A Song for David

In my heart I will wait
by the stony gate
and the little one
in my arms will sleep.
Every rising of the moon
makes the years grow late
and the love in our hearts will keep.
There are friends I will make
and bonds I will break
as the seasons roll by
and we build our own sky.
In my heart I will wait
by the stony gate
and the little one
in my arms will sleep.

And the stars in your sky
are the stars in mine
and both prisoners
of this life are we.
Through the same troubled waters
we carry our time,
you and the convicts and me.
There's a good thing to know
on the outside or in,
to answer not where
but just who I am.
Because the stars in your sky
are the stars in mine
and both prisoners
of this life are we.

A Week in Country Jail – Tom T. Hall

One time I spent a week inside a little country jail
And I don't guess I'll ever live it down
I was sittin' at a red light when these two men came and got me
And said that I was speeding through their town

Well, they said, tomorrow morning you can see the judge then go.
They let me call one person on the phone
I thought I'd be there overnight so I just called my boss
To tell him I'd be off but not for long

Well, they motioned me inside a cell with seven other guys
One little barred up window in the rear
My cellmates said if they had let me bring some money in
We ought to send the jailer for some beer

Well, I had to pay him double 'cause he was the man in charge
And the jailer's job was not the best in town
Later on his wife brought hot bologna, eggs and gravy
The first day I was there I turned it down

Well, next morning they just let us sleep but I was up real early
Wonderin' when I'd get my release
Later on we got more hot bologna, eggs and gravy
And by now I wasn't quite so hard to please

Two days later when I thought that I had been forgotten
The sheriff came in chewin' on a straw
He said, where is the guy who thinks that this is indianapolis?
I'd like to talk to him about the law.
Well, I told him who I was and told him I was working steady
And I really should be gettin' on my way
That part about me bein' who I was did not impress him
He said, the judge'll be here any day.

The Ballad of Hollis Brown – Bob Dylan

Hollis Brown
He lived on the outside of town
Hollis Brown
He lived on the outside of town
With his wife and five children
And his cabin fallin' down

You looked for work and money
And you walked a ragged mile
You looked for work and money
And you walked a ragged mile
Your children are so hungry
That they don't know how to smile

Your baby's eyes look crazy
They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve
Your baby's eyes look crazy
They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve
You walk the floor and wonder why
With every breath you breathe

The rats have got your flour
Bad blood it got your mare
The rats have got your flour
Bad blood it got your mare
If there's anyone that knows
Is there anyone that cares?

You prayed to the Lord above
Oh, please send you a friend
You prayed to the Lord above
Oh, please send you a friend
Your empty pockets tell ya
That you ain't a-got no friend

Your babies are crying louder
It's pounding on your brain
Your babies are crying louder
It's pounding on your brain
Your wife's screams are stabbin' you
Like the dirty drivin' rain

Your grass it is turning black
There's no water in your well
Your grass is turning black
There's no water in your well
You spent your last lone dollar
On seven shotgun shells

Way out in the wilderness
A cold coyote calls
Way out in the wilderness
A cold coyote calls
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That's hangin' on the wall

Your brain is a-bleedin'
And your legs can't seem to stand
Your brain is a-bleedin'
And your legs can't seem to stand
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That you're holdin' in your hand

There's seven breezes a-blowin'
All around the cabin door
There's seven breezes a-blowin'
All around the cabin door
Seven shots ring out
Like the ocean's pounding roar

There's seven people dead
On a South Dakota farm
There's seven people dead
On a South Dakota farm
Somewheres in the distance
There's seven new people born

The jailer had a wife and let me tell you she was awful
But she brought that hot bologna every day
And after seven days she got to lookin' so much better
I asked her if she'd like to run away

The next mornin' that old judge took every nickel that I had
And he said, son, let this teach you not to race.
The jailer's wife was smilin' from the window as I left
In thirty minutes I was out of state

The Best Country Song – John Prine/Steve Goodman

Well, it was all
That I could do to keep from crying'
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 Charlie Pride
And you don't have to call me Merle Haggard anymore
Even though you're on my fighting' 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 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'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, a friend of mine named Steve Goodman wrote that song
And he told me it was the perfect country & western song
I wrote him back a letter and I told him it was not the perfect country & western song
Because he hadn't said anything at all about mama
Or trains, or trucks, or prison, or getting' drunk
Well, he sat down and wrote another verse to the song and he sent it to me

And after reading 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 my pickup truck
She got run over by a damned old train

And I'll hang around as long as you will let me
And I never minded standing' in the rain, no
But you don't have to call me darlin', darlin'
You never even called me
Well, I wonder why you don't call me
Why don't you ever call me by my name

Bimini – The Kingston Trio

[CHORUS] Oh, 'til I go down to Bimini, never get a lickin' 'til I go down to Bimini.
We were all sailors 'til the day our boat pulled in to Bimini Bay.
We tapped a keg. We loaded on. Woke up to find the boat was gone!
[CHORUS]
Send my bail down to Bimini. This town is wearisome. Got thrown in jail just for drinkin' Barbego rum, Barbego rum.
[CHORUS]
I recollect the other night, seems like there was a friendly fight.
It was a woman brought me grief. Her mother was the police chief!
[CHORUS]
I told them I would mend my ways. They let me out in thirty days.
One little sip to quench my thirst, I should have read the label first!
[CHORUS]

They say that Bimini can't afford to keep providing room and board.
I'm anchored here by ball and chain, squeezin' the rum from sugar cane.
[CHORUS]
Oh, 'til I go down to Bimini, never get a lickin' 'til I go down to Bimini.

Blackjack County Chains – Willie Nelson

I was sittin' beside the road in Blackjack County
Not knowing that the sheriff paid a bounty
For men like me who didn't have a penny to their names
So he locked my leg to thirty-five pounds of Blackjack County chain

All we had to eat was bread and water
Each day we had to build that road a mile and a quarter
Black sneak whip would cut our backs when some poor fool complained
But we couldn't fight back wearin' 35 pounds of Blackjack County chain

And then one night while the sheriff was a sleepin'
We all gathered round him slowly creepin'
And heaven help me to forget that night in the cold cold rain
When we beat him death with thirty-five pounds of Blackjack County chain

Now the whip marks have all healed and I am thankful
That there's nothing but a scar round my ankle
Most of all I'm glad no man will be a slave again
To a black sneak whip and thirty-five pounds of Blackjack County chain
To a black sneak whip and thirty-five pounds of Blackjack County

Cash on the Barrellhead – Dolly Parton

Got in a little trouble at the county seat

Lawd, they put me in the jail house for loafing on the street
When the judge heard the verdict I was a guilty man

He said forty-five dollars or thirty days in the can

Said, that'll be cash on the barrelhead, son

You can take your choice you're twenty-one
No money down, no credit plan

No time to chase you cause I'm a busy man

Found a telephone number on a laundry slip
I had a good hearted jailer with a six gun hip
He let me call long distance, she said number please
And no sooner than I told her, she shouted out at me

That'll be cash on the barrelhead son
Not part not half but the entire sum
No money down, no credit plan
Cause a little bird told me, you're a travellin' man

Thirty days in the jailhouse, four days on the road
I was feeling mighty hungry my feet a heavy load
Saw a greyhound coming stuck up my thumb
Just as I was being seated, the driving caught my arm

Said that'll be cash on the barrelhead son
This old gray dog gets paid to run
When the engine starts, lawd, the wheels won't roll
Give me cash on the barrelhead I'll take you down the road

Cedartown Georgia – Waylon Jennings

I got a gal in Cedartown Georgia I used to have to walk nearly three miles to court her
She never had much just a sharecropper's daughter
But I married her and took her down to New Orleans
Got a little house in the South French Quarter
Got a job tookin' bales load them on steamboat
I give the seven days pay next day unbroke
When she ain't a sleepin' all day she's a primpin'

Every evenin' when the sun goes down she starts a swarmin' on Orleans town
Walkin' into work this mornin' at daybreak
I caught her with the tall long dandy from canebreak
As she walked right by me and she looked right through me

I made up my mind what I'm a gonna do eased in the pawnshop and bought a 22
I watched as the roomclerk gave them a room key
A standin' right outside I could read Room 23
Tonight I'll put her on a train for Georgia
Gonna be a lotta kin folks squallin' and a grieving
Cause that Cedartown gal ain't breathing

Chain Gang – Sam Cooke

I hear somethin' sayin'

That's the sound of the men working on the chain ga-a-ang
That's the sound of the men working on the chain gang

All day long they're singin'
(Hooh aah) (hooh aah)
(Hooh aah) (hooh aah)

That's the sound of the men working on the chain ga-a-ang
That's the sound of the men working on the chain gang

All day long they work so hard
Till the sun is goin' down
Working on the highways and byways
And wearing, wearing a frown
You hear them moanin' their lives away
Then you hear somebody sa-ay

That's the sound of the men working on the chain ga-a-ang
That's the sound of the men working on the chain gang

Can't ya hear them singin'
Mm, I'm goin' home one of these days
I'm goin' home see my woman
Whom I love so dear
But meanwhile I got to work right he-ere

That's the sound of the men working on the chain ga-a-ang
That's the sound of the men working on the chain gang

All day long they're singin', mm
My, my, my, my, my, my, my, my, my work is so hard
Give me water, I'm thirsty

My, my work is so hard
Oh my, my, my, my, my, my work is so hard

The Death of Emmett Till – Bob Dylan

"Twas down in Mississippi no so long ago,
When a young boy from Chicago town stepped through a Southern door.
This boy's dreadful tragedy I can still remember well,
The color of his skin was black and his name was Emmett Till.

Some men they dragged him to a barn and there they beat him up.
They said they had a reason, but I can't remember what.
They tortured him and did some evil things too evil to repeat.
There was screaming sounds inside the barn, there was laughing sounds out on the street.

Then they rolled his body down a gulf amidst a bloody red rain
And they threw him in the waters wide to cease his screaming pain.
The reason that they killed him there, and I'm sure it ain't no lie,
Was just for the fun of killin' him and to watch him slowly die.

And then to stop the United States of yelling for a trial,
Two brothers they confessed that they had killed poor Emmett Till.
But on the jury there were men who helped the brothers commit this awful crime,
And so this trial was a mockery, but nobody seemed to mind.

I saw the morning papers but I could not bear to see
The smiling brothers walkin' down the courthouse stairs.
For the jury found them innocent and the brothers they went free,
While Emmett's body floats the foam of a Jim Crow southern sea.

If you can't speak out against this kind of thing, a crime that's so unjust,
Your eyes are filled with dead men's dirt, your mind is filled with dust.
Your arms and legs they must be in shackles and chains, and your blood it must refuse to flow,
For you let this human race fall down so God-awful low!

This song is just a reminder to remind your fellow man
That this kind of thing still lives today in that ghost-robed Ku Klux Klan.
But if all of us folks that thinks alike, if we gave all we could give,
We could make this great land of ours a greater place to live

Deep Red Bells – Neko Case

Who led you to this hiding place
These lightning thread-spun silver tunnels
The red bells beckon you to ride
A hand print on the driver's side
It looks a lot like engine oil
And tastes like being poor and small
And popsicles in summer

Deep red bells
Deep as I have been done
Deep red bells
Deep as I have been done

It always has to come this
The red bells ring this tragic dun
We've lost sight of the overpass
The daylight won't remember that
No speckled fawns raise round your bones
Who took the time to fold your clothes
And shook the valley of the shadow

Deep red bells
Deep as I have been done
Deep red bells
Deep as I have been done

Where does this mean world cast its cold eye?
Who's left to suffer long about you?
Does your soul cast about like an old paper bag
Past empty lots and early graves
Of those like you who lost their way
Murdered on the interstate
While the red bells rang like thunder?

Oh deep red bells
Deep as I have been done
Deep red bells
Deep as I have been done

Don’t Take Your Guns to Town – Johnny Cash

A young cowboy named Billy Joe grew restless on the farm
A boy filled with wonderlust who really meant no harm
He changed his clothes and shined his boots
And combed his dark hair down
And his mother cried as he walked out

[CHORUS]

Don't take your guns to town son
Leave your guns at home Bill
Don't take your guns to town

He laughed and kissed his mom
And said your Billy Joe's a man
I can shoot as quick and straight as anybody can
But I wouldn't shoot without a cause
I'd gun nobody down
But she cried again as he rode away

[CHORUS]

He sang a song as on he rode
His guns hung at his hips
He rode into a cattle town
A smile upon his lips
He stopped and walked into a bar
And laid his money down
But his mother's words echoed again

Don't take your guns to town son
Leave your guns at home Bill
Don't take your guns to town

He drank his first strong liquor then to calm his shaking hand
And tried to tell himself he had become a man
A dusty cowpoke at his side began to laugh him down
And he heard again his mothers words

[CHORUS]

Filled with rage then
Billy Joe reached for his gun to draw
But the stranger drew his gun and fired
Before he even saw
As Billy Joe fell to the floor
The crowd all gathered 'round
And wondered at his final words

[CHORUS]

Down by the River – Neil Young

He's a perfect stranger
Like a cross of himself and a fox
He's a feeling arranger
And a changer of the ways he talks

He's the unforeseen danger
The keeper of the key to the locks
Know when you see him
Nothing can free him

Step aside, open wide
It's the loner

If you see him in the subway
He'll be down at the end of the car
Watching you move
Until he knows, he knows who you are
When you get off at your station alone
He'll know that you are

Know when you see him
Nothing can free him
Step aside, open wide

I wanna live with a cinnamon girl
I could be happy
The rest of my life
With a cinnamon girl

A dreamer of pictures
I run in the night
You see us together
Chasing the moonlight
My cinnamon girl

Ten silver saxes
A bass with a bow
The drummer relaxes
And waits between shows
For his cinnamon girl

A dreamer of pictures
I run in the night
You see us together
Chasing the moonlight
My cinnamon girl

Be on my side
I'll be on your side
There is no reason for you to hide
It's so hard for me
Staying here all alone
When you could be taking me
For a ride

She could drag me
Over the rainbow
Send me away
Down by the river
I shot my baby
Down by the river
Dead

You take my hand
I'll take your hand
Together we may get away
This much madness is
Too much sorrow
It's impossible to make it today

She could drag me
Over the rainbow
Send me away
Down by the river
I shot my baby
Down by the river
Dead

Be on my side
I'll be on your side
There is no reason for you to hide
It's so hard for me
Staying here all alone
When you could be taking me
For a ride

Down in the Willow Garden – Billie Joe Armstrong

Down in the Willow garden
Where me and my love did meet
As we sat a-courtin'
My love fell off to sleep
I had a bottle of Burgundy wine
My love she did not know
So I poisoned that dear little girl
On the banks below

I drew a sabre through her
It was a bloody knife
I threw her in the river
Which was a dreadful sign
My father often told me
That money would set me free
If I would murder that dear little girl
Whose name was Rose Connolly

My father sits at his cabin door
Wiping his tear-dimmed eyes
For his only son soon shall walk
To yonder scaffold high
My race is run, beneath the sun
The scaffold now waits for me
For I did murder that dear little girl
Whose name was Rose Connelly

El Paso – Marty Robbins

Out in New Mexico, many long years ago
There in a shack on the desert, one night in a storm
Amid streaks of lightnin' and loud desert thunder
To a young Mexican couple, a baby was born;
Just as the baby cried, thunder and lightnin' died
Moon gave it's light to the world and the stars did the same
Mother and Father, both proud of the daughter
That heaven had sent them, Feleena was this baby's name.

When she was seventeen, bothered by crazy dreams
She ran away from the shack and left them to roam
Father and Mother, both asked one another
What made her run away, what made Feleena leave home;
Tired of the desert nights, fartherly grieved to strife
She ran away late one night in the moon's golden gleam
She didn't know where she'd go, but she'd get there
And she would find happiness, if she would follow her dream.

After she ran away, she went to Sante Fe
And in the year that she stayed there, she learned about life
In just a little while, she learned that with a smile
She could have pretty clothes, she could be any man's wife;
Rich men romanced her, they dined and they danced her
She understood men and she treated them all just the same
A form that was fine and rare, dark shining glossy hair
Lovely to look at Feleena was this woman's name.

Restless in Sante Fe, she had to get away
To any town where the lights had a much brighter glow
One cowboy mentioned the town of El Paso
They never stopped dancin' and money like whiskey did flow;
She bought a one-way, a ticket from Sante Fe
Three days and nights on a stage with a rest now and then
She didn't mind that, she knew she would find that
Her new life would be more exciting than where she had been.

The stage made it's last stop, up there on the mountain top
To let her see all of the lights at the foot of the hill
Her world was brighter and deep down inside her
An uncontrolled beating, her young heart just wouldn't be still;
She got a hotel, a room at the Lily Belle
Quickly she changed to a form-fitting black satin dress
Ev'ry man stopped to stare, at this form fine and rare
Even the women remarked of the charm she possessed.

Dancin' and laughter, was what she was after
And Rosa's Cantina had lights, with love in the gleam
That's what she hunted and that's what she wanted
Rosa's was one place, a nice girl would never be seen;
It was the same way, it was back in Sante Fe
Men would make fools of themselves at the thought of romance
Rosa took heed of, the place was in need of
This kind of excitement, so she paid Feleena to dance.

A year passed and maybe more and then through the swingin' doors
Came a young cowboy so tall and so handsomely dressed
This one was new in town, hadn't been seen around
He was so different, he wasn't like all of the rest;
Feleena danced close to him, then threw a rose to him
Quickly he walked to her table and there he sat down
And in a day or so, wherever folks would go
They'd see this young cowboy, showin' Feelena the town.

Six weeks he went with her, each minute spent with her
But he was insanely jealous of glances she'd give
Inside he was a-hurtin', from all of her flirtin'
That was her nature and that was the way that she lived;
She flirted one night, it started a gun-fight
And after the smoke cleared away, on the floor lay a man
Feleena's young lover, had shot down another
And he had to leave there, so out through the back door he ran.

The next day at five o'clock, she heard a rifle shot
Quickly she ran to the door, that was facin' the pass
She saw her cowboy, her wild-ridin' cowboy
Low in the saddle, her cowboy was ridin' in fast;
She ran to meet him, to kiss and to greet him
He saw her and motioned her back, with a wave of his hand
Bullets were flyin', Feleena was cryin'
As she saw him fall from the saddle and into the sand.

Feleena knelt near him, to hold and to hear him
When she felt the warm blood that flowed from the wound in his side
He raised to kiss her and she heard him whisper
"Never forget me - Faleena it's over, goodbye."
Quickly she grabbed for, the six-gun that he wore
And screamin' in anger and placin' the gun to her breast
Bury us both deep and maybe we'll find peace
And pullin' the trigger, she fell 'cross the dead cowboy's chest.

Out in El Paso, whenever the wind blows
If you listen closely at night, you'll hear in the wind
A woman is cryin', it's not the wind sighin'
Old timer's tell you, Feleena is callin' for him;
You'll hear them talkin' and you'll hear them walkin'
You'll hear them laugh and you'll look, but there's no one around
Don't be alarmed - there is really no harm there
It's only the young cowboy, showin' Feleena the town

Fish in the Jailhouse – Tom Waits

Peoria Johnson told Dirty Ol' Joe
I can break out of any old jail, you know
The bars are iron, the walls are stone
All I need me is an old fishbone

Fish in the jailhouse tonight, all right, oh boy
They're serving fish in the jailhouse tonight, all right, oh boy
They're serving fish in the jailhouse tonight, all right, oh boy
They're serving fish in the jailhouse
Fish in the jailhouse tonight

hammerhead shark
Well, a steelhead salmon or a mud bank carp
I said, one side dull, and then the other side sharp
And on Saturday night I'll be in Central Park

Fish in the jailhouse tonight, all right, oh boy
They're serving fish in the jailhouse tonight, all right, oh boy
They're serving fish in the jailhouse tonight, all right, oh boy
They're serving fish in the jailhouse
Fish in the jailhouse tonight

Ask Little Slow Jackson, on a forty-four trip
Ask Whipperfield Farraday, ask what I did
From the jail to the city, there's a rollin' fog
From Natchez(2) to Kenosha, runnin' down to New York

They're serving fish in the jailhouse tonight
All right (all right), oh boy (oh boy)
They're serving fish in the jailhouse tonight
All right (all right), oh boy (oh boy)
They're serving fish in the jailhouse tonight
All right (all right), oh boy (oh boy)
They're serving fish in the jailhouse
Fish in the jailhouse tonight

Fish in the jailhouse tonight, all right, oh boy
They're serving fish in the jailhouse tonight, all right, oh boy
They're serving fish in the jailhouse tonight, all right, oh boy
They're serving fish in the jailhouse
Fish in the jailhouse tonight

Frankie and Johnnie – Johnny Cash

Framkie and Johnny were sweethearts
Lordy how they did love
They swore to be true to each other
As true as the stars above
He was her man
He wouldn't do her wrong

Franke went down to the corner
Just t get a bucket of beer
She said "Mr. Bartender
Has my lovin' Johnny been here?
He's my man, he wouldn't do me wrong"

I ain't gonna tell you no story
I ain't gonna tell you no lie
Johnny left here 'bout an hour ago
With a gal named Nellie Bly
If he's your man, he's doin' you wrong

Frankie looked over the transom
And much to her surprise
There on a cot sat Johnny
Making love to Nellie Bly
She said "He's my man
But he's doin' me wrong"

Roll out your rubber tired buggy
Roll out your rubber tired hack
She's taking her man to the graveyard
But she ain't gonna bring him back
She shot her man
Because he was doin' her wrong

This story has no moral
This story has no end
This story goes to show

That you can't put your trust in men

She shot her man
Because he was doin' her wrong

Folsom Prison Blues – Johnny Cash

I hear the train a comin'
It's rollin' 'round the bend,
And I ain't seen the sunshine
Since, I don't know when
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison
And time keeps draggin' on
But that train keeps a-rollin'
On down to San Antone

When I was just a baby
My Mama told me, "Son
Always be a good boy
Don't ever play with guns, "
But I shot a man in Reno
Just to watch him die
When I hear that whistle blowin'
I hang my head and cry

I bet there's rich folks eatin'
In a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee
And smokin' big cigars
But I know I had it comin'
I know I can't be free
But those people keep a-movin'
And that's what tortures me

Well, if they freed me from this prison
If that railroad train was mine
I bet I'd move out over a little
Farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison
That's where I want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle
Blow my blues away

Gallows Pole – Leadbelly

Hangman, hangman, hold it a little while
Think I see my friends coming
Riding a many mile
Friends did you get some silver?
Did you get a little gold?
What did you bring me my dear friends
To keep me from the gallows pole?
What did you bring me to keep me from the gallows pole?

I couldn't get no silver, I couldn't get no gold
You know that we're too damn poor
To keep you from the gallows pole
Hangman, hangman, hold it a little while
I think I see my brother coming
Riding a many mile
Brother, did you get me some silver?
Did you get a little gold?
What did you bring me, my brother
To keep me from the gallows pole?
Brother, I brought you some silver
I brought a little gold,
I brought a little of everything
To keep you from the gallows pole
Yes, I brought you to keep you from the gallows pole

Hangman, hangman, turn your head awhile
I think I see my sister coming
Riding a many mile, mile, mile
Sister, I implore you, take him by the hand
Take him to some shady bower
Save me from the wrath of this man
Please take him
Save me from the wrath of this man, man

Hangman, hangman, upon your face a smile
Pray tell me that I'm free to ride

Ride for many mile, mile, mile
Oh, yes, you got a fine sister
She warmed my blood from cold
She brought my blood to boiling hot
To keep you from the gallows pole, pole, pole, pole, yeah
Your brother brought me silver
Your sister warmed my soul
But now I laugh and pull so hard
And see you swinging on the gallows pole, yeah
But now I laugh and pull so hard
And see you swinging on the gallows pole, pole, pole
Swingin' on the gallows pole
Swingin' on the gallows pole
Swingin' on the gallows pole
Swingin' on the gallows pole, pole, pole, pole, pole, pole, pole, pole

Give My Love to Rose – Johnny Cash

I found him by the railroad track this morning
I could see that he was nearly dead
I knelt down beside him and I listened
Just to hear the words the dying fellow said

He said they let me out of prison down in Frisco
For ten long years I've paid for what I've done
I was trying to get back to Louisiana
To see my Rose and get to know my son

Give my love to Rose please won't you mister
Take her all my money, tell her to buy some pretty clothes
Tell my boy his daddy's so proud of him
And don't forget to give my love to Rose

Tell them I said thanks for waiting for me
Tell my boy to help his mom at home
Tell my Rose to try to find another
For it ain't right that she should live alone

Mister here's a bag with all my money
It won't last them long the way it goes
God bless you for finding me this morning
And don't forget to give my love to Rose

Give my love to Rose please won't you mister
Take her all my money, tell her to buy some pretty clothes Tell my boy his daddy's so proud of him
And don't forget to give my love to Rose

Goodbye Earl – Dixie Chicks

Mary Anne and Wanda were the best of friends
All through their high school days
Both members of the 4H club, both active in the FFA
After graduation
Mary Anne went out lookin' for a bright new world
Wanda looked all around this town and all she found was Earl

Well, it wasn't two weeks after she got married that
Wanda started gettin' abused
She'd put on dark glasses or long sleeved blouses
Or make-up to cover a bruise
Well she finally got the nerve to file for divorce
And she let the law take it from there
But Earl walked right through that restraining order
And put her in intensive care

Right away Mary Anne flew in from Atlanta
On a red eye midnight flight
She held Wanda's hand as they worked out a plan
And it didn't take 'em long to decide

That Earl had to die, goodbye Earl
Those black-eyed peas, they tasted alright to me, Earl
You're feelin' weak? Why don't you lay down and sleep, Earl
Ain't it dark wrapped up in that tarp, Earl

The cops came by to bring Earl in
They searched the house high and low
Then they tipped their hats and said, thank you ladies
If you hear from him let us know
Well, the weeks went by and spring turned to summer
And summer faded into fall
And it turns out he was a missing person who nobody missed at all

So the girls bought some land and a roadside stand
Out on highway 109
They sell Tennessee ham and strawberry jam
And they don't lose any sleep at night, 'cause

Earl had to die, goodbye Earl
We need a break, let's go out to the lake, Earl
We'll pack a lunch, and stuff you in the trunk, Earl
Is that alright? Good! Let's go for a ride, Earl, hey!
Ooh hey hey hey, ummm hey hey hey, hey hey hey

Gunpowder and Lead – Miranda Lambert

County Road 233 under my feet
Nothin’ on this white rock but a little ol’ me
I got two miles ‘til he makes bail
And if I’m right we’re headed straight for hell

I’m goin’ home, gonna load my shotgun
Wait by the door and light a cigarette
He wants a fight, well now he’s got one
And he ain’t seen me crazy yet

Slapped my face and he shook me like a rag doll
Don’t that sound like a real man
I’m gonna show him what a little girl’s made of
Gunpowder and lead

Well, it’s half past ten, another six pack in
I can feel the rumble like the cold black wind
He pulls in the drive, gravel flies
But he don’t know what’s waitin’ here this time

Hey, I’m goin’ home, gonna load my shotgun
Wait by the door and light a cigarette
He wants a fight, well now he’s got one
And he ain’t seen me crazy yet

Slapped my face and he shook me like a rag doll
Don’t that sound like a real man
I’m gonna show him what a little girl’s made of
Gunpowder and lead

His fist is big but my gun’s bigger
He’ll find out when I pull the trigger

I’m goin’ home, gonna load my shotgun
Wait by the door and light a cigarette
He wants a fight, well now he’s got one
And he ain’t seen me crazy yet

Slapped my face and he shook me like a rag doll
Don’t that sound like a real man
I’m gonna show him what a little girl’s made of
Gunpowder and, gunpowder and lead
Gunpowder and lead, hey!

Hammer Horror – Kate Bush

You stood in the belltower,
But now you're gone.
So who knows all the sights
Of Notre Dame?

They've got the stars for the gallant hearts.
I'm the replacement for your part.
But all I want to do is forget
You, friend.

Hammer Horror, Hammer Horror,
Won't leave me alone.
The first time in my life,
I leave the lights on
To ease my soul.
Hammer Horror, Hammer Horror,
Won't leave it alone.
I don't know,
Is this the right thing to do?

Rehearsing in your things,
I feel guilty.
And retracing all the scenes,
Of your big hit,
Oh, God, you needed the leading role.
It wasn't me who made you go, though.
Now all I want to do is forget
You, friend.

Hammer Horror, Hammer Horror,
Won't leave me alone.
The first time in my life,
I leave the lights on
To ease my soul.

Hammer Horror, Hammer Horror,
Won't leave it alone.
I don't know,
Is this the right thing to do?

Who calls me from the other side
Of the street?
And who taps me on the shoulder?
I turn around, but you're gone.

Hang Me oh Hang Me – Oscar Isaac

Hang me, oh hand me
I'll be dead and gone
Hang me, oh hang me
I'll be dead and gone
Wouldn't mind the hanging
But the layin' in a grave so long, poor boy
I been all around this world

I been all 'round cape Gigardeau
Parts of Arkansas
All around cape Giradeau
Parts of Arkansas
Got so god damn hungry
I could hide behind a straw, poor boy
I been all around this world

Went up on a mountain
There i made my stand
Went up on a mountain
There i made my stand
Rifle on my shoulder
And a dagger in my hand, poor boy
I been all around this world

So hang me, oh hang me
I'll be dead and gone
Hang me, oh hang me
And i'll be dead and gone
I wouldn't mind the hanging
But the layin' in a grave so long, poor boy
I been all around this world

Put the rope around my neck
And hung me up so high
Put the rope around my neck
Hung me up so high
Last words i heard 'em say

Won't be long now for you die, poor boy

I been all around this world

So hang me, oh hang men
I'll be dead and gone
Hang me, oh hang me
I'll be dead and gone
I wouldn't mind the hanging
But the layin' in a grave, poor boy
I been all around this world

Hanging Johnny – Stan Ridgeway

Well, they call me Hangin' Johnny
Away boys, away
Well, I never hanged nobody
And it's hang boys, hang

Well, first I hanged me mother
Away boys, away
Me sister and me brother
And it's hang boys, hang

Well, next I hanged me granny
Away boys, away
Well, I'd hang the Holy Family
And it's hang boys, hang

Well, I never hangs for money
Away boys, away
It's just that hanging's so bloody funny
And it's hang boys, hang

Oh, they calls me Hangin' Johnny
Away boys, away
Well, I never hanged nobody
And it's hang boys, hang

Harris and the Mare – Stan Rogers

Harris, my old friend, good to see your face again
More welcome, though, yon trap and that old mare
For the wife is in a swoon, and I am all alone
Harris, fetch thy mare and take us home

The wife and I came out for a quiet glass of stout
And a word or two with neighbors in the room
But young Clary, he came in, as drunk and wild as sin
And swore the wife would leave the place with him

But the wife as quick as thought said, "No, I'll bloody not"
Then struck the brute a blow about the head
He raised his ugly paw, and he lashed her on the jaw
And she fell onto the floor like she were dead

Now Harris, well you know, I've never struck an angry blow
Nor would I keep a friend who raised his hand
I was a conscie in the war, cryin' what the hell's this for?
But I had to see his blood to be a man

Hey Joe – Jimi Hendrix

Hey Joe, where you goin' with that gun in your hand?
Hey Joe, I said where you goin' with that gun in your hand?
Alright.
I'm goin down to shoot my old lady

You know I caught her messin' 'round with another man.
I'm goin' down to shoot my old lady
You know I caught her messin' 'round with another man.

And that ain't too cool.
Uh, hey Joe, I heard you shot your woman down
You shot her down now.

Uh, hey Joe, I heard you shot you old lady down
You shot her down to the ground. Yeah!
Yes, I did, I shot her

You know I caught her messin' 'round
Messin' 'round town.
Uh, yes I did, I shot her
You know I caught my old lady messin' 'round town.

And I gave her the gun and I shot her!

Highwaymen – Jimmy Webb

I was a highwayman
Along the coach roads I did ride
With sword and pistol by my side
Many a young maid lost her baubles to my trade
Many a soldier shed his lifeblood on my blade
The bastards hung me in the spring of twenty-five
But I am still alive

I was a sailor
I was born upon the tide
And with the sea I did abide
I sailed a schooner round the Horn to Mexico
I went aloft and furled the mainsail in a blow
And when the yards broke off they said that I got killed
But I am living still

I was a dam builder
Across the river deep and wide
Where steel and water did collide
A place called Boulder on the wild Colorado
I slipped and fell into the wet concrete below
They buried me in that great tomb that knows no sound
But I am still around
I'll always be around and around and around and around and around

I fly a starship
Across the Universe divide
And when I reach the other side
I'll find a place to rest my spirit if I can
Perhaps I may become a highwayman again
Or I may simply be a single drop of rain
But I will remain
And I'll be back again, and again and again and again and again

Highwomen – Amanda Rose Shires / Brandi Carlile

“For some, rewriting “Highwayman” may be an act of sacrilege, tantamount to, say, riffing on “The Star-Spangled Banner” or goofing on “Stairway to Heaven.” But Shires and Carlile rewrote it with Webb’s blessing, turning its four macho verses into remembrances from persecuted women”

<https://pitchfork.com/reviews/albums/the-highwomen-the-highwomen/>

I was a Highwoman
And a mother from my youth
For my children I did what I had to do
My family left Honduras when they killed the Sandinistas
We followed a coyote through the dust of Mexico
Every one of them except for me survived
And I am still alive

I was a healer
I was gifted as a girl
I laid hands upon the world
Someone saw me sleeping naked in the noon sun
I heard "witchcraft" in the whispers and I knew my time had come
The bastards hung me at the Salem gallows hill
But I am living still

I was a freedom rider
When we thought the South had won
Virginia in the spring of '61
I sat down on the Greyhound that was bound for Mississippi
My mother asked me if that ride was worth my life
And when the shots rang out I never heard the sound
But I am still around

And I'll take that ride again
And again And again
And again And again

I was a preacher
My heart broke for all the world
But teaching was unrighteous for a girl
In the summer I was baptized in the mighty Colorado
In the winter I heard the hounds and I knew I had been found
And in my Savior's name, I laid my weapons down
But I am still around

We are The Highwomen
Singing stories still untold
We carry the sons you can only hold
We are the daughters of the silent generations
You sent our hearts to die alone in foreign nations
It may return to us as tiny drops of rain
But we will still remain

And we'll come back again and again and again
And again and again
We'll come back again and again and again
And again and again

I Hung my Head – Johnny Cash

Early one morning
With time to kill
I borrowed Jebb's rifle
And sat on a hill
I saw a lone rider
Crossing the plain
I drew a bead on him
To practice my aim

My brother's rifle
Went off in my hand
A shot rang out
Across the land
The horse, he kept running
The rider was dead
I hung my head
I hung my head

I set off running
To wake from the dream
My brother's rifle
Went into the sheen
I kept on running
Into the south lands
That's where they found me
My head in my hands

The sheriff he asked me
Why had I run
And then it come to me
Just what I had done
And all for no reason
Just one piece of lead
I hung my head (x2)

Here in the court house
The whole town was there
I see the judge
High up in the chair
Explain to the court room
What went through your mind
And we'll ask the jury
What verdict they find

I felt the power
Of death over life
I orphaned his children
I widowed his wife
I begged their forgiveness
I wish I was dead
I hung my head (x4)

Early one morning
With time to kill
I see the gallows
Up on a hill
And out in the distance
A trick of the brain
I see a lone rider
Crossing the plain

And he'd come to fetch me
To see what they'd done
And we'll ride together
To kingdom come
I prayed for God's mercy
'Cause soon I'd be dead

I hung my head (x4)

I Just Can’t Let You Say Goodbye – Willie Nelson

I had not planned on seeing you
I was afraid of what I'd do
But pride is strong, here am I
And I just can't let that you say goodbye

Please have no fear, you're in no harm
As long as you're here in my arms
But you can't leave so please don't try
But I just can't let that you say goodbye

What force behind your evil mind
Can let your lips speak so unkind
To one who loves as much as I
But I just can't let you say goodbye

The flesh around your throat is pale
Intended by my fingernails
Please don't scream and please don't cry
'Cause I just can't let that you say goodbye

Your voice is still, it speaks no more
You'll never hurt me anymore
Death is a friend to love and I
'Cause now you'll never say goodbye

I Shall be Released – Bob Dylan

They say every man must need protection
They say every man must fall
Yet I swear I see my reflection
Some place so high above the wall
I see my light come shining
From the west unto the east
Any day now, any day now
I shall be released

Down here next to me in this lonely crowd
Is a man who swears he's not to blame
All day long I hear him cry so loud
Calling out that he's been framed
I see my light come shining
From the west unto the east
Any day now, any day now
I shall be released

I Shot the Sheriff – Eric Clapton

I shot the sheriff, but I did not shoot the deputy
I shot the sheriff, but I did not shoot the deputy

All around in my home town
They're trying to track me down
They say they want to bring me in guilty
For the killing of a deputy
For the life of a deputy, but I say

I shot the sheriff, but I swear it was in self-defense
I shot the sheriff, and they say it is a capital offense

Sheriff John Brown always hated me
For what I don't know
Every time that I plant a seed
He said, "Kill it before it grows"
He said, "Kill it before it grows", I say

I shot the sheriff, but I swear it was in self-defense
I shot the sheriff, but I swear it was in self-defense

Freedom came my way one day
And I started out of town
All of a sudden I see sheriff John Brown
Aiming to shoot me down
So I shot, I shot him down, I say

I shot the sheriff, but I did not shoot the deputy
I shot the sheriff, but I did not shoot the deputy

Reflexes got the better of me
And what is to be must be
Every day the bucket goes to the well
But one day the bottom will drop out
Yes, one day the bottom will drop out, but I say

I shot the sheriff, but I did not shoot the deputy, oh no
I shot the sheriff, but I did not shoot the deputy, oh no

In the Jailhouse Now – Webb Pierce

He's in the jailhouse now, he's in the jailhouse now
He's in the jailhouse now, he's in the jailhouse now
I told him once or twice to quit playin' cards and a shootin' dice
He's in the jailhouse now

Well I had a friend named Rambling Bob who used to steal gamble and rob
He thought he was the smartest guy in town
But I found out last Monday that Bob got locked up Sunday
They got him in the jailhouse way downtown

He's in the jailhouse now, he's in the jailhouse now
He's in the jailhouse now, he's in the jailhouse now
I told him once or twice to quit playin' cards and a shootin' dice
He's in the jailhouse now

Well I went out last Tuesday, met a girl named Susie
I told her I was the swellest man in town
Well she started in to spend my money, she started in to call me honey
We took in every honky tonk in town

We're in the jailhouse now, we're in the jailhouse now
We're in the jailhouse now, we're in the jailhouse now
They told us once or twice to quit playin' cards and shootin' dice
We're in the jailhouse now

In the Pines (Where did you Sleep Last Night) – Leadbelly

My girl, my girl, don't lie to me
Tell me where did you sleep last night
In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through

My girl, my girl, where will you go
I'm going where the cold wind blows
In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through

My girl, my girl, don't you lie to me
Tell me where did you sleep last night
In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through

My husband, was a hard working man
Killed a mile and a half from here
His head was found in a driving wheel
And his body hasn't ever been found

My girl, my girl, don't you lie to me
Tell me where did you sleep last night
In the pines, in the pines
Where the sun don't ever shine
I would shiver the whole night through

The Irish Ballad – Tom Lehrer

About a maid I'll sing this song sing rickety tickety tin
... who did not have her family long
Not only did she do them wrong.
She did everyone of them in.
Them in. She did every one of them in

One morning in a fit of pique sing rickety tickety tin
... she drowned her father in the creek
The water tasted bad for a week
And we had to make do with gin
With gin. We had to make do with gin

Her mother she could never stand sing rickety tickety tin
... stand and so a cyanide soup she planned
The mother died with a spoon in her hand
And her face in a hideous grin
A grin. Her face in a hideous grin

She set her sisters hair on fire sing rickety tickety tin
... and as the smoke and flame grew higher
Danced around the funeral pyre
Playing a violin
O-lin. Playing a violin

She tied her brother down with stones sing rickety tickety tin
... and sent him off to Davy Jones
All they ever found were the bones
And occassional pieces of skin
Of skin. Occassional pieces of skin

One day she had nothing to do sing rickety tickety tin
... she cut her baby brother in two
Served him up in an Irish stew
And invited the neighbors in
-Bors in. Invited the neighbors in.

When at last the police came by sing rickety tickety tin
... these terrible deeds she did not deny
To do so she would have to lie
And lying she knew was a sin
A sin. Lying she knew was a sin

ADDITIONAL VERSE
[Just one last thing before I go sing rickety tickery tin
... there is something I think you ought to know
They had no proof so they let her go
And they say she was tall and thin
And thin. They say she was tall and thin.]

My tragic
tale I won't prolong sing rickety tickety tin
... and if you did not enjoy this song
You've yourself to blame for letting me go on
You should never have let me begin
Begin. You should never have let me begin!

Jailbreak – Thin Lizzie

Tonight there's gonna be a jailbreak
Somewhere in this town
See me and the boys we don't like it
So were getting up and going down

Hiding low looking right to left
If you see us coming I think it's best
To move away do you hear what I say
From under my breath

Tonight there's gonna be a jailbreak
Somewhere in the town
Tonight there's gonna be a jailbreak
So don't you be around

Don't you be around

Tonight there's gonna be trouble
Some of us won't survive
See the boys and me mean business
Bustin' out dead or alive

I can hear the hound dogs on my trail
All hell breaks loose, alarm and sirens wail
Like the game if you lose
Go to jail

Tonight there's gonna be a jailbreak
Somewhere in the town
Tonight there's gonna be a jailbreak
So don't you be around

Tonight there's gonna trouble
I'm gonna find myself in
Tonight there's gonna be a jailbreak
So woman stay with a friend

You know it's safer -- Breakout!

Tonight there's gonna be a breakout
Into the city zones
Don't you dare to try and stop us
No one could for long

Searchlight on my trail
Tonight's the night all systems fail
Hey you good lookin' female
Come here!

Tonight there's gonna be a jailbreak
Somewhere in the town
Tonight there's gonna be a jailbreak
So don't you be around

Tonight there's gonna be trouble
I'm gonna find myself in
Tonight there's gonna be trouble
So woman stay with a friend

Jail Guitar Doors – The Clash

Let me tell you 'bout Wayne and his deals of cocaine
A little more every day
Holding for a friend till the band do well
Then the D.E.A. locked him away

Clang clang, go the jail guitar doors
Bang bang, go the boots on the floor
Cry cry, for your lonely mother's son
Clang clang, go the jail guitar doors

An' I'll tell you 'bout Pete, didn't want no fame
Gave all his money away
"Well there's something wrong, it'll be good for you, son"
And so they certified him insane

And then there's Keith, waiting for trial
Twenty-five thousand bail
If he goes down you won't hear his sound
But his friends carry on anyway
Fuck 'em!
Jail guitar doors
Fifty four/forty six was my number
Jail guitar doors
Right now someone else has that number

Jailhouse Rock – Elvis Presley

The warden threw a party in the county jail
The prison band was there and they began to wail
The band was jumpin' and the joint began to swing
You should've heard those knocked out jailbirds sing

Let's rock
Everybody, let's rock
Everybody in the whole cell block
Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock

Spider Murphy played the tenor saxophone
Little Joe was blowin' on the slide trombone
The drummer boy from Illinois went crash, boom, bang
The whole rhythm section was a purple gang

Let's rock
Everybody, let's rock
Everybody in the whole cell block
Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock

Number 47 said to number 3
"You're the cutest jailbird I ever did see
I sure would be delighted with your company
Come on and do the Jailhouse Rock with me"

Let's rock
Everybody, let's rock
Everybody in the whole cell block
Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock, Rock, Rock

Sad Sack was sittin' on a block of stone
Way over in the corner weepin' all alone
The warden said, "Hey, buddy, don't you be no square
If you can't find a partner use a wooden chair"

Let's rock
Everybody, let's rock
Everybody in the whole cell block
Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock

Shifty Henry said to Bugs, "For Heaven's sake
No one's lookin', now's the chance to make a break"
Bugsy turned to Shifty and he said, "Nix nix
I wanna stick around a while and get my kicks"

Let's rock
Everybody, let's rock
Everybody in the whole cell block
Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock

Dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock, dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock
Dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock, dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock
Dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock, dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock
Dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock

Joe Hill – Joan Baez

I dreamed, I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me
Says I "But Joe, you're ten years dead"
"I never died" says he
"I never died" says he

"The copper bosses killed you, Joe"
"They shot you Joe" says I
"Takes more than guns to kill a man"
Says Joe "I didn't die"
Says Joe "I didn't die"

And standing there, as big as life
And smiling with his eyes
Says Joe "What they can never kill
Went on to organize
Went on to organize"

From San Diego up to Maine
In every mine and mill
Where working folks defend their rights
It's there you find Joe Hill
It's there you find Joe Hill

I dreamed I saw, I dreamed I saw, Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me
Says I "But Joe, you're ten years dead"
"I never died" says he, "I never died" says he
"I never died" says he"

Kerosene – Miranda Lambert

I'm waitin' on the sun to set 'cause yesterday ain't over yet
I started smoking cigarettes there's nothing else to do I guess
Dusty roads ain't made for walking, spinning tires ain't made for stoppin'
I'm giving up on love 'cause love's given up on me

I gave it everything I had and everything I got was bad
Life ain't hard but it's too long to live it like some country song
Trade the truth in for a lie, cheating really ain't a crime
I'm giving up on love 'cause love's given up on me

Forget your high society, I'm soakin' it in kerosene
Light 'em up and watch them burn, teach them what they need to learn, ha!
Dirty hands ain't made for shakin', ain't a rule that ain't worth breakin'
Well I'm giving up on love 'cause love's given up on me

Now I don't hate the one who left
You can't hate someone who's dead
He's out there holding on to someone, I'm holding up my smoking gun

I'll find somewhere to lay my blame the day she changes her last name
Well I'm giving up on love 'cause love's given up on me

Knoxville Girl – The Louvin Brothers

I met a liitle girl in Knoxville, a town we all know well
And every Sunday evening, out in her home, I'd dwell
We went to take an evening walk about a mile from town
I picked a stick up off the ground and knocked that fair girl down

She fell down on her bended knees, for mercy she did cry
"Oh Willy dear, don't kill me here, I'm unprepared to die"
She never spoke another word, I only beat her more
Until the ground around me within her blood did flow

I took her by her golden curls and I drug her round and around
Throwing her into the river that flows through Knoxville town
Go down, go down, you Knoxville girl with the dark and rolling eyes
Go down, go down, you Knoxville girl, you can never be my bride

I started back to Knoxville, got there about midnight
My mother, she was worried and woke up in a fright
Saying "dear son, what have you done to bloody your clothes so?"
I told my anxious mother I was bleeding at my nose

I called for me a candle to light myself to bed
I called for me a handkerchief to bind my aching head
Rolled and tumbled the whole night through, as troubles was for me
Like flames of hell around my bed and in my eyes could see

They carried me down to Knoxville and put me in a cell
My friends all tried to get me out but none could go my bail
I'm here to waste my life away down in this dirty old jail
Because I murdered that Knoxville girl, the girl I loved so well

L.A. County – Lyle Lovett

She left Dallas for California
With an old friend by her side
Well he did not say much
But one year later
He'd ask her to be his wife

And the lights of L.A. County
Look like diamonds in the sky
When you're driving through the hours
With an old friend at your side

One year later I left Houston
With an old friend by my side
Well it did not say much
But it was a beauty
Of a coal black .45

And the lights of L.A. County
Look like diamonds in the sky
When you're driving through the hours
With an old friend at your side

So I drove on all the day long
And I drove on through the night
And I thought of her a'waiting
For to be his blushing bride

And the lights of L.A. County
They looked like diamonds in the sky
As I drove into the valley
With my old friend at my side

And as she stood there at the altar
All dressed in her gown of white
Her face was bright as stars a'shining
Like I'd dreamed of all my life

And they kissed each other
And they turned around
And they saw me standing in the aisle
Well I did not say much
I just stood there watching
As that .45 told them goodbye

And the lights of L.A. County
Look like diamonds in the sky
When you're kneeling at the altar
With an old friend at your side

And the lights of L.A. County
Are a mighty pretty sight
When you're kneeling at the altar
With an old friend at your side

Life in Prison – Merle Haggard/Jelly Sanders

The jury found the verdict first degree
They swore I planned her death to be
I prayed they'd sentence me to die saBut they wanted me to live and I know why

So I'd do life in prison for the wrongs I've done
And I pray every night for death to come
My life will be a burden every day
If I could die, my pain might go away

With trembling hands I killed my darling wife
Because I loved her more than life
My love for her will last a long, long time
But I'd rather die than live to lose my mind

And I'll do life in prison for the wrongs I've done
And pray every night for death to come
My life will be a burden every day
If I could die, my pain might go away

If I could die, my pain might go away

Lizzie Borden – Chad Mitchell Trio

Yesterday in old Fall River
Mr. Andrew Borden died
And he got his daughter, Lizzie
On a charge of homicide

Some folks say she didn't do it
And others say of course she did
But they all agree, Miss Lizzie B
Was a problem kinda kid

'Cause you can't chop your
Papa up in Massachausetts
Not even if it's planned
As a surprise (a surprise)
No, you can't chop your
Papa up in Massachausetts
You know how neighbors love to criticize

Well, she got him on the sofa
Where he'd gone to take a snooze
And I hope he went to Heaven
'Cause he wasn't wearing shoes

Lizzie kinda rearranged him
With a hatchet so they say
Then she got her mother
In that same old fashioned way

But you can't chop your
Mama up in Massachausettes
Not even if you're tired of
Her cuisine (her cuisine)
No can't chop your mama up in Massachausetts
You know it's almost sure to cause a scene

Well, they really kept her
Hopping on that busy afternoon
With both down and upstairs chopping
While she hummed a ragtime tune

They really made her hustle
And when all was said and done
She'd removed her mother's bustle
When she wasn't wearing one

Now can't chop your
Mama up in Massachusetts
And then blame all the damage
On the mice (on the mice)
No, you can't chop your
Mama up in Massachausetts
That sort of thing just isn't very nice

Now it wasn't done for pleasure
And it wasn't done for spite
And it wasn't done because
The lady wasn't very bright

She'd always done the slightest thing
That mom and papa bid
They said, Lizzie, cut it out
So that's exactly what she did

But you can't chop your
Papa up in Massachausetts
And then get dressed
And go out for a walk
No, you can't chop your
Papa up in Massachausetts
Massachausetts is a far cry
From New York

You can't chop your
Papa up in Massachausetts
Shut the door and lock and latch it
Here comes Lizzie with a brand new hatchet

You can't chop your
Papa up in Massachausetts
Such a snob I've heard it said
She met her pa and cut him dead

You can't chop your
Papa up in Massachausetts
Jump like a fish
Jump like a porpoise
All join hands and habeas corpus

You can't chop your
Papa up in Massachausetts
Massachausetts is a far cry
From New York

The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll – Bob Dylan

William Zanzinger killed poor Hattie Carroll
With a cane that he twirled around his diamond ring finger
At a Baltimore hotel society gathering
And the cops were called in and his weapon took from him
As they rode him in custody down to the station
And booked William Zanzinger for first-degree murder
But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears
Take the rag away from your face
Now ain't the time for your tears

William Zanzinger, who at twenty-four years
Owns a tobacco farm of six hundred acres
With rich wealthy parents who provide and protect him
And high office relations in the politics of Maryland
Reacted to his deed with a shrug of his shoulders
And swear words and sneering, and his tongue it was snarling
In a matter of minutes, on bail was out walking
But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize fears
Take the rag away from your face
Now ain't the time for your tears

Hattie Carroll was a maid in the kitchen
She was fifty-one years old and gave birth to ten children
Who carried the dishes and took out the garbage
And never sat once at the head of the table
And didn't even talk to the people at the table
Who just cleaned up all the food from the table
And emptied the ashtrays on a whole other level
Got killed by a blow, lay slain by a cane
That sailed through the air and came down through the room
Doomed and determined to destroy all the gentle
And she never done nothing to William Zanzinger
And you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears
Take the rag away from your face
Now ain't the time for your tears

In the courtroom of honor, the judge pounded his gavel
To show that all's equal and that the courts are on the level
And that the strings in the books ain't pulled and persuaded
And that even the nobles get properly handled

Once that the cops have chased after and caught 'em
And that the ladder of law has no top and no bottom
Stared at the person who killed for no reason
Who just happened to be feelin' that way without warnin'
And he spoke through his cloak, most deep and distinguished
And handed out strongly, for penalty and repentance
William Zanzinger with a six-month sentence
Oh, but you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears
Bury the rag deep in your face
For now's the time for your tears

Long Black Veil – Johnny Cash

Ten years ago, on a cold dark night
Someone was killed, 'neath the town hall light
There were few at the scene, but they all agreed
That the slayer who ran, looked a lot like me

The judge said son, what is your alibi
If you were somewhere else, then you won't have to die
I spoke not a word, thou it meant my life
For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife

She walks these hills in a long black veil
She visits my grave when the night winds wail
Nobody knows, nobody sees
Nobody knows but me

Oh, the scaffold is high and eternity's near
She stood in the crowd and shed not a tear
But late at night, when the north wind blows
In a long black veil, she cries ov're my bones

She walks these hills in a long black veil
She visits my grave when the night winds wail
Nobody knows, nobody sees
Nobody knows but me

Maxwell’s Silver Hammer – John Lennon/Sir Paul McCartney

Joan was quizzical, studied pataphysical
Science in the home
Late nights all alone with a test tube
Oh, oh, oh, oh

Maxwell Edison, majoring in medicine
Calls her on the phone
"Can I take you out to the pictures
Joa, oa, oa, oan?"

But as she's getting ready to go
A knock comes on the door

Bang! Bang! Maxwell's silver hammer
Came down upon her head
Bang! Bang! Maxwell's silver hammer
Made sure that she was dead

Back in school again Maxwell plays the fool again
Teacher gets annoyed
Wishing to avoid and unpleasant
Sce, e, e, ene

She tells Max to stay when the class has gone away
So he waits behind
Writing fifty times "I must not be
So, o, o, o"

But when she turns her back on the boy
He creeps up from behind

Bang! Bang! Maxwell's silver hammer
Came down upon her head
Bang! Bang! Maxwell's silver hammer
Made sure that she was dead

P. C. Thirty-one said, "We caught a dirty one"
Maxwell stands alone
Painting testimonial pictures
Oh, oh, oh, oh

Rose and Valerie, screaming from the gallery
Say he must go free
(Maxwell must go free)
The judge does not agree and he tells them
So, o, o, o

But as the words are leaving his lips
A noise comes from behind

Bang! Bang! Maxwell's silver hammer
Came down upon his head
Bang! Bang! Maxwell's silver hammer
Made sure that he was dead

Whoa, oh, oh, oh
Silver hammer man

The Maid Freed from the Gallows (Prickle Holly Bush) – Robert Plant/Jimmie Page

Hangman, hangman, hold it a little while
Think I see my friends coming
Riding a many mile
Friends did you get some silver?
Did you get a little gold?
What did you bring me my dear friends
To keep me from the gallows pole?
What did you bring me to keep me from the gallows pole?

I couldn't get no silver, I couldn't get no gold
You know that we're too damn poor
To keep you from the gallows pole
Hangman, hangman, hold it a little while
I think I see my brother coming
Riding a many mile
Brother, did you get me some silver?
Did you get a little gold?
What did you bring me, my brother
To keep me from the gallows pole?
Brother, I brought you some silver
I brought a little gold,
I brought a little of everythin
To keep you from the gallows pole
Yes, I brought you to keep you from the gallows pole

Hangman, hangman, turn your head awhile
I think I see my sister coming
Riding a many mile, mile, mile
Sister, I implore you, take him by the hand
Take him to some shady bower
Save me from the wrath of this man
Please take him
Save me from the wrath of this man, man

Hangman, hangman, upon your face a smile
Pray tell me that I'm free to ride
Ride for many mile, mile, mile
Oh, yes, you got a fine sister
She warmed my blood from cold
She brought my blood to boiling hot
To keep you from the gallows pole, pole, pole, pole, yeah
Your brother brought me silver
Your sister warmed my soul
But now I laugh and pull so hard
And see you swinging on the gallows pole, yeah
But now I laugh and pull so hard
And see you swinging on the gallows pole, pole, pole
Swingin' on the gallows pole
Swingin' on the gallows pole
Swingin' on the gallows pole
Swingin' on the gallows pole, pole, pole, pole, pole, pole, pole, pole

Midnight Rambler – Sir Mick Jagger/Keith Richards

I'm a-talkin' 'bout the midnight rambler
Everybody got to go
Well I'm a-talkin' 'bout the midnight gambler
The one you never seen before
I'm sighin' down the wind so sadly
A-listen and you'll hear me moan
Well I'm a talkin' 'bout the midnight gambler
And everybody got to go
(Yeah c'mon)

Talkin' 'bout the midnight gambler
The one you never seen before
I'm talkin' 'bout the midnight rambler
Did you see me jump the garden wall
I don't give you a hoot of warning
A-dressed up in my black cat cloak
I don't see the light of the morning
I'll split the time the cock'rel crows

I'm tellin' 'bout the midnight rambler
Well, honey, it's no rock 'n' roll show
Well, I'm a-talkin' 'bout the midnight gambler
And everybody got to go

Oh, don't do that

Well, you heard about the Boston
Honey, it's not one of those
Talkin' 'bout the midnight, shit!
Did you see me jump bedroom door
I'm called the hit and run raper, in anger
Or just a knife sharpened, tippy toe
Or just a shoot 'em dead, brainbell jongleur
Everybody got to go
If you ever meet the midnight rambler
And he's prowlin' down your marble hall
And he's pouncin' like a proud black panther
You should say, I told you so
If you listen for the midnight rambler
Play it easy, easy, as you go
I'll go smash down all your plate glass windows
Put my fist through your stairway doors

Well I'm a-talkin' bout the midnight rambler
The one you never seen before
Well I'm a-talkin' bout the midnight rambler
And did you see me jump your garden wall
And if you ever catch the Midnight Rambler
Steal your mistress from under your nose
Go easy with your cold fanged anger
I'll stick my knife right down your throat baby, and it hurts

Midnight Special – John Fogerty

Well, you wake up in the mornin', you hear the work bell ring
And they march you to the table, you see the same old thing
Ain't no food upon the table, and no pork up in the pan
But you better not complain, boy, you get in trouble with the man

[CHORUS]

Let the Midnight Special shine a light on me (x3)
Let the Midnight Special shine a ever lovin' light on me

Yonder come miss Rosie, how in the world did you know?
By the way she wears her apron, and the clothes she wore
Umbrella on her shoulder, piece of paper in her hand
She come to see the governor, she want to free her man

[CHORUS]

If you're ever in Houston, well, you better do the right
You better not gamble, there, you better not fight, at all
Or the sheriff will grab ya and the boys will bring you down
The next thing you know, boy, oh, you're prison bound

[CHORUS x2]

Murder of Maria Marten – Traditional

COME all you thoughtless young men, a warning take by me,
And think upon my unhappy fate to be hanged upon a tree;

My name is William Corder, to you I do declare,
I courted Maria Marten, most beautiful and fair.

I promised I would marry her upon a certain day,
Instead of that, I was resolved to take her life away.
I went into her father's house the 18th day of May,
Saying, my dear Maria, we will fix the wedding day.

If yon will meet me at the Red barn, as sure as I have life,
I will take you to Ipswich town, and there make you my wife;
I then went home and fetched my gun, my pickaxe and my spade,
I went into the Red-barn, and there I dug her grave.

With heart so light, she thought no harm, to meet me she did go,

He murdered her all in the barn, and laid her body low;

After the horrid deed was done, she lay weltering in her gore,

Her bleeding mangled body he buried, under the Red-barn floor.

Now all things being silent, her spirit could not rest,

She appeared unto her mother, who suckled her at her breast;
For many a long month or more, her mind being sore oppress'd,
Neither night nor day she could not take any rest.

Her mother's mind being so disturbed, she dreamt three nights o'er,

Her daughter she lay murdered, beneath the Red-barn floor; she sent the father to the barn, when he the ground did thrust,

And there he found his daughter mingling with the dust.

My trial is hard, I could not stand, most woeful was the sight,
When her jaw-bone was brought to prove, which pierced my heart quite;

Her aged father standing by, likewise his loving wife,
And in her grief her hair she tore, she scarcely could keep life.
Adieu, adieu, my loving friends, my glass is almost run,
On Monday next will be my last, when I am to be hang'd;

So you young men who do pass by, with pity look on me.
for murdering Maria Marten I was hang'd upon the tree

Naomi Wise – Bob Dylan

Well she met him as she promised
Up at Adam's this spring
Expecting some money
Or some other fine thing
No money, no money
To flatter the case
"We'll have to get married
So there'll be no disgrace."
"So jump you up Omie
And away we will ride
To yonder fair country
Where the cool waters glide."
She jumped up behind him
And away they did ride
To yonder fair country
Where the deep waters glide
"Now jump you down Omie
And i'll tell you my mind
My mind is to drown you
And to leave you behind."
She begged and she pleaded
"Oh, don't take my life
And i will deny you
And i'll never be your wife."
There she kicked and he cuffed her
To the worst understand
And he threw her in deep water
That flows through the land
They found her poor body
The following day

The preacher and the reverend
Lord, they all begun to pray
And up spoke her mother
With a voice so a-sting

"Nobody but John Lewis
Could've done such a thing."
They traced him up the waters

To Dutch Charlie's Bend
In jail
For killin' a man
"Go hang him, go hang him."
Was that mother's command
"And throw him in deep waters
That flows through the land."

Nebraska – Bruce Springsteen

I saw her standin' on her front lawn just twirlin' her baton
Me and her went for a ride sir and ten innocent people died

From the town of Lincoln Nebraska with a sawed-off .410 on my lap
Through to the badlands of Wyoming I killed everything in my path

I can't say that I'm sorry for the things that we done
At least for a little while sir, me and her we had us some fun

Now the jury brought in a guilty verdict and the judge he sentenced me to death
Midnight in a prison storeroom with leather straps across my chest

Sheriff when the man pulls that switch sir and snaps my poor neck back
You make sure my pretty baby is sittin' right there on my lap

They declared me unfit to live, said into that great void my soul'd be hurled
They wanted to know why I did what I did
Well sir I guess there's just a meanness in this world

The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia – Bobby Russell

He was on his way home from Candletop
Been two weeks gone and he thought he'd stop at William's and have him a drink 'fore he went home to her
Andy Wolloe said "Hello"
And he said "Hi, what's doin', Wo?"
"Seth, sit down, I got some bad news, it's gonna hurt"

He said "I'm your best friend and you know that's right"
"But your young bride ain't home tonight"
"Since you been gone she's been seein' that Amos boy, Seth "
Well, he got mad 'n' he saw red and Andy said "Boy, don'tcha lose your head"
" 'cause to tell ya the truth, I been with her myself"

[CHORUS]

That's the night that the lights went out in Georgia
That's the night that they hung an innocent man
Well, don't trust your soul to no backwoods Southern lawyer
'cause the judge in the town's got bloodstains on his hands

Well, Andy got scared and left the bar
Walkin' on home 'cause he didn't live far
See, Andy didn't have many friends and he'd just lost him one
Brother thought his wife musta left town
So he went home and finally found
The only thing Papa had left him, that was a gun

And he went off to Andy's house
A'skippin' through the backwoods quiet as a mouse
Came upon some tracks too small for Andy to make
He looked through the screen at the back-porch door
And he saw Andy lyin' on the floor
In a puddle of blood and he started to shake

Well, the Georgia Patrol was a'makin' their rounds
So he fired a shot just to flag 'em down
And a big-bellied sheriff got his gun and said "why'dya do it?"
And the judge said "Guilty" in a make-believe trial
And slapped the sheriff on the back with a smile
Said' supper's waitin' at home and I gotta get to it"

[CHORUS]

Well, they hung my brother before I could say
The tracks he saw while on his way
To Andy's house and back that night were mine
And his cheatin' wife had never left town
And that's one body that'll never be found
See, little sister don't miss when she aims her gun

[CHORUS]

On the Banks of the Ohio – Traditional

I asked my love to take a walk,
To take a walk, just a little walk,
Down beside where the waters flow,
Down by the banks of the Ohio

And only say that you'll be mine
In no others arms entwine,
Down beside where the waters flow,
Down by the banks of the Ohio

I held a knife against her breast,
And into my arms she pressed,
She cried, "Oh Willie, don't murder me
I'm not prepared for eternity."

And only say that you'll be mine
In no others' arms entwine
Down beside where the waters flow
Down by the banks of Ohio

I started home 'tween twelve and one
I cried, "My God, what have I done?
I've killed the only woman I loved,
Because she would not be my bride, "

And only say that you'll be mine
In no others' arms entwine
Down beside where the waters flow
Down by the banks of Ohio

Pancho and Lefty – Townes Van Zandt

Living on the road my friend
Was gonna keep you free and clean
Now you wear your skin like iron
Your breath's as hard as kerosene
You weren't your mama's only boy
But her favorite one it seems
She began to cry when you said goodbye
And sank into your dreams

Pancho was a bandit boys
His horse was fast as polished steel
Wore his gun outside his pants
For all the honest world to feel
Pancho met his match you know
On the deserts down in Mexico
Nobody heard his dying words
That's the way it goes

All the federales say
They could have had him any day
They only let him hang around
Out of kindness I suppose

Lefty he can't sing the blues
All night long like he used to
The dust that Pancho bit down south
Ended up in Lefty's mouth
The day they laid poor Pancho low
Lefty split for Ohio
Where he got the bread to go
There ain't nobody knows

All the federales say
They could have had him any day
They only let him slip away
Out of kindness I suppose

The poets tell how Pancho fell
Lefty's livin' in a cheap hotel
The desert's quiet and Cleveland's cold
So the story ends we're told
Pancho needs your prayers it's true,
But save a few for Lefty too
He just did what he had to do
Now he's growing old

A few gray federales say
They could have had him any day
They only let him go so wrong
Out of kindness I suppose

Pretty Peggy-O – Bob Dylan

I've been around this whole country
But I never yet found Fennario

Well, as we marched down, as we marched down
Well, as we marched down to Fennerio'
Well, our captain fell in love with a lady like a dove
The name that she had was pretty Peggy-O

Well, what will your mother say, what will your mother say?
What will your mother say, pretty Peggy-O?
What will your mother say to know you're going away?
You're never, never, never coming back-io?

Come a-running down your stairs, pretty Peggy-O
Come a-running down your stairs
Combing back your yellow hair
You're the prettiest darned girl I ever seen-io

The lieutenant he has gone
The lieutenant he has gone
The lieutenant he has gone, pretty Peggy-O
The lieutenant he has gone, long gone
He's a-riding down in Texas with the rodeo

Well, our captain he is dead, our captain he is dead
Our captain he is dead, pretty Peggy-O
Well, our captain he is dead, died for a maid
He's buried somewhere in Louisiana-O

Prison Bound – John Lee Hooker

Early one morning
The blues came fallin' down
Early one morning
The blues came fallin' down
I was all locked up in jail
And prison bound

When they had my trial, baby
You couldn't even be found
When they had my trial, baby
You could not be found
I was all locked up in jail
And prison bound

But it's too late to cry, baby
You're daddy's prison bound

When they had my trial, baby
You know you couldn't be found
When they had my trial
Baby, you could not be found
But it's too late to cry, baby
Your daddy's prison bound

I guess I'm out, baby
I ain't got no more to say
Bye, bye, bye, baby
Your daddy ain't go no more to say
But I am all locked up in jail
And prison bound

Prison Grove – Warren Zevon

An icy wind burns and scars
Rushes in like a fallen star
Through the narrow space between these bars
Looking down on Prison Grove

Dug in, hunkered down
Hours race without a sound
Gon' carry me to where I'm bound
Looking down on Prison Grove

Iron will hard as rock
Hold my up for the fateful knock
When they walk me down in a mortal lock
Out on Prison Grove

Shine on
All these broken lives
Shine on
Shine the light on me

Oh, oh Oh, oh (x3)

Knick knack, paddy wack
They say you'll hear your own bones crack
When they bend you back to bible black
Then you'll find your love

Some folks have to die too hard
Some folks have to cry too hard
Take one lst look at the prison yard
Goodbye Prison Grove

Shine on
All these broken lives
Shine on
Shine the light on me

The Prisoner’s Song – Guy Massey

Oh, I wish I had some-one to love me
Some-one to call me their own
Oh, I wish I had some-one to live with
'Cause I'm ti-red of liv-in' a-lone

Oh, please meet me to-night in the moon-light
Please meet me to-night all a-lone
For I have a sad sto-ry to tell you
It's a sto-ry that's nev-er been told

I'll be car-ried to the new jail to-mor-row
Leav-ing my poor dar-ling all a-lone
With the cold pris-on bars all a-round me
And my head on a pil-low of stone

Now I have a grand ship on the o-cean
All mount-ed with sil-ver and gold
And be-fore my poor dar-lin' would suf-fer
Oh! that ship would be an-chored and sold

Now if I had wings like an an-gel
O-ver these pri-son walls I would fly
And I'd fly to the arms of my poor dar-lin'
And there I'd be wil-ling to die

Rain and Snow – The Grateful Dead

Well, I married me a wife, she's been trouble all my life
Run me out in the cold rain and snow, rain and snow
Run me out in the cold rain and snow

Well, she went up to her room where she sang her faithful tune
And I ain't goin' be treated this way, this ol' way
And I ain't goin' be treated this way

She's coming down the stairs, combin' back her yellow hair
Well I'm goin' where those chilly winds don't blow, winds don't blow
I'm goin' where those chilly winds don't blow

Well, I married me a wife, she's been trouble all my life
Run me out in the cold rain and snow, rain and snow
Run me out in the cold rain and snow

Run me out in the cold rain and snow
Run me out in the cold rain and snow
Run me out in the cold, cold rain and snow
Run me out in the cold, cold rain and snow
Run me out in the cold rain and snow

Red-Headed Stranger – Willie Nelson

A red headed stranger from Blue Rock Montana rode into town one day
And under his knees was a raging black stallion and walkin' behind was a bay
The red headed stranger had eyes like the thunder ghis lips they were sad and tight
His little lost love lay asleep on the hillside and his heart was heavy as night
Don't cross him don't boss him he's wild in his sorrow he's ridin' and hidin' his pain
Don't fight him don't spite him let's wait till tomorrow maybe he'll ride on again

A yellow haired lady leaned out of her window and watched as he passed her way
She drew back in fear at the sight of the stallion but cast greedy eyes on the bay
How could she know that this dancing bay pony meant more to him than life
For this was the horse and his little lost darlin' had ridden when she was his wife
Don't cross him don't boss him...

The yellow haired lady came down to the tavern and looked up the stranger there
He bought her a drink and gave her some money he just didn't seem to care
She followed him out as he saddled his stallion and laughed as she grabbed at the bay
He shot her so quick they had no time to warn her she never heard anyone say
Don't cross him don't boss him...

The yellow haired lady was buried at sunset the stranger went free of course
You can't hang a man for killin' a woman who's tryin' to steal your horse
This is the tale of the red headed stranger and if he should pass your way
Stay out of the path of the raging black stallion and don't lay a hand on the bay
Don't cross him don't boss him...

Richard Cory – Simon and Garfunkel

They say that Richard Cory owns one half of this whole town,
With political connections to spread his wealth around.
Born into society, a banker's only child,
He had everything a man could want: power, grace, and style.

[CHORUS]

But I work in his factory
And I curse the life I'm living
And I curse my poverty
And I wish that I could be,
Oh, I wish that I could be,
Oh, I wish that I could be
Richard Cory.

The papers print his picture almost everywhere he goes:
Richard Cory at the opera, Richard Cory at a show.
And the rumor of his parties and the orgies on his yacht!
Oh, he surely must be happy with everything he's got.

[CHORUS]

He freely gave to charity, he had the common touch,
And they were grateful for his patronage and thanked him very much,
So my mind was filled with wonder when the evening headlines read:
"Richard Cory went home last night and put a bullet through his head."

[CHORUS]

Rusty Cage – Chris Cornell

You wired me awake
And hit me with a hand of broken nails
You tied my lead and pulled my chain
To watch my blood begin to boil

But I'm gonna break I'm gonna break my
I'm gonna break my rusty cage and run

Yeah I'm gonna break I'm gonna break my
I'm gonna break my rusty cage and run

Too cold to start a fire
I'm burning diesel burning dinosaur bones
Yeah I'll take the river down to still water and ride a pack of dogs

But I'm gonna break I'm gonna break my
I'm gonna break my rusty cage and run

I'm gonna break I'm gonna break my
I'm gonna break my rusty cage and run

Hit like a Phillips head into my brain
It's gonna be too dark to sleep again
Cutting my teeth on bars and rusty chains
I'm gonna break my rusty cage and run

When the forest burns along the road
Like God's eyes in my headlights
When the dogs are looking for their bones
And it's raining ice picks on your steel shore

I'm gonna break I'm gonna break my
I'm gonna break my rusty cage and run

I'm gonna break I'm gonna break my
I'm gonna break my rusty cage and run

Send me to the Lectric Chair – George Brooks

Judge you want to hear my plea
Before you open up your court
But I don't want no sympathy
'Cause I done cut my good man's throat
I caught him with a trifling Jane
I warned him 'bout before
I had my knife and went insane
And the rest you ought to know
Judge, judge, please mister judge,
Send me to the 'lectric chair
Judge, judge, good mister judge,Sid
Let me go away from here
I want to take a journey
To the devil down below
I done killed my man
I want to reap just what I sow
Oh judge, judge, lordy lordy judge
Send me to the 'lectric chair
Judge, judge, hear me judge
Send me to the 'lectric chair
I love him so dear
I cut him with my barlow (?)
I kicked him in the side
I stood here laughing o'er him
While he wallowed around and died
Oh judge, judge, lordy judge
Send me to the 'lectric chair
Judge, judge, sweet mister judge
Send me to the 'lectric chair
Judge, judge, good kind judge
Burn me 'cause I don't care
I don't want no one good mayor
To go my bail
I don't want to spend no
Ninety-nine years in jail
So judge, judge, good kind judge
Send me to the 'lectric chair

Sidney Allen – Traditional

Come all you rounders if you want to hear

The story about a cruel mountaineer.

Sidney Alien was the villain's name.

It was in a court house he won his fame.

The caller called the juror right at half past nine.

Sidnev Allen was the prisoner: he was right on time.

He mounted to the bar with his pistol in his hand

And he sent Judge .Mathey to the promised land.

Just in a few minutes the place was in a roar

The dead and the dying mere lying on the floor.

With a 39 special and a 38 fall

Sidney backed the sheriff up against the wall.

The sheriff he was in a mighty close place

With the mountaineer staring him right in the face.

He turned to the window and then he said,

"In a few more minutes we'll all be dead."

Sidney got on his pony and away he did ride,

His friends and his nephew riding by his side.

They all shook hands and swore they would hang

Before they would give up to the Valton gang.

Sidney Alien traveled, and he wandered all around

Until he was captured in that far western town.

They carried him to the station with a ball and chain,

And they put poor Sidney on that last-bound train.

They arrived at Sidney's home just at11:41,

Met his wife and his daughter and his two little sons.

They all shook hands and they knelt down to pray,

And they said, "Oh, Lord don't take our papa away.

The people all gathered from far and near

To see poor Sidney sentenced to the electric chair;

But to their great surprise the judge he said,

"He`s going to the penitentiary instead."

\*\*Collected from Mr. T.A. Bickerstaff of Tishomingo MS

courthouse massacre occurred in Hillsville VA in 1912

Sing me Back Home – Merle Haggard

The warden led a prisoner down the hallway to his doom
And I stood up to say good-bye like all the rest
And I heard him tell the warden just before he reached my cell
"Let my guitar-playing friend do my request"

Let him sing me back home with a song I used to hear
Make my old memories come alive
Take me away and turn back the years
Sing me back home before I die

I recall last Sunday morning a choir from 'cross the street
Came in to sing a few old gospel songs
And I heard him tell the singers "there's a song my mama sang
Could I hear once before you move along?"

Won't you sing me back home, with the song I used to hear
Make my old memories come alive
Take me away and turn back the years
Sing me back home before I die

Sing me back home before I die

Same Old Day – Flatt and Scruggs

I've been workin' out in the rain
Tied to the dirty old ball and chain
Oh dear mother I'll come home some old day
Some sweet day the'll turn me loose
From this dirty old calaboose
Oh dear mother I'll come home some old day

Some old day
You'll wait for me and pray
Oh dear mother i'll come home some old day
Some sweet day the'll turn me loose
From this dirty old calaboose
Oh dear mother I'll come home some old day

Oh dear mother I've hurt you so
I've been cruel to you I know
Oh dear mother I'll come home some old day
Tell my brother My sister and dad
Tell the dear friends that I've had
Oh dear mother I'll come home some old day

Stack O’Lee – Mississippi John Hurt

Police officer, how can it be
You arrest everybody but cruel Stagolee
That bad man
Cruel Stagolee

Billy Linus told Stagolee
"Please don't take my life
I've got two little children
And a loving wife"
That bad man
Cruel Stagolee

Do I care about your two babes
Or your loving wife
You done took my Stetson hat
I'm bound to take your life?
That bad man
Cruel Stagolee

Stagolee stood on the gallows,
Head held high
Twelve o'clock they killed him
We were all glad to see him die
That bad man
Cruel Stagolee

Staggar Lee – Lloyd Price

The night was clear
And the moon was yellow
And the leaves came tumbling down

I was standing on the corner
When I heard my bulldog bark
He was barkin' at the two men who were gamblin' in the dark

It was Stagger Lee and Billy
Two men who gambled late
Stagger Lee threw seven
Billy swore that he threw eight
Stagger Lee told Billy
I can't let you go with that
You have won all my money and my brand new Stetson hat

Stagger Lee went home
And he got his forty-four
Said, I'm goin' to the barroom just to pay that debt I owe

Stagger Lee went to the barroom
And he stood across the barroom door
He said, nobody move and he pulled his
Forty-four

Stagger Lee, cried Billy
Oh, please don't take my life
I've got three little children and a very
Sickly wife

Stagger Lee shot Billy
Oh, he shot that poor boy so bad
'Till the bullet came through Billy and it broke the bar
Tender's glass

Starkville City Jail – Johnny Cash

They put this microphone down here near my guitar
Heh, let it all hang out
I thought my guitar was out of tune at first
You sorry son of a..
It is out of tune
Is that right?
Terry, is that right?
Will you tune this son bitch for me?
Got all kinds of songs, here's one called "A boy named sue"
You want to hear that one?
You want to hear "a boy named sue"?
I do too. I'm anxious to hear it
I don't know how in the hell it's gonna sound. I'm anxious to hear it
Does that camera block your view right there, is that alright?
You want me to leave it there?
Just gonna put it there then
Where in the hell is my guitar? Oh, here it is
(Where's Luther Johnny?)
We're sorry to say, the Luther passed away seven months ago
After being with us for 13 years. Luther Perkins
And uh, the fella that is playing the guitar with us now is doing a wonderful job
'Course nobody can really replace Luther.
How about one big cheer for Luther Perkins

Yeah, I had a song called San Quentin, I was going to do
Where's my....hey, in my kit back in there where I've got all my dope
I mean, where I got all my things

There's a, there's a, there's a little red notebook back there
Would somebody, would one of the guards bring it to me
Somebody bring it to me, bring me the red notebook, and I will uh..

Hey, that, that briefcase back there of mine, you know,
That's got all the songs I stole in it

Telling it like it is, ain't I? Alright

Wrote a song yesterday. I try.
It takes a lot of imagination to write a sometimes to write a song
And to really, to really put something into it
Where somebody else can understand it and feel it .
Well we've been in several prisons
San Quentin, and Folsom prison, and the Starkville Mississippi jail
An El Paso jail. And uh.
You wouldn't believe it, one night I got in jail in Starkville Mississippi
For picking flowers.
I was walking down the street. I may sing heaven for you a little bit later
I was walking down the street....what?
Excuse me I couldn't hear you I was talking
I was walking down the street, and uh
You know, going to get me some cigarettes or something
'Bout two in the morning, after a show. I think it was
Anyway, I reached down and picked a dandelion here and a daisy there as I went along
And this car pulls up.
Said, get it the hell in here boy, what are you doing?
Said, I'm just picking flowers
Well, thirty six dollars for picking flowers and a night in jail (goddamn)
You can't hardly win can ya, goddamn
No telling what they'd do if you pull an apple or something
Well I'd like to do this song on behalf of all you guys in San Quentin
To kinda get back at whoever you want to out there
In my case, I'd like to get back at the fella down in Starkville Mississippi
That still has my thirty six dollars

Well, I left my motel room, down at the Starkville Motel,
The town had gone to sleep and I was feelin' fairly well.
I strolled along the sidewalk 'neath the sweet magnolia trees;

I was whistlin', pickin' flowers, swayin' in the southern breeze.
I found myself surrounded; one policeman said: "That's him.
Come along, wild flower child. Don't you know that it's two a.m."

They're bound to get you.
'Cause they got a curfew.
And you go to the Starkville City jail.

Well, they threw me in the car and started driving into town;
I said: "What the hell did I do?"
And he said: "Shut up and sit down."

Well, they emptied out my pockets, took my pills and guitar picks.
I said: "Wait, my name is..." "Ah, shut up."
Well, I sure was in a fix.

The sergeant put me in a cell, then he went home for the night;
I said: "Come back here, you so and so;
I ain't bein' treated right."

Well, they're bound to get you.
'Cause they got a curfew.
And you go to the Starkville City jail.

I started pacin' back and forth, and now and then I'd yell,
And kick my forty dollar shoes against the steel floor of my cell.
I'd walk awhile and kick awhile, and all night nobody came.

Then I sadly remembered that they didn't even take my name.
At 8 a.m. they let me out, I said: "Gimme them things of mine!"
They gave me a sneer and a guitar pick, and a yellow dandelion.

They're bound to get you.
'Cause they got a curfew.
And you go to the Starkville City jail.
And you go to the Starkville City jail.

Stone Walls and Steel Bars – The Stanley Brothers

Stone walls and steel bars a love on my mind
I'm a three time loser I'm long gone this time
Jealousy has took my young life
All for the love of another man's wife
But I've had it coming I've known all the time
No more stone walls and steel bars and you on my mind

Gray-haired warden deep Frisco Bay
Guards all around me leading my way
But I've had it coming at the end of the line
No more stone walls and steel bars and you on my mind

Tie a Yellow Ribbon ‘Round the Old Oak Tree – Tony Orlando and Dawn

I'm comin' home, I've done my time
Now I've got to know what is and isn't mine
If you received my letter telling you I'd soon be free
Then you'll know just what to do
If you still want me, if you still want me

Whoa, tie a yellow ribbon round the ole oak tree
It's been three long years, do you still want me?
If I don't see a ribbon round the ole oak tree
I'll stay on the bus, forget about us, put the blame on me
If I don't see a yellow ribbon round the ole oak tree

Bus driver, please look for me
'Cause I couldn't bear to see what I might see
I'm really still in prison and my love, she holds the key
A simple yellow ribbon's what I need to set me free
And I wrote and told her please

Whoa, tie a yellow ribbon round the ole oak tree
It's been three long years, do you still want me?
If I don't see a ribbon round the ole oak tree
I'll stay on the bus, forget about us, put the blame on me
If I don't see a yellow ribbon round the ole oak tree

Now the whole damned bus is cheerin'
And I can't believe I see

A hundred yellow ribbons round the ole oak tree
I'm comin' home

Tie a ribbon round the ole oak tree
(8)

Tijuana Jail – The Kingston Trio

We went one day about a month ago (a-ha-ha)
To have a little fu-un (a-ha) Mexico
We ended up in a gambling spot (oh yeah) a-ha-ha
Where the liquor flow-owed and the dice were hot

So here we a-are in the Tijuana Jail
Ain't got no frie-ends to go our bail
So here we'll sta-ay 'cause we can't pa-a-a-a-ay
Just send our ma-ail to the Tijuana Jail

I was shootin' dice, rakin' in the dough (long green)
And then I hea-ard the whistle blow
We started to run when a man in blue
Said "Señor, come with me 'cause I want you."

So here we a-are in the Tijuana Jail
Ain't got no frie-ends to go our bail
So here we'll sta-ay 'cause we can't pay
Just send our mail to the Tijuana Jail (shout)

Just five hundred dollars and they'll set us free
I couldn't raise a penny if ya threatened me
I know five hundred don't sound like much
But just try to find somebody to touch

So here we are in the Tijuana Jail
Ain't got no frie-ends to go our bail
So here we'll sta-ay 'cause we can't pay
Just send our mai-il to the Tijuana Jail

So here we a-are in the Tijuana Ja-a-a-a-il
Ain't got no frie-eh-ends to go our bail
So here we'll sta-ay 'cause we can't pa-ay
Just send our mai-il to the Tijuana Jail

Tom Dooley – The Kingston Trio

[CHORUS]

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry
Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Poor boy, you're bound to die

I met her on the mountain, there I took her life
Met her on the mountain, stabbed her with my knife

[CHORUS}

This time tomorrow reckon where I'll be
Hadn't-a been for Grayson, I'd-a been in Tennessee (well now, boy)

[CHORUS]

This time tomorrow reckon where I'll be
Down in some lonesome valley hangin' from a white oak tree

[CHORUS]x2

Poor boy, you're bound to die x4

Weighted Down – Skip Spence

[CHORUS]

Weighted down by possessions
Weighted down by the gun
Waited down by the river for you to come

My darling, you're darning my action
Of when three months, I was gone
But whose socks were you darning, darling
While I been gone so long?

[CHORUS]

A best friend to your ear of true said I was guilty of sin
Said my being gone was the best thing for you
But the truth, it all comes through for me and my kin
It wasn't the best thing for me but was the best for him

Weighted down by decision
Weighted down by the gun
Waited down by the river for you to come

[CHORUS]

While I sat there wondering, you thought that eyes were hid
And I had the honor of watching everything you did
So now I come with words of pain to bring you news of life
If you can't find your woman, don't take another's wife

[CHORUS]

When it’s Springtime in Alaska – Johnny Horton

I mushed from Point Barrow through blizzard of snow.
Been out prospectin' for two years or so.
Pulled into Fairbanks, the city was a-boom.
So I took a little stroll to the Red Dog sea-loon.

As I walked in the door, the music was clear.
The purtiest voice I had heard in two years.
The song she was singin' made a man's blood run cold.
When its springtime in Alaska it's forty below.
(When it's springtime in Alaska it's forty below.)

It was Redhead Lil who was singin' so sweet.
I reached down and took the snow packs off my feet.
I reached for the gal who was singin' the tune.
We did the eskeemo hop all around the sea-loon.

With a caribou crawl and a grizzly bear hug.
We did our dance on a kodiak rug.
The song she kept singin' made a man's blood run cold.
When it's springtime in Alaska it's forty below.

I was as innocent as I could be.
I didn't now Lil was Big Ed's wife-to-be.
He took out his knife and he gave it a throw.
When it's springtime in Alaska I'll be six feet below.
(When it's springtime in Alaska he'll be six feet below.)