You Never Even Called Me By My Name

David Allan Coe

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 call me by my nameYou don't have to call me Waylon Jennings
and you don't have to call me Charlie Pride
and you don't have to call me Merle Haggard anymore
Even though you're on my fightin' sideAnd I'll hang around as long as you will let me
and I never minded standin' in the rain
But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
You never even called me by my nameWell, I've heard my name
A few times in your phone book (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 will hang around as long as you will let me
and I never minded standin' in the rain
But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
You never even called me by my nameWell a friend of mine named Steve Goodman wrote that song
and he told me it was the perfect country and western song
I wrote him back a letter and I 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 the song
and he sent it to me,
and after readin' it,
i realized that my friend had written the perfect
country & western song
and i felt obliged to include it on this album
the last verse goes like this here:
well, i was drunk the day my mom got out of prison
and i went to pick her up in the rain
but before i could get to the station in the pickup truck
she got runned over by a damned old trainand i'll hang around as long as you will let me
and i never minded standin' in the rain
no, a' you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
you never even call me
well i wonder why you don't call me
why don't you ever call me by my name