

The Year That Clayton Delaney Died

Tom T. Hall

I remember the year
That clayton delaney died
They said for the last two weeks
That he suffered and cried
It made a big impression on me
Although i was a barefoot kid
They said he got religion at the end
And i'm glad that he did Clayton was the best guitar picker
In our town
I thought he was a hero
And i used to follow clayton around
I often wondered why clayton
Who seemed so good to me
Never took his guitar
And made it down in tenn-o-see
Well daddy said he drank a lot
But i could never understand
I knew he used to pick up in ohio
With a five piece band
Clayton used to tell me son
You'd better put that ol' guitar away
There ain't no money in it
It will lead you to an early grave I guess if i'd admit it
Clayton taught me how to drink booze
I can see him half stoned
A-pickin' out the lovesick blues
When clayton died i made him a promise
I was going to carry on some how
I'd give a hundred dollars
If he could only see me now
I remember the year
That clayton delaney died
Nobody ever knew it
But i went out in the woods and i cried
While i know there's a lot of big preachers
That know a lot more than i do
It could be that the good lord
Likes a little pickin' too Yeah i remember the year
That clayton delaney died

