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—Country Philosopher—

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## Good old country music

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I am fascinated with country music. I heard a song the other night and it took tremendous concentration for me to realize it was a love song. The lyrics went something like this:

I run around with other women  
I lay drunk on the barroom floor  
I bash your teeth down your throat  
Now... you don't love me anymore  
The singer sounded completely baffled. Why would any sensible wife not love this guy just because he had a few shortcomings?

Country music gives me a view into a bewildering and complex world. I have always thought of love as being gentle. It is something that thrives on compassion, understanding, and trust. Being in love is a period of grace in ones' life that encompasses mutual fondness and fidelity.

The second verse of the song went:  
I been in jail a thousand times  
I get drunk and rant and roar  
My pick-up truck is filled with women

Now... you don't love me anymore

The singer sounded so plaintive... so desperate... and I'll be damned if I didn't begin feeling sorry for him. His wife must have been an unemotional slob. Good gracious... what was wrong with having a few extra women? Why would a wife get jacked out of shape just because her husband beats the living bejabbers out of her every night? Man isn't perfect. All of us have those little boy traits that are somewhat mischievous.

The middle of the song went:

So darling... please forgive me  
I know I ain't good and strong  
But my Mama done deserted me  
And that's where I went wrong

I began to cry. Great sobs racked my body. That poor, poor man. I'm not saying he was perfect... glory... he had many bad faults. But his Mama leaving him when he was just a baby! That's horrible! No wonder he drank a bit too much and beat the hell out of

women. Isn't that only natural? I hoped the last verse of the song would be beautiful. That his wife would say, "Gee... I don't mind having my teeth bashed in. I am very fond of your going out with other women. And I can certainly forgive your animal-like conduct because your mother was a rat fink." But my world caved in as I listened to the last verse.

I'm going to kill myself tonight  
My tender heart you done tore  
I'll be laid out as cold as stone  
Because... you don't love me anymore

I couldn't stop crying. I realized it was only a song but I started praying that the man wouldn't kill himself. Hell! That wouldn't solve anything. If he would only punch out his wife on holidays... if he would get drunk only when she got drunk... if he bought her a new C.B. radio... well... maybe things would work out.

I swear, I just don't understand it.



Do women demand perfection in their husbands? Haven't they that ingredient within their hearts that allows them to forgive? Well, thank goodness my wife isn't like that. My wife would stand by my side no matter what I did or how I acted. She is completely devoted to me and she would smile at any little fault I exhibited.

You don't believe me? Well, I'll prove it. Tonight I'll get myself a woman and bring her into my house. I'll drink a fifth of booze and get roaring drunk. And when my wife gets home from work I'll punch her right in the mouth.

I'll let you know how it turns out.

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