this song is for you uncle Curt you never were my uncle ain't that strange  
This song is for you uncle Curt a name is just a name is just a name is just a name

They called and said that you had bought your final's rout  
You gave me hell right to the end and I was proud  
I know some friends have wanted you to beg for life  
But I knew you'd live long enough to learn to die  
This song is for you uncle Curt...

I'm living down in Nashville now and writin' tunes  
The neighborhood is full of trees and good saloons  
I just got back from California on a plane everything is different but it's just the same  
And this song is for you uncle Curt...  
Is just a name is just a name is just a name