



The Hillsgrove Red Heifers

Now with 44 Favorites!

The River Chums Songbook



Ranger Station Favorites

Injun Mark & Frederico
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Dear Abby By John Prine

Dear Abby, Dear Abby, my feet are too long
My hair's falling out and my rights are all wrong
My friends they all tell me they're no friends at all
Won't you write me a letter, won't you give me a call
Signed, Bewildered

Bewildered, Bewildered, you have no complaints
You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't
So listen up buster and listen up good
Stop wishin' for bad luck and knockin' on wood.

Dear Abby, Dear Abby, my fountain pen leaks
My wife hollers at me and my kids are all freaks
Every side I get up on is the wrong side of bed
If it weren't so expensive I'd wish I were dead
Signed, Unhappy

Unhappy, Unhappy, you have no complaints
You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't
So listen up buster and listen up good
Stop wishin' for bad luck and knockin' on wood

Dear Abby, Dear Abby, you won't believe this
But my stomach makes noises whenever I kiss
My girlfriend tells me it's all in my head
But my stomach tells me to write you instead
Signed, Noisemaker

Noisemaker, Noisemaker, you have no complaints
You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't
So listen up buster and listen up good
Stop wishin' for bad luck and knockin' on wood

Dear Abby, Dear Abby, well I never thought
That me and my girlfriend would ever get caught
We were sittin' in the back seat just shootin' the breeze
With her hair up in curlers and her pants to her knees

Signed, Just Married

Just Married, Just Married, you have no complaints
You are what you are and you ain't what you ain't
So listen up buster and listen up good
Stop wishin' for bad luck and knockin' on wood
Signed, Dear Abby

Angel From Montgomery By John Prine

I am an old woman...named after my mother.
My old man is another child that's grown old.
If dreams were lightning and thunder was desire,
this old house would've burnt down a long time ago.

Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery.
Make me a poster of an old rodeo.
Just give me one thing that I can hold onto.
To believe in this living is just a hard way to go.

When I was a young girl, I had me a cowboy,
He wasn't much to look at, just a free ramblin' man.
But that was a long time, and no matter how I try,
The years just flow by like a broken down dam.

Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery.
Make me a poster of an old rodeo.
Just give me one thing that I can hold onto.
To believe in this living is just a hard way to go.

There's flies in the kitchen, I can hear all their buzzin'
but I ain't done nothin' since I woke up today.
How the hell can a person, go to work in the morning,
Come home in the evenin' and have nothin' to say.

Make me an angel that flies from Montgomery.
Make me a poster of an old rodeo.
Just give me one thing that I can hold onto.
To believe in this living is just a hard way to go.



To believe in this living is just a hard way to go.

I'll probably get homesick
I love you. Goodnight.

Christmas In Prison **©John Prine**

It was Christmas in prison
and the food was real good
we had turkey and pistols
carved out of wood
and I dream of her always
even when I don't dream
her name's on my tongue
and her blood's in my stream.

Chorus:

Wait awhile eternity
old mother nature's got nothing on me
come to me
run to me
come to me, now
we're rolling
my sweetheart
we're flowing
by God!

She reminds me of a chess game
with someone I admire
or a picnic in the rain
after a prairie fire
her heart is as big
as this whole goddamn jail
and she's sweeter than saccharine
at a drug store sale.

Chorus:

The search light in the big yard
swings round with the gun
and spotlights the snowflakes
like the dust in the sun
it's Christmas in prison
there'll be music tonight

Your Flag Decal Won't Get You Into Heaven Anymore **© John Prine**

While digesting Reader's Digest
In the back of a dirty book store,
A plastic flag, with gum on the back,
Fell out on the floor.
Well, I picked it up and I ran outside
Slapped it on my window shield,
And if I could see old Betsy Ross
I'd tell her how good I feel.

Chorus:

But your flag decal won't get you
Into Heaven any more.
They're already overcrowded
From your dirty little war.
Now Jesus don't like killin'
No matter what the reason's for,
And your flag decal won't get you
Into Heaven any more.

Well, I went to the bank this morning
And the cashier he said to me,
"If you join the Christmas club
We'll give you ten of them flags for free."
Well, I didn't mess around a bit
I took him up on what he said.
And I stuck them stickers all over my car
And one on my wife's forehead.

Repeat Chorus:

Well, I got my window shield so filled
With flags I couldn't see.
So, I ran the car upside a curb
And right into a tree.
By the time they got a doctor down
I was already dead.



And I'll never understand why the man
Standing in the Pearly Gates said...

"But your flag decal won't get you
Into Heaven any more.
We're already overcrowded
From your dirty little war.
Now Jesus don't like killin'
No matter what the reason's for,
And your flag decal won't get you
Into Heaven any more."

They Oughta Name a Drink After You © John Prine

Oh I get drunk most every night
Seems like all we do is fight
The more I drink
The less I feel blue
Sometimes I feel like an awful fool
Spendin' my life on an old bar stool
And yes I guess they oughta name a drink
after you
If this date were to be our last
I'd never sit down this glass
It'd take all the booze in the world
To forget you
You've left my heart a vacant lot
I'll fill it with another shot
And yes I guess they oughta name a drink
after you
Looks like I had my fill
Guess I better pay my bill
When I started out I only meant to have a
few
Someone just said that you left town
I better get a double round
And yes I guess they oughta name a drink
after you

The Torch Singer © John Prine

The night club was burning
From the torch singer's song
And the sweat was floodin' her eyes
The catwalk squeaked
'Neath the bartender's feet
And the smoke was too heavy to rise

Chorus:

She sang of the love that I left her
And of the woman that she'll never be
Made me feel like the buck and a quarter
That I paid 'em to listen and see
I paid 'em to listen and see

I was born down in Kansas
'Neath the October sky
Work the day shift from seven to three
And the only relief that I receive
Is nearer my God to Thee

She constantly throws me off timing
Leaves me standing both naked and bare
Makes me feel like the Sunday funnies
After everything's gone off the air
Everything's gone off the air

I picked through the ashes
Of the torch singer's song
And I ordered my money a round
For whiskey and pain
Both taste the same
During the time they go down

(Repeat chorus)

Pretty Good © John Prine

I got a friend in Fremont, He sells used cars,
ya know.



Well, he calls me up twice a year
Just ask me how'd it go
Pretty good, not bad, I can't complain
Actually everything is just about the same

I met a girl from Venus, and her insides
were lined in gold
Well, she did what she did said "How was it,
kid?"
She was politely told
"Pretty good, not bad, I can't complain
But actually everything is just about the
same."

Moonlight makes me dizzy
Sunlight makes me clean
Your light is the sweetest thing
That this boy has ever seen.

Molly went to Arkansas, she got raped by
Dobbin's dog
Well, she was doing good till she went in the
woods
And got pinned up against a log
Pretty good, not bad, she can't complain
Cause actually all them dogs is just about
the same

Moonlight makes me dizzy
Sunlight makes me clean
Your light is the sweetest thing
That this boy has ever seen.

Instrumental:

I heard Allah and Buddha were singing at
the Savior's feast
And up the sky and Arabian rabbi
Fed Quaker oats to a priest.
Pretty good, not bad, they can't complain
Cause actually all them gods is just about
the same
Pretty good, not bad, I can't complain
Cause actually everything is just about the
same

Paradise

©John Prine

When I was a child my family would travel
Down to Western Kentucky where my
parents were born
And there's a backwards old town that's
often remembered
So many times that my memories are worn.

Chorus:

And daddy won't you take me back to
Muhlenberg County
Down by the Green River where Paradise
lay
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in
asking
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it
away

Well, sometimes we'd travel right down the
Green River
To the abandoned old prison down by
Airdrie Hill
Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd
shoot with our pistols
But empty pop bottles was all we would kill.

Repeat Chorus:

Then the coal company came with the
world's largest shovel
And they tortured the timber and stripped all
the land
Well, they dug for their coal till the land was
forsaken
Then they wrote it all down as the progress
of man.

Repeat Chorus:

When I die let my ashes float down the
Green River
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester dam



I'll be halfway to Heaven with Paradise
waitin'
Just five miles away from wherever I am.

Repeat Chorus:

Illegal Smile

©*John Prine*

When I woke up this morning, things were
lookin' bad
Seem like total silence was the only friend I
had
Bowl of oatmeal tried to stare me down...
and won
And it was twelve o'clock before I realized
That I was havin' ... no fun

Chorus:

But fortunately I have the key to escape
reality
And you may see me tonight with an illegal
smile
It don't cost very much, but it lasts a long
while
Won't you please tell the man I didn't kill
anyone
No I'm just tryin' to have me some fun

Last time I checked my bankroll,
It was gettin' thin
Sometimes it seems like the bottom
Is the only place I've been
I Chased a rainbow down a one-way street...
dead end
And all my friends turned out to be
insurance salesmen

Repeat Chorus:

Well, I sat down in my closet with all my
overalls
Tryin' to get away
From all the ears inside my walls

I dreamed the police heard
Everything I thought... what then?
Well I went to court
And the judge's name was Hoffman

Ah but fortunately I have the key to escape
reality
And you may see me tonight with an illegal
smile
It don't cost very much, but it lasts a long
while
Won't you please tell the man I didn't kill
anyone
No I'm just tryin' to have me some fun
Well done, hot dog bun, my sister's a nun

*note: On the 1997 LIVE ON TOUR Prine
ends the song with:
"Well done, son of a gun,
hot dog bun,
Attila the Hun,
my sister-in-law is an Irish nun".

The Great Compromise

© *John Prine*

I knew a girl who was almost a lady
She had a way with all the men in her life
Every inch of her blossomed in beauty
And she was born on the fourth of July
Well she lived in an aluminum house trailer
And she worked in a juke box saloon
And she spent all the money I give her
Just to see the old man in the moon

Chorus:

I used to sleep at the foot of Old Glory
And awake in the dawn's early light
But much to my surprise
When I opened my eyes
I was a victim of the great compromise

Well we'd go out on Saturday evenings
To the drive-in on Route 41



And it was there that I first suspected
That she was doin' what she'd already done
She said "Johnny won't you get me some
popcorn"

And she knew I had to walk pretty far
And as soon as I passed through the
moonlight
She hopped into a foreign sports car

(Repeat chorus)

Well you know I could have beat up that
fellow
But it was her that had hopped into his car
Many times I'd fought to protect her
But this time she was goin' too far
Now some folks they call me a coward
'Cause I left her at the drive-in that night
But I'd druther have names thrown at me
Than to fight for a thing that ain't right

(Repeat chorus)

Now she writes all the fellows love letters
Saying "Greetings, come and see me real
soon"

And they go and line up in the barroom
And spend the night in that sick woman's
room

But sometimes I get awful lonesome
And I wish she was my girl instead
But she won't let me live with her
And she makes me live in my head

(Repeat chorus)

Grandpa Was A Carpenter

©John Prine

Grandpa wore his suit to dinner
Nearly every day
No particular reason
He just dressed that way

Brown necktie and a matching vest
And both his wingtip shoes
He built a closet on our back porch
And put a penny in a burned out fuse.

Chorus:

Grandpa was a carpenter
He built houses stores and banks
Chain smoked Camel cigarettes
And hammered nails in planks
He was level on the level
And shaved even every door
And voted for Eisenhower
'Cause Lincoln won the war.

Well, he used to sing me
"Blood on the Saddle"
And rock me on his knee
And let me listen to radio
Before we got TV
Well, he'd drive to church on Sunday
And take me with him too!
Stained glass in every window
Hearing aids in every pew.

Repeat Chorus:

Now my grandma was a teacher
Went to school in Bowling Green
Traded in a milking cow
For a Singer sewing machine
She called her husband "Mister"
And walked real tall and pride
And used to buy me comic books
After grandpa died.

Repeat Chorus:

Far From Me

©John Prine

As the cafe was closing
on a warm summer night
And Cathy was cleaning the spoons



The radio played the "Hit Parade"
And I hummed a long with the tune
She asked me to change the station
Said the song just drove her insane
But it weren't just the music playing
It was me that she was trying to blame.

Chorus:

And the sky is black and still now
On the hill where the angels sing
Ain't it funny how an old broken bottle
Looks just like a diamond ring
But it's far, far from me

Well, I leaned on my left leg
in the parking lot dirt
And Cathy was closing the lights
A June bug flew from the warmth he once
knew
And I wished for once I weren't right
Why we used to laugh together
And we'd dance to any old song.
Well, ya know, she still laughs with me
But she waits just a second too long.

Repeat Chorus:

Well, I started the engine
and I gave it some gas
And Cathy was closing her purse
Well, we hadn't gone far in my beat old car
And I was prepared for the worst.
"Will you still see me tomorrow?"
"No, I got too much to do."
Well, a question ain't really a question
If you know the answer too.

Repeat Chorus:

Donald and Lydia

©John Prine

Small town, bright lights, Saturday night,
Pinballs and pool halls flashing their lights.

Making change behind the counter in a
penny arcade
Sat the fat girl daughter of Virginia and Ray

(Spoken:)

Lydia

Lydia hid her thoughts like a cat
Behind her small eyes sunk deep in her fat.
She read romance magazines up in her room
And felt just like Sunday on Saturday
afternoon.

Chorus:

But dreaming just comes natural
Like the first breath from a baby,
Like sunshine feeding daisies,
Like the love hidden deep in your heart.

Bunk beds, shaved heads, Saturday night,
A warehouse of strangers with sixty watt
lights.
Staring through the ceiling, just wanting to
be
Lay one of too many, a young PFC:

(Spoken:)

Donald

There were spaces between Donald and
whatever he said.
Strangers had forced him to live in his head.
He envisioned the details of romantic scenes
After midnight in the stillness of the
barracks latrine.

Repeat Chorus:

Hot love, cold love, no love at all.
A portrait of guilt is hung on the wall.
Nothing is wrong, nothing is right.
Donald and Lydia made love that night.

(Spoken:)

Love

The made love in the mountains, they made
love in the streams,
They made love in the valleys, they made



love in their dreams.
But when they were finished there was
nothing to say,
'Cause mostly they made love from ten
miles away.

Repeat Chorus:

Spanish Pipedream (AKA Blow Up Your TV) © John Prine

She was a level-headed dancer on the road
to alcohol
And I was just a soldier on my way to
Montreal
Well she pressed her chest against me
About the time the juke box broke
Yeah, she gave me a peck on the back of the
neck
And these are the words she spoke

Chorus:

Blow up your TV throw away your paper
Go to the country, build you a home
Plant a little garden, eat a lot of peaches
Try an find Jesus on your own

Well, I sat there at the table and I acted real
naive
For I knew that topless lady had something
up her sleeve
Well, she danced around the bar room and
she did the hoochy-coo
Yeah she sang her song all night long, tellin'
me what to do

Repeat chorus:

Well, I was young and hungry and about to
leave that place
When just as I was leavin', well she looked
me in the face
I said "You must know the answer."

"She said, "No but I'll give it a try."
And to this very day we've been livin' our
way
And here is the reason why

We blew up our TV threw away our paper
Went to the country, built us a home
Had a lot of children, fed 'em on peaches
They all found Jesus on their own

Souvenirs by John Prine

Submitted by R. I. Faust

All the snow has turned to water
Christmas days have come and gone
Broken toys and faded colors
Are all that's left to linger on

I hate graveyards and old pawnshops
For they always bring me tears
I can't forgive the way they robbed me
Of my childhood souvenirs

(chorus)

Memories they can't be bought
They can't be won at carnivals for free
Well it took me years to get those souvenirs
And I don't know how they slipped away
from me

Broken hearts and dirty windows
Make life difficult to see
That's why last night and this morning
Always look the same to me

I hate reading old love letters
For they always bring me tears
I cant forgive the way they robbed me
Of my sweetheart's souvenirs

(chorus)

Memories they can't be bought
They can't be won at carnivals for free
Well it took me years to get those souvenirs



And I don't know how they slipped away
from me

Sam Stone **©John Prine**

Sam Stone came home,
To his wife and family
After serving in the conflict overseas.
And the time that he served,
Had shattered all his nerves,
And left a little shrapnel in his knee.
But the morphine eased the pain,
And the grass grew round his brain,
And gave him all the confidence he lacked,
With a Purple Heart and a monkey on his
back.

Chorus:
There's a hole in daddy's arm where all the
money goes,
Jesus Christ died for nothin' I suppose.
Little pitchers have big ears,
Don't stop to count the years,
Sweet songs never last too long on broken
radios.
Mmm....

Sam Stone's welcome home
Didn't last too long.
He went to work when he'd spent his last
dime
And Sammy took to stealing
When he got that empty feeling
For a hundred dollar habit without
overtime.
And the gold rolled through his veins
Like a thousand railroad trains,
And eased his mind in the hours that he
chose,
While the kids ran around wearin' other
peoples' clothes...

Repeat Chorus:

Sam Stone was alone
When he popped his last balloon
Climbing walls while sitting in a chair
Well, he played his last request
While the room smelled just like death
With an overdose hovering in the air
But life had lost its fun
And there was nothing to be done
But trade his house that he bought on the G.
I. Bill
For a flag draped casket on a local heroes'
hill.

Me And Bobby McGee Lyrics

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waiting for a train
And I's feeling nearly as faded as my jeans.
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it
rained,
It rode us all the way to New Orleans.

I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red
bandanna,
I was playing soft while Bobby sang the blues.
Windshield wipers slapping time, I was holding
Bobby's hand in mine,
We sang every song that driver knew.

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to
lose,
Nothing don't mean nothing honey if it ain't free,
now now.
And feeling good was easy, Lord, when he sang
the blues,
You know feeling good was good enough for
me,
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.

From the Kentucky coal mines to the California
sun,
Hey, Bobby shared the secrets of my soul.
Through all kinds of weather, through
everything we done,
Hey Bobby baby? kept me from the cold.

One day up near Salinas, I let him slip away,



He's looking for that home and I hope he finds it,
But I'd trade all of my tomorrows for just one yesterday
To be holding Bobby's body next to mine.

Freedom is just another word for nothing left to lose,
Nothing, that's all that Bobby left me, yeah,
But feeling good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues,
Hey, feeling good was good enough for me, hmm hmm,
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee.

La la la, la la la la, la la la, la la la la
La la la la la Bobby McGee.
La la la la la, la la la la la
La la la la la, Bobby McGee, la.

La La la, la la la la la la,
La La la la la la la la la, ain't no bumb on my bobby McGee yeah.
Na na na na na na na na, na na na na na na na na na na
Hey now Bobby now, Bobby McGee, yeah.

Lord, I'm calling my lover, calling my man,
I said I'm calling my lover just the best I can,
C'mon, hey now Bobby yeah, hey now Bobby McGee, yeah,
Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lordy Lord
Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGee, Lord!

Up On Cripple Creek By Bob Dylan

When I get off of this mountain
You know where I want to go
Straight down the Mississippi river
To the Gulf of Mexico

To Lake Charles, Louisiana
Little Bessie, a girl that I once knew
And she told me just to come on by
If there's anything she could do

REFRAIN:
Up on Cripple Creek she sends me
If I spring a leak she mends me
I don't have to speak she defends me
A drunkard's dream if I ever did see one

Good luck had just stung me
To the race track I did go
She bet on one horse to win
And I bet on another to show

Odds were in my favor
I had him five to one
When that nag to win came around the track
Sure enough he had won

{Refrain}

I took up all of my winnings
And I gave my little Bessie half
And she tore it up and blew it in my face
Just for a laugh

Now there's one thing in the whole wide world
I sure would like to see
That's when that little love of mine
Dips her doughnut in my tea

{Refrain}

Now me and my mate were back at the shack
We had Spike Jones on the box
She said, "I can't take the way he sings
But I love to hear him talk"

Now that just gave my heart a fall
To the bottom of my feet
And I swore as I took another pull
My Bessie can't be beat

{Refrain}

Now, it's hot in California
And up north it's freezing cold
And this living off the road
Is getting pretty old

So I guess I'll call up my big mama
Tell her I'll be rolling in
Bet you know, deep down, I'm kinda tempted
To go and see my Bessie again {Refrain}



Blowin' In The Wind By Bob - Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man ?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand ?
Yes, how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned ?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Yes, how many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea ?
Yes, how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free ?
Yes, how many times can a man turn his head
Pretending he just doesn't see ?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Yes, how many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky ?
Yes, how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry ?
Yes, how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died ?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down By Bob - Dylan

Virgil Caine is the name,
and I served on the Danville train,
'Til Stoneman's cavalry
came and tore up the tracks again.
In the winter of '65,
We were hungry, just barely alive.
By May the tenth, Richmond had fell,
it's a time I remember, oh so well,

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down,
and the bells were ringing,
The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down,

and the people were singin'.

They went
La, La, La, La, La, La,
La, La, La, La, La, La,
La, La,

Back with my wife in Tennessee,
When one day she called to me,
"Virgil, quick, come see,
there goes Robert E. Lee!"
Now I don't mind choppin' wood,
and I don't care if the money's no good.
Ya take what ya need and ya leave the rest,
But they should never have taken the very best.

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down,
and the bells were ringing,
The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down,
and the people were singin'.

Like my father before me,
I will work the land,
Like my brother above me,
who took a rebel stand.
He was just eighteen, proud and brave,
But a Yankee laid him in his grave,
I swear by the mud below my feet,
You can't raise a Caine back up
when he's in defeat.

The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down,
and the bells were ringing,
The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down,
and the people were singin'

It Ain't Me Babe – Bob Dylan

Go away from my window
Leave at your own chosen speed
I'm not the one you want, babe
I'm not the one you need

You say you're lookin' for someone
Never weak but always strong
To protect you an' defend you
Whether you are right or wrong



Someone to open each and every door

But it ain't me, babe
No, no, no, it sure ain't me, babe
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe

Move lightly from the ledge, babe
Move lightly on the ground
I'm not the one you want, babe
I'll only let you down

You said you're lookin' for someone
Who'll promise never to part
Someone to close his eyes for you
Someone to close his heart
Someone who will die for you an' maybe
more

But it still ain't me, babe
No, no, no, no, it sure ain't me, babe
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe

Go, melt back into the night, babe
Everything inside here is made of stone
Well, there's nothing in here that's a moving
An' anyway I'm not alone

You say you're looking for someone
Pick you up at a time you fall
Someone to gather flowers constantly
An' come at a time you call
A lover for your life, I've done much more

And it still ain't me, babe
No, no, no, it sure ain't me, babe
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe

Don't Think Twice, It's All Right Lyrics - Bob Dylan

It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
If'in you don't know by now
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why,
babe

It don't matter anyhow

When your rooster crows at the break of
dawn
Look out your window and I'll be gone
You're the reason I'm travelin' along
Don't think twice, it's all right

Well, it ain't no use in turnin' on your light,
babe
That light I never knowed
An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light,
babe
I'm on the dark side of the road

Still I wish there was somethin' you would
do or say
To try and make me change my mind and
stay
But we never did too much talkin' anyway
So don't think twice, it's all right

It ain't no use in callin' out my name, babe
Like you never did before
It ain't no use in callin' out my name, babe
I can't hear you any more

I'm a-thinkin' and a-wonderin' walkin' down
the road
I once loved a woman, a child I'm told
I give her my heart but she wanted my soul
But don't think twice, it's all right

So I'm walkin' down that long lonesome
road, babe
Where I'm bound, I can't tell
But goodbye's too good a word, babe
So I'll just say fare thee well

I ain't sayin' you treated me unkind
You could have done better but I don't mind
You just kinda wasted my precious time
But don't think twice, it's all right



Willin' by Lowell George

I been warped by the rain, driven by the snow
I'm drunk and dirty don't ya know, and I'm still,
oh I'm still
Out on the road late at night, I seen my pretty
Alice in every head light
Alice, Dallas Alice

I've been from Tuscon to Tucumcari
Tehachapi to Tonapah
Driven every kind of rig that's ever been made
Now I driven the back roads so I wouldn't get
weighed
And if you give me: weed, whites, and wine
and you show me a sign
I'll be willin', to be movin'

Now I smuggled some smokes and folks from
Mexico
baked by the sun, every time I go to Mexico, and
I'm still
And I've been kicked be the wind, robbed by the
sleet
Had my head stoved in and I'm still on my feet
and I'm willin', oh I'm willin'

And I been from Tuscon to Tucumcari
Tehachapi to Tonapah
Driven every kind of rig that's ever been made
Driven the back roads so I wouldn't get weighed
And if you give me: weed, whites, and wine
and then you show me a sign
I'll be willin', to be movin'

Folsom Prison Blues – Johnny Cash

I hear the train a comin'
It's rolling 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 blowing, I hang my
head and cry..

I bet there's rich folks eating in a fancy
dining car

They're probably drinkin' coffee and
smoking big cigars.

Well I know I had it coming, 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 it on 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.....

I Walk The Line – Johnny Cash

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine
I keep my eyes wide open all the time
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds
Because you're mine, I walk the line

I find it very, very easy to be true
I find myself alone when each day is
through

Yes, I'll admit that I'm a fool for you
Because you're mine, I walk the line

As sure as night is dark and day is light



I keep you on my mind both day and night
And happiness I've known proves that it's
right

Because you're mine, I walk the line

You've got a way to keep me on your side
You give me cause for love that I can't hide
For you I know I'd even try to turn the tide
Because you're mine, I walk the line

I keep a close watch on this heart of mine
I keep my eyes wide open all the time
I keep the ends out for the tie that binds
Because you're mine, I walk the line

Hey Good Lookin' - Hank Williams

Say hey good lookin'
whatcha got cookin'
how's about cookin' something up with me
Hey sweet baby
don't you think maybe
we could find us a brand new recepie

I got a hot rod Ford and a two dollar bill
and I know a spot right over the hill
There's soda pop and the dancin's free
so if you wanna have fun come along with
me

Say hey good lookin'
whatcha got cookin'
how's about cookin' something up with me

[steel - fiddle - steel]

I'm free and ready
so we can go steady
how's about savin' all your time for me
No more lookin'
I know I've been taken
how's about keepin' steady company

I'm gonna throw my datebook over the fence
and find me one for five or ten cents
I'll keep it till it's covered with age
cause I'm writin' your name down on every
page

Hey good lookin,whatcha got cookin
how's about cookin something up
how's about cookin something up
how's about cookin something up with me

Honky Tonk Blues -Hank Williams

[E]Well I left my home down on the rural
route
I told my paw I'm going steppin out and get
the

[A7] Honky tonk blues,
Yeah the honky tonk [E] blues
Well [B7] lord I got 'em,
I got the ho-on-ky tonk [E] blues.

[E] Well I went to a dance and I wore out
my shoes
woke up this mornin wishin I could lose
them jumpin [A7] honky tonk blues,
Yeah the honky tonk [E]blues
Well [B7] lord I got 'em,
I got the ho-on-ky tonk [E] blues.

Solo [E] [A] [E] [B7]

[E]Well I stopped into every place in town
this city life has really got me down
I got [A7] the honky tonk blues,
Yeah the honky tonk [E]blues
Well [B7] lord I got em,
got the ho-on-ky tonk [E] blues.

[E] I'm gonna tuck my worries underneath
my arm
And scat right back to my pappy's farm
And leave these [A7] honky tonk blues,



Yeah the honky tonk [E] blues
[B7] Well lord I got 'em,
I got the ho-on-ky tonk [E] blues.

unrecorded last verse (from KPFA, ~1993)

When I get home to my Ma and Pa,
I know they're gonna lay down the law.
About the honky tonk blues,
Them jumpin' honkty tonk blues.
Lord I'm suffrin' with the honky tonk blues.

Jambalaya (on The Bayou) - Hank Williams

Goodbye Joe me gotta go me oh my oh
Me gotta go pull the pirogue down the
bayou
My Yvonne the sweetest one me oh my oh
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie and a fillet
gumbo
Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher
amio
Pick guitar fill fruit jar and be gay-o
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou
[fiddle]
Thibodaux Fontaineaux the place is buzzin'
Kinfolk come to see Yvonne by the dozen
Dress in style and go hog wild me oh my oh
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou
Settle down far from town get me a pirogue
And I'll catch all the fish in the bayou
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie...
[fiddle]
Later on, swap my mon, get me a pirogue
and I'll catch all the fish on the bayou
Swap my mon, to buy Yvonne what she
need-oh
Son of a gun we'll have big fun on the bayou
Jambalaya and a crawfish pie...

Your Cheatin' Heart -Hank Williams

Your cheatin' heart,
Will make you weep,
You'll cry and cry,
And try to sleep,
But sleep won't come,
The whole night through,
Your cheatin heart, will tell on you...

When tears come down,
Like falling rain,
You'll toss around,
And call my name,
You'll walk the floor,
The way I do,
Your cheatin' heart, will tell on you...

Your cheatin' heart,
Will pine some day,
And crave the love,
You threw away,
The time will come,
When you'll be blue,
Your cheatin' heart, will tell on you...

When tears come down,
Like falling rain,
You'll toss around,
And call my name,
You'll walk the floor,
The way I do,
Your cheatin' heart, will tell on you...

MOVE IT ON OVER - Hank Williams

Came in last night about a half past ten
That baby of mine she wouldn't let me in
So move it on over (move it on over)
Move it on over (move it on over)
Move over little dog cause a big dog's
movin in



Shes changed the lock on our front door
my door key don't fit no more
So get it on over (move it on over)
Scoot it on over (move it on over)
Move over skinny dog cause a fat dog's
moving in

This dog house here is mighty small
But it's better than no house at all
So ease it on over (move it on over)
Drag it on over (move it on over)
Move over old dog cause a new dog's
moving in

She told me not to play around
But I done let the deal go down
So pack it on over (move it on over)
Tote it on over (move it on over)
Move over nice dog cause a mad dog's
moving in

She warned me once, she warned me twice
But I don't take no one's advice
So scratch it on over (move it on over)
Shake it on over (move it on over)
Move over short dog cause a tall dog's
moving in

She'll crawl back to me on her knees
i'll be busy scratching fleas
So slide it on over (move it on over)
Sneak it on over (move it on over)
Move over good dog cause a bad dog's
moving in

Remember pup, before you start to whine
That side's yours and this side's mine
So shove it on over (move it on over)
Sweep it on over (move it on over)
Move over cold dog cause a hot dog's
moving in

Cold Cold Heart - Hank Williams

I tried so hard my dear to show that you're
my every dream.
Yet you're afraid each thing I do is just some
evil scheme

A memory from your lonesome past keeps
us so far apart

Why can't I free your doubtful mind and
melt your cold cold heart

Another love before my time made your
heart sad and blue

And so my heart is paying now for things I
didn't do

In anger unkind words are said that make the
teardrops start

Why can't I free your doubtful mind, and
melt your cold cold heart

You'll never know how much it hurts to see
you sit and cry

You know you need and want my love yet
you're afraid to try

Why do you run and hide from life, to try it
just ain't smart

Why can't I free your doubtful mind and
melt your cold cold heart

There was a time when I believed that you
belonged to me

But now I know your heart is shackled to a
memory

The more I learn to care for you, the more we
drift apart

Why can't I free your doubtful mind and
melt your cold cold heart

Streets of London – Ralph McTell

Have you seen the old man
In the closed-down market



Kicking up the paper,
with his worn out shoes?
In his eyes you see no pride
And held loosely at his side
Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news

So how can you tell me you're lonely,
And say for you that the sun don't shine?
Let me take you by the hand and lead you
through the streets of London
I'll show you something to make you change
your mind

Have you seen the old girl
Who walks the streets of London
Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags?
She's no time for talking,
She just keeps right on walking
Carrying her home in two carrier bags.

Chorus

In the all night cafe
At a quarter past eleven,
Same old man is sitting there on his own
Looking at the world
Over the rim of his tea-cup,
Each tea last an hour
Then he wanders home alone

Chorus

And have you seen the old man
Outside the seaman's mission
Memory fading with
The medal ribbons that he wears.
In our winter city,
The rain cries a little pity
For one more forgotten hero
And a world that doesn't care

Chorus

Dead Flowers Lyrics -Rolling Stones

Well, when you're sitting there
In your silk upholstered chair
Talking to some rich folks that you know
Well I hope you won't see me
In my ragged company
You know I could never be alone

Take me down little Susie, take me down
I know you think you're the Queen of the
Underground
And you can send me dead flowers every
morning
Send me dead flower by the mail
Send me dead flowers to my wedding
And I won't forget to put roses on your
grave

Well, you're sitting back
In your rose pink Cadillac
Making bets on Kentucky Derby Day
I'll be in my basement room
With a needle and a spoon
And another girl can take my pain away

Take me down little Susie, take me down
I know you think you're the Queen of the
Underground
And you can send me dead flowers every
morning
Send me dead flower by the mail
Send me dead flowers to my wedding
And I won't forget to put roses on your
grave

Take me down little Susie, take me down
I know you think you're the Queen of the
Underground
And you can send me dead flowers every
morning
Send me dead flower by the US mail
Say it with dead flowers at my wedding
And I won't forget to put roses on your



grave
No I won't forget to put roses on your grave

Far Away Eyes The Rolling Stones - M. Jagger/K. Richards

I was driving home early Sunday morning
through Bakersfield
Listening to gospel music on the colored
radio station
And the preacher said, "You know you
always have the
Lord by your side"

And I was so pleased to be informed of this
that I ran
Twenty red lights in his honor
Thank you Jesus, thank you lord

I had an arrangement to meet a girl, and I
was kind of late
And I thought by the time I got there she'd
be off
She'd be off with the nearest truck driver she
could find
Much to my surprise, there she was sittin in
the corner
A little bleary, worse for wear and tear
Was a girl with far away eyes

So if you're down on your luck
And you can't harmonize
Find a girl with far away eyes
And if you're downright disgusted
And life ain't worth a dime
Get a girl with far away eyes

Well the preacher kept right on saying that
all I had to do was send
Ten dollars to the church of the sacred
bleeding heart of Jesus
Located somewhere in Los Angeles,
California

And next week they'd say my prayer on the
radio
And all my dreams would come true
So I did, the next week, I got a prayer, and a
girl
Well, you know what kind of eyes she got

So if you're down on your luck
I know you all sympathize
Find a girl with far away eyes
And if you're downright disgusted
And life ain't worth a dime
Get a girl with far away eyes

Play With Fire - The Rolling Stones

Well, you've got your diamonds and you've
got your pretty clothes
And the chauffeur drives your car
You let everybody know
But don't play with me, 'cause you're playing
with fire

Your mother she's an heiress, owns a block
in Saint John's Wood
And your father'd be there with her
If he only could
But don't play with me, 'cause you're playing
with fire

Your old man took her diamond's and tiaras
by the score
Now she gets her kicks in Stepney
Not in Knightsbridge anymore
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing
with fire

Now you've got some diamonds and you
will have some others
But you'd better watch your step, girl
Or start living with your mother
So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing
with fire



So don't play with me, 'cause you're playing
with fire

Wild Horses - The Rolling Stones

Childhood living is easy to do
The things you wanted I bought them for
you
Graceless lady, you know HOW I am
You know I can't let you slide through my
hands

Wild horses couldn't drag me away
Wild, wild horses, couldn't drag me away

I watched you suffer a dull aching pain
Now you've decided to show me the same
But no sweet, vain exits or offstage lines
Could make me feel bitter or treat you
unkind

Wild horses couldn't drag me away
Wild, wild horses, couldn't drag me away

I know I dreamed you a sin and a lie
I have my freedom, but I don't have much
time
Faith has been broken, tears must be cried
Let's do some living after love dies
Wild horses couldn't drag me away
Wild, wild horses, we'll ride them some day

Wild horses couldn't drag me away
Wild, wild horses, we'll ride them some day

Time Is On My Side Lyrics The Rolling Stones

Time is on my side, yes it is
Time is on my side, yes it is

Now you always say
That you want to be free
But you'll come running back (said you
would baby)
You'll come running back (I said so many
times before)
You'll come running back to me

Oh, time is on my side, yes it is
Time is on my side, yes it is

You're searching for good times
But just wait and see
You'll come running back (I won't have to
worry no more)
You'll come running back (spend the rest of
my life with you, baby)
You'll come running back to me

Go ahead, go ahead and light up the town
And baby, do everything your heart desires
Remember, I'll always be around
And I know, I know
Like I told you so many times before
You're gonna come back, baby
'Cause I know
You're gonna come back knocking
Yeah, knocking right on my door
Yes, yes!

Well, time is on my side, yes it is
Time is on my side, yes it is

'Cause I got the real love
The kind that you need
You'll come running back (said you would,
baby)
You'll come running back (I always said you
would)
You'll come running back, to me
Yes time, time, time is on my side, yes it is
Time, time, time is on my side, yes it is
Oh, time, time, time is on my side, yes it is
I said, time, time, time is on my side, yes it
is



Oh, time, time, time is on my side
Yeah, time, time, time is on my side

The Weight – The Band - Robbie Robertson

I pulled into Nazareth, I was feelin' about
half past dead
Just need to find a place where I can lay my
head
"Hey, mister, can you tell me where a man
might find a bed?"
He just grinned and shook my hand and,
"No", was all he said

Take a load off Anny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Anny
And you put the load right on me
(You put the load right on me)

I picked up my bag and I went lookin' for a
place to hide
When I saw Carmen and the Devil walkin'
side by side
And I said, "Hey, Carmen, come on, would
you go downtown"
And she said, "Well, I gotta go but my
friend can stick around"

And take a load off Anny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Anny
And you put the load right on me
(You put the load right on me)

Go down, Miss Moses, there ain't nothin'
that you can say
'Cause just ol' Luke and Luke's waitin' on
the Judgment Day
"Well, now Luke, my friend, what about
young Anna Lee?"
He said, "Do me a favor, son, won't you stay
an' keep Anna Lee company?"

Take a load off Anny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Anny
And you put the load right on me
(You put the load right on me)

Crazy Chester followed me and he caught
me in the fog
He said, "I will fix your rags, if you'll take
Jack, my dog"
I said, "Wait a minute, Chester, you know
I'm a peaceful man"
He said, "That's okay, boy, won't you feed
him when you can?"

Take a load off Anny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Anny
And you put the load right on me
(You put the load right on me)

Catch a Cannonball, now, to take me down
the line
My, my bag is sinkin' low and I do believe
it's time
To get back to Miss Anny, you know she's
the only one
Who sent me here with her regards for
everyone

Take a load off Anny
Take a load for free
Take a load off Anny
And you put the load right on me
(You put the load right on me)

Southern Man - Songwriter: Young, Neil

Southern man, better keep your head
Don't forget what your good book said
Southern change's gonna come at last
Now your crosses are burning fast



Southern man

I saw cotton and I saw black
Tall white mansions and little shacks
Southern man, when will you pay them
back?
I heard screamin' and bullwhips crackin'
How long? How long?

Southern man, better keep your head
Don't forget what your good book said
Southern change's gonna come at last
Now your crosses are burning fast

Southern man

Lily Belle, your hair is golden brown
I've seen your black man comin' round
Swear by God, I'm gonna cut him down
I heard screamin' and bullwhips crackin'
How long? How long?

The One I Love - R.E.M. (Berry/Buck/Mills/Stipe)

(chorus 1)
This one goes out to the one I love
This one goes out to the one I've left behind
A simple prop to occupy my time
This one goes out to the one I love

(chorus 2)
Fire (she's comin' down on her own, now)
Fire (she's comin' down on her own, now)

(repeat chorus 1)

(repeat chorus 2)

This one goes out to the one I love
This one goes out to the one I've left behind
Another prop has occupied my time
This one goes out to the one I love

(repeat chorus 2 2x)

Long Black Veil Lyrics - Traditional

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

Chorus
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

Repeat Chorus

House Of The Rising Sun – Traditional

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy



And God, I know I'm one

My mother was a tailor
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gamblin' man
Down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk

Oh, mother, tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend your lives in sin and misery
In the house of the rising sun

Well, I got one foot on the platform
The other foot on the train
I'm goin' back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain

Well, there is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And God, I know I'm one

The Cooler Than Me - Mike Posner

If I could write you a song,
And make you fall in love,
I would already have you up under my arm.
I used to pull all my tricks,
I hope that you like this.
But you probably won't,
You think you're cooler than me.

You got designer shades,
Just to hide your face and
You wear them around like,
You're cooler than me.
And you never say hey,
Or remember my name.
It's probably cuz, you think you're cooler
than me.

You got your hot crowd,
Shoes on your feet,
And you wear them around,
Like they ain't shit.
But you don't know,
The way that you look,
When your steps
Make
That
Much
Noise.

See I got you,
All figured out,
You need everyone's eyes just to feel seen.
Girl, your so vein,
You probably think that this song is about
you.
Don't you?
Don't you?

If I could write you a song,
And make you fall in love,
I would already have you up under my arm.
I used to pull all my tricks,
I hope that you like this.
But you probably won't,
You think you're cooler than me.

You got designer shades,
Just to hide your face and
You wear them around like,
You're cooler than me.
And you never say hey,
Or remember my name.

Midnight Special - Leadbelly

Well you wake up in the morning.
Hear the ding dong ring,
You go a-marching to the table,



See the same damn thing;
Well, it's on a one table,
Knife, a fork and a pan,
And if you say anything about it,
You're in trouble with the man.

Chorus;

Let the midnight special
Shine her light on me;
Let the midnight special
Shine her ever-loving light on me.

If you ever go to Houston.
You better walk right;
You better not stagger,
You better not fight;
Sheriff Benson will arrest you,
He'll carry you down,
And if the jury finds you guilty,
Penitentiary bound.

Yonder come little Rosie,
How in the world do you know,
I can tell her by her apron,
And the dress she wore.
Umbrella on her shoulder,
Piece of paper in her hand,
She goes a-marching to the captain,
Says, "I want my man."

"I don't believe that Rosie loves me"
"Well tell me why"
She ain't been to see me
Since las' July.
She brought me little coffee
She brought me little tea
Brought me damn near ever'thing
But the jailhouse key.

Yonder comes Doctor Adams
"How in the world do you know?"
Well he gave me a tablet
The day befo'
There ain't no doctor
In all the lan'
Can cure the fever

Of a convict man.



*Many thanks to the incredible musicians
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their sacrifices are many. We love all of you
and treasure the Saturday night sing-a-longs.*



*And the LORD spake unto Moses and unto
Aaron, saying, This is the ordinance of the law
which the LORD hath commanded, saying,
Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring
thee a red heifer without spot, wherein is no
blemish, and upon which never came yoke —
Numbers 19:1-2*

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