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.)