

Well it was all that I could do to keep from cryin'
 Sometimes it seemed so useless to remain
 But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
 You never even called me by my name

You don't have to call me Waylon Jennings
 And you don't have to call me Charley Pride
 And you don't have to call me Merle Haggard anymore
 Even though you're on my fightin' side

And I'll hang around as long as you will let me
 and I never minded standing in the rain
 But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
 You never even called me by my name

Well I've heard my name a few times in your phonebook (Hello? Hello?)
 And I've seen it on signs where I've played
 But the only time I know I'll hear David Allan Coe
 Is when Jesus has his final judgment day

So I'll hang around as long as you will let me
 and I never minded standing in the rain
 But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
 You never even called me by my name

(Spoken)

Well a good friend of mine named Steve Goodman wrote that song.
 And he told me it was the perfect country and western song.
 Well I wrote him back a letter and told him:
 It was not the perfect country and western song,
 Because he hadn't said anything at all about mama,
 Or trains, or trucks, or prison, or gettin' drunk!
 Well, he sat down and wrote another verse to this song,
 and he sent it to me. After reading it, I realized
 That my friend had written the perfect country and western song.
 And I felt obliged to include it on this album.
 The last verse goes like this here:

C G C
 Well I was drunk the day my mom got out of prison
 C G C
 And I went to pick her up in the rain
 F C Am
 But before I could get to the station in my pickup truck
 D7 G
 She got runned over by a damned old train

F C
 And I'll hang around as long as you will let me
 C. G C
 and I never minded standing in the rain
 F C
 But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
 C G
 You never even called me
 C F
 Well I wonder why you don't call me,
 C G F (C G C)
 Why don't you ever call me by my name?