**Letters From Home**

Capo 3

**A**

**My dearest son it's almost June,**

**I hope this letter catches up with you,**

 **D**

**And finds you well,**

**A**

**It's been dry but they're callin for rain,**

**Everything's the same ol' same,**

 **D**

**In Johnsonville,**

**F#m E D**

 **Your stuborn old daddy ain't said too much,**

 **Bm**

**But I'm sure you know he sends his love,**

 **Esus-E A**

**And she goes on, in a letter from home,**

**D**

**I hold it up and show my buddy's like we ain't scared**

 **A**

**and our boots ain't muddy, And they all laugh,**

 **E F#m**

**Like there's somethin funny bout the way I talk,**

 **D**

**When I say mama sends her best ya'll,**

 **D**

**I fold it up and put it in my shirt,**

**Pick up my gun and get back to work,**

**A E F#m**

 **And it keeps me drivin on,**

 **D - E A**

**Waitin on, Letters from home,**

**A**

**My dearest love it's almost dawn,**

**I've been lyin here all night long,**

 **D**

**Wonderin where you might be,**

**A**

**I saw your mama and I showed her the ring,**

**Man on the television said something,**

**D**

**So I couldn't sleep,**

**F#m E D**

 **But I'll be alright I'm just missin you,**

 **Bm Esus-E**

**And this is me kissin you, X's and O's,**

 **A**

**In a letter from home,**

**D**

**I hold it up and show my buddy's like we ain't scared**

 **A**

**and our boots ain't muddy, And they all laugh,**

 **E F#m**

**Cause she calls me honey but they take it hard,**

 **D**

**Cause I don't read the good part,**

 **D**

**I fold it up and put it in my shirt,**

**Pick up my gun and get back to work,**

**A E F#m**

 **And it keeps me drivin on,**

 **D - E A**

**Waitin on, Letters from home,**

**D**

**Dear son I know I ain't written,**

 **D A**

**But sittin here tonight alone in the kitchen it occurs to me,**

 **E F#m**

**I might not have said it so I'll say it now,**

 **D - E - D**

**Son you make me proud,**

**D**

**I hold it up and show my buddy's like we ain't scared**

 **A**

**and our boots ain't muddy, but no one laughs,**

 **E F#m**

**Cause there ain't nothin funny when a soldier cries,**

 **D**

**And I just wipe my eyes,**

 **D**

**I fold it up and put it in my shirt,**

**Pick up my gun and get back to work,**

**A E F#m**

 **And it keeps me drivin on,**

 **D - Esus - E A**

**Waitin on, Letters from home,**