

# HANK'S LAST SHOT

Music & Lyrics: Mike Appel © 2004

The pallbearers were solemn and performed their grim task  
The coroner had found painkillers and small silver flask  
Hank Williams had died in just twenty-nine years  
His powder blue Fleetwood stripped of all souvenirs

His mother'd been sobbing and well that she might  
Him dyin' first, somehow it ain't right  
As they filed by his coffin, to bid him goodbye  
The men swallowed hard but just had to cry

His life was no cake walk, though he'd say so what  
With a devil may care look, he'd down a stiff shot  
His marriage had failed him for all it begot  
He never heard Fate whisper; "that was your last shot"  
Hank's Last Shot

Thine eyes will see the glory behind the grand golden gates  
You'll be seated in the front row, the greatest of country greats  
You'll be robed in white raiment, softer than fleece  
Your tortured soul finally finding everlasting peace

At the Grand Ole Opry, he'd brought down the house  
Playin' seven encores, did his dad real proud  
Those oak rafters echoed with them hillbilly songs  
That night young Hank Williams couldn't do any wrong

Now if anyone should ask, you can say I'm a big fan  
Yes cheers to the Shakespeare of the blue-collar man  
A honky-tonk tunesmith writin' hits on demand  
In that casket bound for heaven's one hell of a man

His journey would end 'neath this granite headstone  
Yes he'll lie here in Montgomery in the earth he called home  
But his songs will out live him; yes they shall survive  
His prophetic words, I'll Never Get Out Of This World Alive

His boy left behind, no more than a tot  
But even Hank couldn't predict, his last parting shot  
Took a swig and some pills so his back pains might stop  
The concoction proved fatal, it would be his last shot  
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Now as best anyone can tell, Hiram King Williams died sometime between New Year's Eve 1952 and New Year's Day 1953 in the back seat of his Cadillac somewhere between Knoxville, Tn. & Oak Hill, W. Va.

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