

THE TECH TROGLODYTE

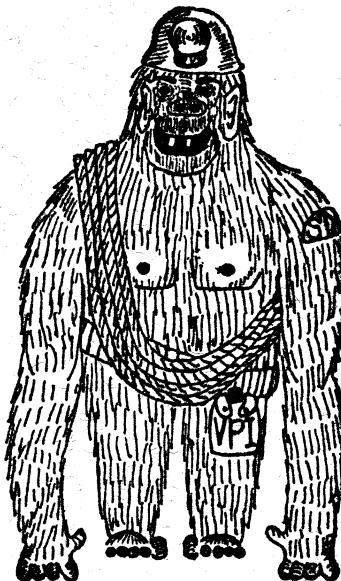
A JOURNAL OF THE VIRGINIA TECH GROTTO OF THE
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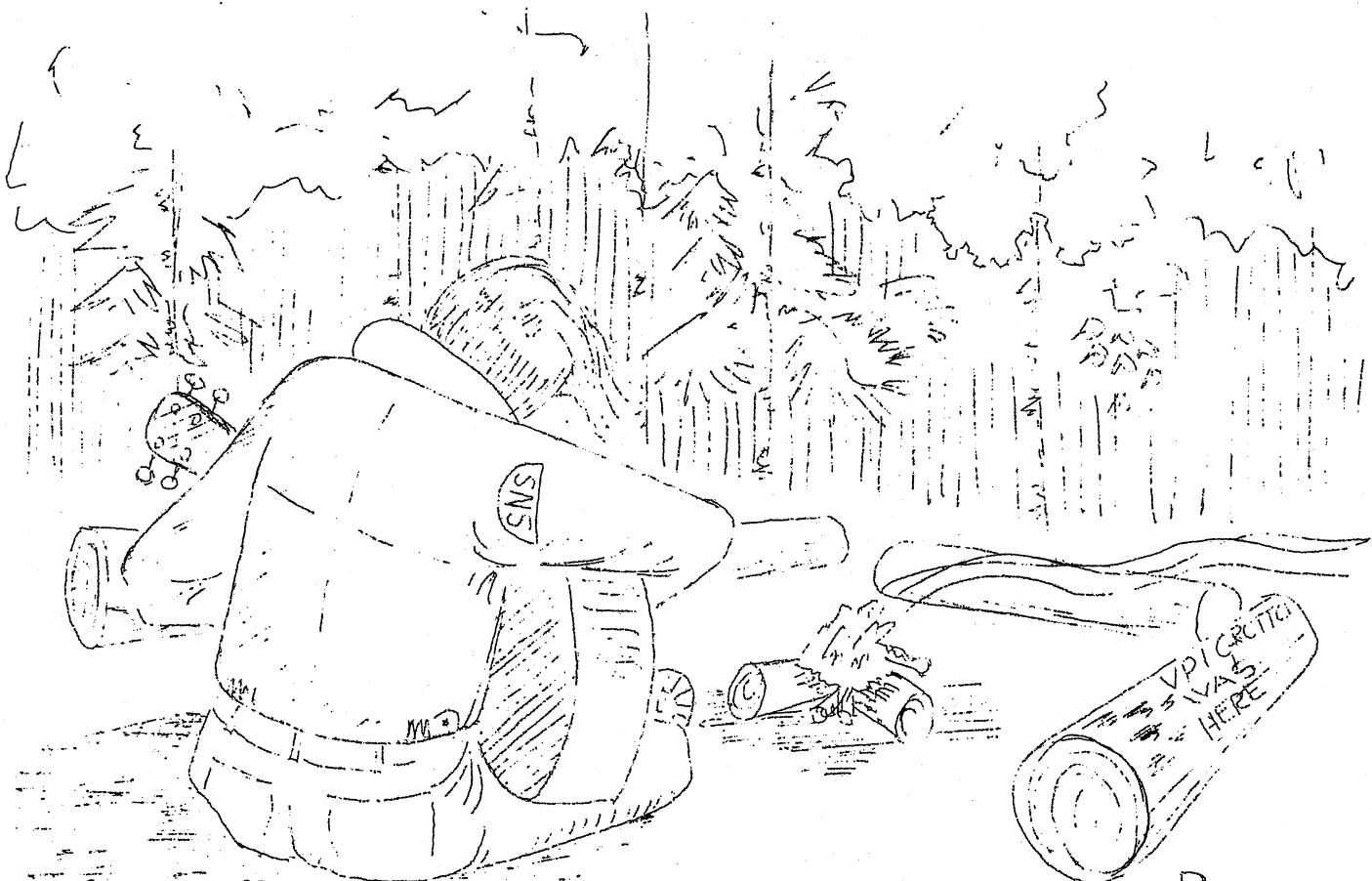
SONG BOOK

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PAGE
72

PARTY ON

FREE

MOUNTAIN

THE TECH TROGLODYTE
JOURNAL OF THE VPI GROTTO OF THE
NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY
WINTER QUARTER 1972

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DRAWINGS by Bob Page
Janet Queisser

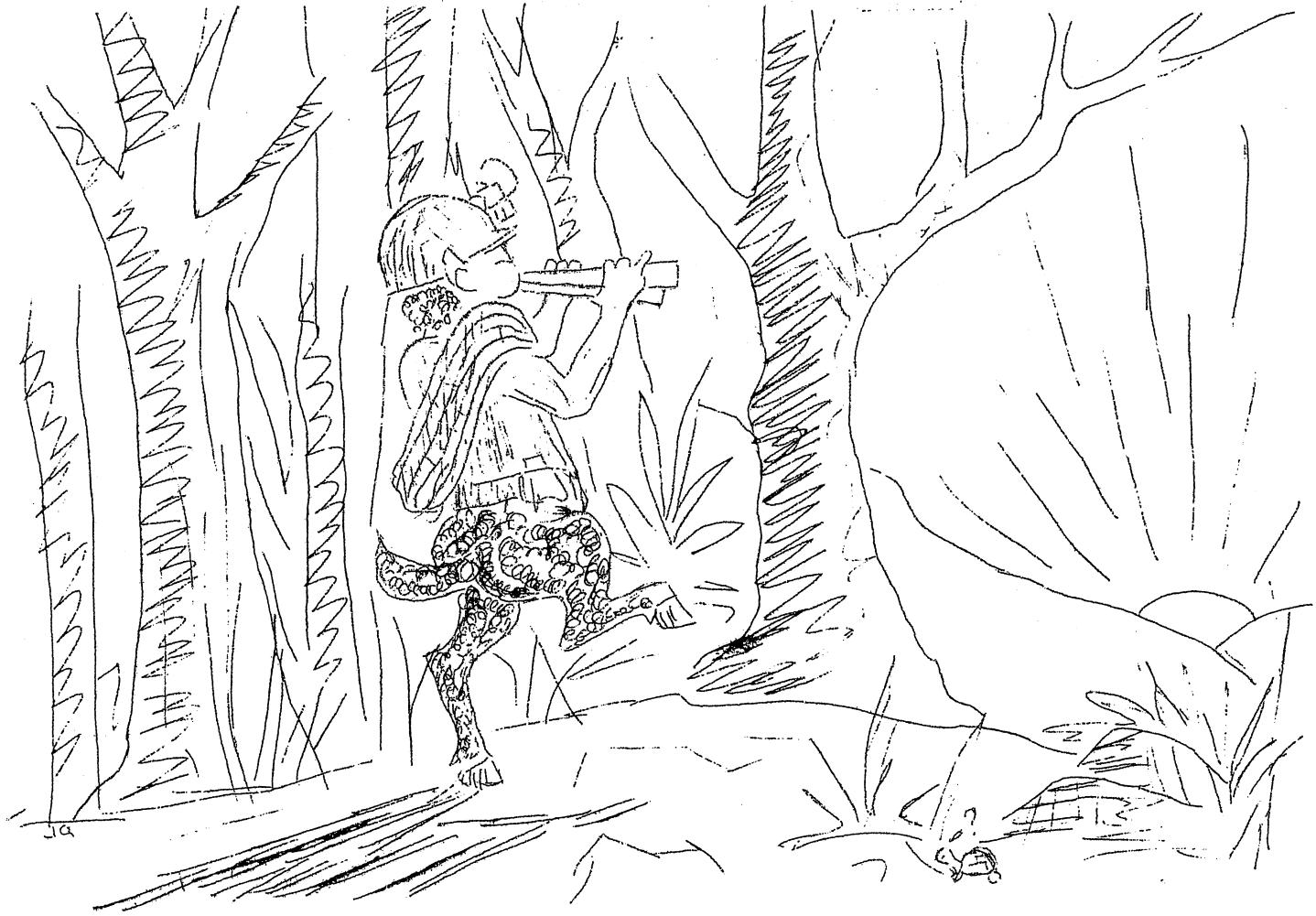
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"A songbook, why for a songbook?"

Well, for years people have associated with the VPI Grotto (among other things) the institution of the "party on the mountain", the "speleo-seminar" the "orgy" or what ever you want to call it. As we all know, these get togethers, whether they be large or small, in the rain or under clear skies, wouldn't be complete without the guitars and banjos appearing and the singing beginning. This special issue of the Tech Trogloodyte puts down on paper those songs that one would most likely hear at a VPI songfest. Knowing full well that there have been some left out and that new songs will become popular, we hope to set the precedence of every year or so, the Trog staff coming out with a supplement to this issue as part of the regular issues. So the next time you're in Blacksburg bring your songbook and join in with some of the best caving fellowship around.

I'd especially like to thank Jean McCarthy for her work as "Musical editor" and all the other people who contributed words, chords and their time and patience.

Janet Queisser



THE BALLAD OF NEW RIVER

Am C Am Em
 Where green misty mountains darken the sun,
 Am C Am E
 Where the hell and the fury are second to none,
 G7 C Am Em
 The New River cuts through the Fool's Face divide,
 Am C Em Am
 And her currents run deep and her waters run wide.

You rapids have slashed us and drawn out our blood,
 Oh, damn you, New River, we curse your thick mud,
 Oh River, oh River, the fight had begun,
 There was no turning back till the battle was won.

We gathered together on the eastern shore,
 With cases of beer and tubes by the score,
 Said Vig to his ship mates, "We're in a fine state,
 The damn raft's not built and now we're running late."

Well, we pushed on out til water reached our knees,
 And like New World explorers, we challenged unknown seas,
 The rafts were beat and tossed about, paper ships on the ocean,
 Still we popped a few more beers and splattered suntan lotion.

Yes, the sun was hot and the beer was cold,
 The women were brave and the men were bold,
 But a drunk's a drunk and it's plain to see,
 That drunken bunch on New River made history.

We conquered New River that fateful day of May,
 But the tale's not ended, there's one thing more to say,
 Though the rafts all have vanished, and the cavers they are gone,
 In the hills west of Blacksburg - New River is flowing on.

Steve Kark

B A N K S O F T H E O H I O

A 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,
AND INTO OTHER'S ARMS I WOULD FLEE
DOWN BESIDE WHERE THE WATERS FLOW,
DOWN BY THE BANKS OF THE OHIO.

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

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

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

G C
In 1814 wo took a little trip,

D G
Along with colonel Jackson down tho mighty Mississip.

C
Wo took a little bacon and wo took a little beans,

D C
And we caught the bloody British in the town of Now Orleans.

REFRAIN (1)

Wo fired our guns and the British kept a-comin',

C G D7 G
Thoro wasn't nigh as many as thoro was a whilo ago.

Wo fired once more and they begin to runnin',

C G D7 G
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

Wo looked down the river and we see'd the British comin',

And thoro musta' been a hundred of em' beatin' on the drum.

They stepped so high, an' they made the bugles ring,

Wo stood beside our cotton bales an' didn't say a thing.

REFRAIN (1)

Ole Hick'ry said we could take 'em by surprise,

If we didn't fire our muskets til we looked 'em in the eyes.

We held our fire til we see'd their faces well,

Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave 'em.... Well....
REFRAIN (1)

REFRAIN (2)

Yoah they ran through the briars and they ran through the bramblos,

And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go,

They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em,

On down the Mississippi to the gulf of Mexico.

Wo fired our cannon til the barrel melted down,

So we grabbed an alligator an' we fought another round.

We filled his head with cannon balls, and powdered his behind.

And when we touched the powder off the gator lost his mind. REFRAIN 1&2

B L I N D E D B Y T U R D S

C F
There was an old lady who lived on my street,
C G7
Whose passage was blocked from too much to eat.
C F
She took stomach pills without reading the box,
C G7 C
And before she could strip, turds were flying like rocks.

TOO-RA-LAH, TOO-RA-LAY

F C
A ROLLINGSTONE GATHERS NO MOSS, SO THEY SAY

SING ALONG WITH THE BIRDS

F C G7 C
IT'S A WONDERFUL SONG, BUT IT'S ALL ABOUT TURDS.

She ran to the window and stuck out her ass,
And just at that moment a caver walked past.
He heard a strange noise and he gazed up on high,
And a bloody big turd hit him right in the eye.

REFRAIN

He ran to the east and he ran to the west,
When a further consignment arrived on his chest.
He fled to the north and he fled to the south
And a mighty big turd hit him right in the mouth.

REFRAIN

The next time you pass over New River Bridge,
Look out for the caver, asleep on the ridge.
His chest bears a placard, which on are these words:
"Be kind to the caver who's blinded by turds!"

REFRAIN

B O S S M A N

Boss man, boss man, what do you say,
I gotta get you alone in a mine someday.
Boss man, boss man, turn it around,
If you don't look away how can I sit down.

Look at this load upon my back,
Gonna get this wheel back on the track.
I can't hold on but I can't let go,
I can't say yes, I can't say no.

Holes in my pockets and holes in my shoes,
If you're ready for me, I'm ready for you.
The company plan takes all my pay,
Got a child in July and another last May.

Boss man, boss man, what do you say,
Gotta get you alone in a mine someday.
Push your face down in the coal,
'Cause you got no heart, you got no soul.

Country life's the life for me,
In ten more years I'll a pensioner be.
The young lad knows when the girls are out,
You might say he's a rural sprout.

Boss man, boss man, what do you say,
Gotta get you alone in the mine someday.
Boss man, boss man, clear the track,
You're gonna tear the skin right off my back.

Boss man, boss man, what do you say,
If you can't lend a hand, then get out of my way.
It'll be murder in the first degree,
If you ever lay your hands on me.

Boss man, boss man, pay my rent,
'Cause a dollar I've earned is a dollar I've spent.
The company plan takes all my check,
For breaking my back and breaking my neck.

Boss man, boss man, what do you say,
Gotta get you alone in the mine someday.
I can't hold on, but I can't let go,
I can't say yes, I can't say no.

BOTTLE OF WINE

A
BOTTLE OF WINE, FRUIT OF THE VINE
WHEN YOU GONNA LET ME GET SOBER?
LEAVE ME ALONE, LET ME GO HOME
LET ME GO HOME AND START OVER.

A
Rambling 'round this dirty old town
Singing for nickles and dimes
Time's getting rough, I ain't got enough
To buy a little bottle of wine.

Little hotel, colder than hell
Dark as the coal in a mine.
Blankets are thin, I lay there and grin
Cause I got a little bottle of wine.

Pain in my head, bugs in my bed
Pants are so old that they shine.
Out on the street, tell the people I meet
Won't you buy me a bottle of wine?

A preacher will preach and a teacher will teach
A miner will dig in a mine.
I ride the road, trusting in God
Hugging my bottle of wine.

B R O W N M O U N T A I N L I G H T S

HIGH ON THE MOUNTAIN, AND DOWN IN THE VALLEYS BELOW,^G

IT SHINES LIKE THE CROWN OF AN ANGEL,

AND FADES AS THE MIST COMES AND GOES.^{Em}

WAY OVER YONDER, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT UNTIL DAWN,^F

A FAITHFUL OLD SLAVE, COMES BACK FROM THE GRAVE,^{Em}

SEARCHING FOR HIS MASTER WHO IS LONG, LONG, GONE.^D

In the days of the old covered wagons,

When they camped on the flats for the night,

With the stars growing dim,

On that old highboard rim,

They would watch for those brown mountain lights.^Z

Long years ago a southern planter,

Came hunting in these wild lands alone,

And it's here, so they say,

The hunter lost his way,

And he never returned to his home.

A trusty old slave brought a lantern,

And he searched but in vain, day and night,

The old slave is gone,

But his spirit wanders on,

And the old lantern still casts its light.

BUCKOEE'S MEMOIRS

C F
My sense of balance was off today
G C
Just because of you last night
C F C
Every time I thought about the things we did
G C
I stumbled plumb outta sight.

The candy-sweet craziness of losing myself
Today in thinking of you
Just couldn't have felt better unless I'd got a letter
Saying you'd gone crazy too,

F C
HEY RODEO YOU'RE A PRETTY GOOD SHOW
G C
YOU CAN SURE BUST A BUCKOE'S MIND.
F C
HEY MY COUNTY FAIR YOU'RE A BLUE RIBBON MARE
G C
AND I'D SURE LIKE TO RIDE THAT KIND.

One morning I remember, it began with you
I've never felt so good so early
Suddenly you knocked upon my window pane
Well kiss my birth, what a reveille

In our birthday suits we had a few toots
And I sure ain't talking about beer.
If you aim to please, well mam, I do believe
You're the best shot I've had in years.

HEY, SING A'SUNSHINE, YOU MAKE ME FEEL MIGHTY FINE
YOU'RE A HOLIDAY IN MY HEAD
HEY, FLOWER-FACE, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO RACE
BETCHA I CAN BEAT YA TO THE BED AGAIN.

Seem like I'm always alone on foot
With three things that need to be carried.
You might say my luck runs true to form
'Cause the woman I love is married.

When I think about our two lifelines
Threading through time and chance
I feel kinda cool, we shared a tool
Weaving in and out of our pants.

HEY, MY LITTLE KIDDO, I WANT YOU TO KNOW
I MISS YOU BUT IT AIN'T ALL BAD,
'CAUSE MY PRETTY PAL, YOU'RE THE BEST GAL
I'M THINKING I'VE EVER HAD.

There was a time in this fair land when the railroad did not run
 When the wild majestic mountains stood alone against the sun
 Long before the white man and long before the wheel
 When the green dark forest was too silent to be real.

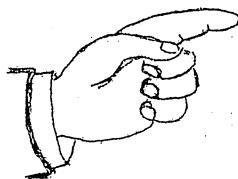
But time has no beginnings and history has no bounds
 As to this verdant country they came from all around
 They sailed upon her waterways, and walked her forests tall
 Built the mines, the mills, and the factories for the good of us all.

And when a young man's fancy was turning to the spring
 The railroad men grew restless for to hear the hammers ring
 Their minds were overflowing with the visions of their day
 And many a fortune lost and won, and many a debt to pay.

For they looked to the future and what did they see
 They saw an iron road running from the sea to the sea
 Bringing the goods to a young growing land
 All up from the seaports and into their hands
 Look away said they across this mighty land
 From the eastern shore to the western strand.

Bring in the workers and bring up the rails
 We gotta lay down the tracks and tear up the trails
 Open your hearts and let the lifeblood flow
 We gotta get on our way cause we're moving too slow
 Repeat 1-4
 Get on our way cause we're moving too slow.

Behind the Blue Rockies the sun is declining
 The stars they come stealing at the close of the day
 Across the wide prairies our loved ones lie sleeping
 Beyond the dark ocean in a place far away.



D7

G

A

We are the navvies who work upon the railroad
D G E A
Swinging our hammers in the bright blazing sun
D G A
Living on stew and drinking bad whiskey
D G A D
Bending our backs til the long days are done.

11

Repeat 1&2

D G A
Laying down track and building up bridges
D G A D
Bending our backs til the railroad is done.

A Em
So it's over the mountains and over the plains
C D
Into the Muskeg and into the rain
A Em
Up the St. Lawrence all the way to Gaspee
C D
Swinging our hammers and drawing our pay.

A Em
Laying 'em in and tying 'em down
C D
Then off to the bunkhouse and into the town
A Em
A dollar a day and a place for my head
C A
A drink to the living a toast to the dead.

D Am D
Oh the song of the future has been sung
Am D
All the battles have been won
Am D
On the mountain tops we stand
Am D
All the world at our command
Am D
We have opened up the soil
Am A
With our teardrops; and our toil.

D G
Oh there was a time in this fair land when the railroad did not run
G A
When the wild majestic mountains stood alone against the sun
D G
Long before the white man and long before the wheel
A C D
When the green dark forest was too silent to be real.
A C D
When the green dark forest was too silent to be real,
A C D
And many are the dead men ----- too silent to be real.

T H E C A V E R L O V E R

G I went into a tavern one evening near Luray,
D7 G7 C D7 G
A forty year old waitress to me these words did say.

I see you are a caver, not just a common bum
For no one but a caver, puts carbide in his rum.

I had a caver lover, his equal I never saw,
If you poured cave mud in it, he'd crawl right thru a straw.

He never washed the cave mud, from off his horny hide,
He said it improved the friction, when down the rope he'd slide.

My lover came to see me, before a descent one day,
He held me in a fond embrace, that broke three vertebrae.

He kissed me when we parted, so hard it broke my jaw,
I could not speak to tell him, his rope had thirteen flaws.

I peered into the entrance, and saw my lover go,
Sliding gaily downward, five hundred feet below.

The cave it tried to kill him, it tried it's level best,
But pits and chimneys were for him, a game and not a test.

The crawlway squeezed to nothing and breakdown covered the floor,
But when the whole earth split in two, my lover caved no more.

They tried in vain to pull him out, his bones were all they saved,
They made him into pitons, to conquer virgin caves.

And so I lost my lover, and to this tawern I've come,
Here I wait til someone, puts carbide in his rum.

C A V I N G M A T H I L D A

C E Am F
Once a jolly caveman camped beside a sinkhole
Under the shadow of a hickory tree
And he sang as he sat and charged up his carbide lamp
You'll come a-caving Mathilda with me.

C F
CAVING MATHILDA, CAVING MATHILDA
C Am C G7
YOU'LL COME A-CAVING MATHILDA WITH ME
C E Am F
AND HE SANG AS HE SAT AND CHARGED UP HIS CARBIDE LAMP
C Am G7 C
YOU'LL COME A-CAVING MATHILDA WITH ME.

Into the sinkhole free-rappelled the spelunker
Spied he stalactites and broke them with glee
Spied he stalactites and stuffed them in his caving pack
You'll come a-caving Mathilda with me.

Down came the owner with his trusty shotgun
Down came the deputies one, two, three
Where's those stalactites, you've got in your caving pack
You'll come a-caving Mathilda with me.

Up jumped the caveman, he leaped into the bottomless pit
You'll never catch me alive cried he
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that sinkhole
You'll come a-caving Mathilda with me.

G C
It all started out at tho young ago of eight,
D G
While sitting one day on the school yard gato.

C
The crossbar wont over the upright went in,
D7 G
And ever since Charlotte's been living in sin.

G C
SHE'S CHARLOTTE, THE HARLOT, THE GIRL I ADORE,
D7 G
THE PRIDE OF THE PRAIRE THE COWPUNCHER'S WHORE.

She'll suck you, she'll fuck you, sho'll grow on your nuts,
She'll wrap hor legs round you and squeeze out your guts.
She squeeze you so hard that you'll wish you could die,
But I'd rather eat Charlotte than blueberry pie.

She's dirty, she's vulgar, she spits in the street,
Whon ever you meet hor she's always in heat.
She'll lay for a dollar, take less or take more,
The pride of tho prairie, tho cowpuncher's whore.

Way down on the prairie where cowshit is thick,
Where women are women and cowboys come quick.
There lives a young maiden, the girl I adore,
The pride of tho prairie, the cowpunchers whore.

One day on the canyon, no pants on her skin,
A rattlesnake saw her and threw himself in.
Now Charlotte the harlot gives cowboys a fright,
With the only vagina that rattles and bites.

One day on the prairie while riding along,
My feet in the stirrups, my hands on my dong.
When who should I meet but the girl I adoro,
Tho pride of the prairie, the cowpuncher's whore.

Well I jumped from my saddle and reached for her crack,
But the damn thing was rattling and frightened me back.
So I drew out my pistol and aimed for it's head,
But I missed the damn rattler and shot her instead.

The funeral procession was forty miles long,
With a chorus of cowboys a-singing this song.
Horo lies a young maidon who never kept score,
She's a hot fucking, cock sucking, Mexican whore.

Now Charlotte doar Charlotte lies dead in her tomb,
And maggots crawl out of hor decomposed womb.
But still on her face is a brief cry for more,
Sho's a hot fucking, cock sucking, Mexican whore.

C I R C L E G A M E

Yesterday a child came out to wander
 Caught a dragon fly inside a jar
 Fearful when the sky was full of thunder
 And tearful at the falling of a star.

Then the child grew ten times round the season
 Skated over ten clear frozen streams
 Words like "when you're older" must appease him
 And promises of someday make him dream.

AND THE SEASONS THEY GO ROUND AND ROUND
 AND THE PAINTED PONIES GO UP AND DOWN
 WE'RE CAPTIVES ON A CAROUSEL OF TIME
 WE CAN'T RETURN WE CAN ONLY LOOK BEHIND FROM WHERE WE CAME
 AND GO ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND IN A CIRCLE GAME.

Sixteen springs and sixteen summers gone now
 Cartwheels lost to cartwheels through the town
 And they tell him take your time it won't be long now
 Till you drag your feet to slow the circle down.

So the boy who dreamt at sixteen now is twenty
 Though his dreams have lost some grandeur coming true
 There'll be new dreams, maybe better dreams and plenty
 Before the last revolving year is through.

G

Early one mornin' while makin' the rounds,

G

I took a shot of cocaine and I shot my woman down.

G7

Went right home and I went to bed,

C

I stuck that lovin' .44 beneath my head.

Got up next mornin' and I grabbed that gun,

Took a shot of cocaine and away I run.

Made a good run but I run too slow,

They overtook me down in Jaurez, Mexico.

Laid in that hot joint and shootin' the pill,
In walked the sheriff from Jerico Hill.

He said, "Willy Lee, you're not Jack Brown,

You're the dirty hack that shot your woman down."

"Oh yes," I said, "Yes my name is Willy Lee,
If you've got a warrant, just a read it to me,
Shot her down cause she made me slow,
I thought I was her daddy, but she had five more."

When I was arrested I was dressed in black,
They put me on a train and they took me back.
Had no friends for to go my bail
They slapped my dider carcass in the county jail.

Early next morning 'bout half past nine,
I spied the sheriff comin' down the line.
Hocked and coughed as he cleared his throat,
He said, "Come on you diry hack, into the district court."

Into that courtroom my trial began,
Where I was held by twelve honest men.
Just before the jury started out,
I saw that little judge commence to look about.

In about five minutes in walked the man,
Holding the verdict in his right hand.
The verdict read in the first degree,
I hollered, "Lordy, lordy, have mercy on me!"

The judge he smiled as he picked up his pen,
Ninety-nine years in the Folsom Pen.

Ninety-nine years underneath that ground.

I can't forget the day I shot that bad bitch down.

Come on you gotta listen unto me
Stay off that whiskey and
Let that cocaine be.

C O P P E R K E T T L E

C G C
Get you a copper kettle,
C G C
Get you a copper coil.
E Am
Cover with new-made cornmash,
Dm G
And never a-more you'll toil.

Am Em Am
JUST LAY THERE BY THE JUNIPERS,
Em
WHILE THE MOON SHINES BRIGHT.
Am Dm Am
JUST WATCH THOSE JUGS A-FILL',
E Am
IN THE PALE MOONLITE. (OH)

Build your fire with hickory,
Hickory, ash or oak.
Don't use no green or rotten wood,
Or they'll catch you by the smoke.

My daddy he made whiskey,
My grand daddy, did too.
And we ain't paid no whiskey tax,
Since seventeen-ninety-two.

Get you a copper quarter,
Get you a copper dime.
Just like the man who made them,
They'll be gone by sixty-nine.

C O U N T R Y R O A D S

Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shennendoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains
Blowing like a breeze.

COUNTRY ROADS, TAKE ME HOME
TO THE PLACE, I BELONG
WEST VIRGINIA, MOUNTAIN MOMMA
TAKE ME HOME, COUNTRY ROADS.

All my memories crowd around her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine
Teardrops in my eye.

I hear her voice in the morning as she calls me
Radio reminds me of my home far away
Driving down that road I get a feeling
That I should have been home yesterday
Yesterday...

C R A W D A D S O N G

You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey;
A7
You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe,
D
You get a line and I'll get a pole,
G
We'll go down to the crawdad hole,
D Honey, sugar baby, mine.

Yonder is a man with a pack on his back,
Packin' all the crawdads he can pack.

Get up old woman, you slept too late,
The crawdad man done passed your gate.

Get up old man, you slept too late
There ain't no crawdads on your plate.

A-settin' on the ice till my feet got hot,
A-watchin' that crawdad rock and trot.

Crawdad, crawdad, you'd better go to hole,
If I don't catch you, damn my soul.

Whatcha gonna do when the lake runs dry?
Sit on the bank and watch the crawdads die.

Whatcha gonna do when your man goes away?
Get me a better one very next day.

C R O O K S H A N K ' S C A V E

G

I hear that river flowin',

It's flowin' round the bend,

And I ain't seen the sunshine,

G7

Since I don't know when.

C

Well I'm stuck in Crookshank's Cave,

G

And time keeps draggin' on,

D

And that river keeps a flowin',

GCG

On down to Charlston.

Well, when I was just a baby,
My daddy said one day,

"Don't go climb on mountains
Or mess around in caves."

Well I was cavin' down in Blacksburg
To pass the time away.

How much longer must I stay here,
Maybe one more day.

Well I bet they're back in Blacksburg,
Drivin' round in cars,
Eatin' in the messhall,
And smokin' big cigars.
Well I know I had it comin',
I know I can't be free,
And that river keeps arisin',
And that's what tortures me.

Well if I get out of here,
And I see that old sunshine,
You bet I'd move it on
A little farther down the line,
Far from Crookshank's Cave,
That's where I want to stay,
And I'd let that Greenbriar River
Wash all my blues away.

C R O S S R O A D S

Dm Am7 Dm
When first I did appear upon this native soil
 Am7 Dm
All up and down this country at labor I did toil.
 Am7 Dm
I slumbered in the moonlight and I rose with the sun.
 Am7 Dm
I rambled through the canyons where the cold rivers run.
When first I did come down where the land meets the sea
The people said, "Who are you and what would your name be?"
I said, "I have no home and I am no man's son.
'Twas inland I was born and from inland that I come.

REFRAIN:

Dm Am7 Dm
IN THE GOOD LAND I WAS YOUNG AND I WAS STRONG.
 Am7 Dm
NO ONE DARED TO CALL ME "SON"
 Am7 Dm
HAPPY JUST TO SEE MY DAYS WORK DONE,
 Am7 Dm
SEE MY DAYS WORK DONE

So I swung an axe as a timberjack and I worked the Quebec mines
And on the golden prairie I rode the big combines.
I sailed the maritime water of many a seaport town,
Took the highways and the byways to the western salmon ground.

I've gazed upon the good times and I've seen the bad times too,
Felt many a cold and bitter wind and many a morning dew.
I've watched the country growin' like a fair and mighty thing
And in the still of a summer night I've heard the mountains ring

REFRAIN

But now the seeds are planted and the gates are open wide.
The old ways are forgotten, there's no place left to hide,
And the legacy I'm leavin' you's not very hard to find.
You'll see it all around you at the crossroads of time.

Am7 Dm
In the sweet soil it's a-growin' at the crossroads of time.

D A R K A S T H E D U N G E O N

Come all you young fellows so bold and so fine.
And seek not your fortune way down in the mine
It'll form like a habit, seep in your soul
'Til the stream of your blood is as black as the coal.

DARK AS THE DUNGEON AND DAMP AS THE DEW
WHERE THE DANGER IS DOUBLED AND THE PLEASURES ARE FEW
WHERE THE RAIN NEVER FALLS, THE SUN NEVER SHINES
IT'S DARK AS THE DUNGEON WAY DOWN IN THE MINE.

Oh it's many a man I've seen in my day
Who lived just to labor his whole life away
Like a fiend with his dope, or a drunk with his wine
A man must have lust for the lure of the mines.

I hope when I'm gone, the ages do roll
My body may blacken and turn into coal
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home
And pity that miner a digging my bones.

Way down in the mines.

D A R K A S A D U N G E O N*

Come all you young fellows so bold and so brave
 And seek not adventure way down in a cave
 It forms like a habit and seeps into your blood
 Till your skin bleaches white and your veins fill with mud.

OH, IT'S DARK AS A DUNGEON AND DAMP AS THE DEW
 WHERE THE DANGERS ARE DOUBLE AND THE PLEASURES ARE FEW
 WHERE THE GRASS NEVER GROWS AND THE RAIN NEVER FALLS
 AND THE SUN NEVER SHINES IN THOSE UNDERGROUND HALLS.

There's duckways and crawlways and bottomless pits
 You're sore and you're tired and scared out of your wits
 If you slip from your footing you'll likely be dead
 But you can't straighten up without cracking your head.

Oh, it's many a fine man I've seen in my time
 Who has sunk to the depths and been lost in the grime
 Like a fiend with his dope or a drunk with his booze
 He can't shake the mud from his old caving shoes.

So if you are searching for thrills and delights
 Stay above the ground on the tree covered heights
 For once you descend, it's as though to the grave
 For your soul will be lost to the lure of the cave.

*caver's version

D I D S H E M E N T I O N M Y N A M E ?

G C Am
It's so nice to meet an old friend and pass the time of day
D D7 G
And talk about the home town a million miles away

Is the ice still in the river?

C Am D
Are the old folks still the same? And by the way

D7 G
Did she mention my name?

C D G
Did she mention my name just in passing?

Em A7 Em
And when the morning came do you remember if she dropped a
Am D
name or two?

G
Is the home team still on fire

C Am D
Do they still win all the games? And by the way

D7 G
Did she mention my name?

Is the landlord still a loser? Do his signs hang in the hall?
Are the young girls still as pretty in the city in the fall?
Does the laughter on their faces
Still put the sun to shame? And by the way

Did she mention my name?

Did she mention my name just in passing?

And when the talk ran high did the look in her eye seem far
away?

Is the old roof still leaking

When the late snow turns to rain? And by the way
Did she mention my name?

Did she mention my name just in passing?

And looking at the rain do you remember if she dropped a name
or two?

Won't you say hello from someone

There'll be no need to explain, And by the way
Did she mention my name?

D O N ' T T H I N K T W I C E , I T ' S A L R I G H T

It ain't no use to sit and wonder why Babe,
 It don't matter anyhow.
 Oh it ain't no use to sit and wonder why Babe,
 If you don't know by now.
 When the rooster crows at the break of dawn,
 Look out your window and I'll be gone,
 You're the reason I'm traveling on,
 Don't think twice, it's alright.

It ain't no use in turning on your light Babe,
 That light I never knowed.
 Oh it ain't no use in turning on your light Babe,
 I'm on the dark side of the road.
 Still I wish there was something you could do or say,
 To try and make me change my mind and stay,
 We never did too much talking anyway,
 So don't think twice, it's alright.

I'm walking down this long and lonesome road Babe,
 Where I'm bound I can't tell.
 But goodbye is too good a word gal,
 So I'll just say fare thee well.
 I ain't saying you treated me unkind,
 You could have done better, but I don't mind,
 You just kind of wasted my precious time,
 Don't think twice, it's alright.

It ain't no use in calling out my name gal,
 Like you never did before.
 It ain't no use in calling out my name gal,
 I can't hear you anymore.
 I'm a-thinking and a-wondering all the way down the road,
 I once loved a woman, a child I'm told,
 I gave her my heart but she wanted my soul,
 But don't think twice, it's alright.

D R A F T D O D G E R R A G

G C
Well, I'm just a typical American boy from a typical American town,

D7 G
I believe in God and Sen. Dodd and keeping old Castro down,

C
And when it came my serve I knew better dead than Red.

D7 G
But when I got to my old draft board, buddy, this is what I said.

SARGE, I'M ONLY 18, GOT A RUPTURED SPLEEN, AND I ALWAYS CARRY A PURSE,
I GOT EYES LIKE A BAT, MY FEET ARE FLAT, MY ASTHMA'S GETTING WORSE.
THINK OF MY CAREER, MY SWEETHEART DEAR, MY POOR OLD INVALID AUNT,
BESIDES I AIN'T NO FOOL I'M AGOIN' TO SCHOOL AND I'M WORKIN'IN A
DEFENSE PLANT.

I got a dislocated disk and a racked up back I'm allergic to flowers
and bugs,

When the bombshell hits I get epileptic fits and I'm addicted to a
thousand drugs.

I got weakness woes can't touch my toes I can hardly reach my knees,
And when the enemy gets close to me I'll probably start to sneeze.

Well, Chou Enlai, I hope he dies, there's onething you got to see,
That someone's got to go over there, but that someone isn't me.
So I wish you well, Sarge, give 'em hell, kill me a thousand or so,
And if you ever get a war wihtout blood and gore, I'll be the first
to go.

REFRAIN

D R I L L Y E T A R R I E R S

Am
Every morning at seven o'clock,
E7
There's twenty tarriers a-working at the rock.
Am
The boss comes along and he says, "Keep still."
E7
Come down heavy with the cast iron drill.

Am E7 Am G Am
DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL, DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL,
OH, IT'S WORK ALL DAY FOR THE SUGAR IN YOUR TAY,
E7 Am
DOWN BEHIND THE RAILWAY,
Am E7 Am
AND DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL, AND BLAST, AND FIRE.

Now our foreman's name was Gene McCann,
By God he was a blame mean man.
Last week a premature blast went off,
And a mile in the air went Big Jim Goff.

The next time payday came around,
Jim Goff a dollar short was found.
When asked for what, came this reply,
"You were docked for the time you were up in the sky."

The boss was a fine man, down to the ground,
And he married a lady six feet round.
She baked good bread and she baked it well,
But she baked it hard as the holes of Hell.

C
EARLY MORNING RAIN

In the early morning rain
 With a dollar in my hand
 With an aching in my heart
 And my pockets full of sand.
 I'm a long way from home
 And I miss my loved one so
 In the early morning rain
 And no place to go.

Out on runway no. nine
 Big 707 set to go
 But I'm stuck here on the grass
 Where the cold wind blows.
 Now the liquor tasted good
 And the women all were fast
 Well, now there she goes my friend
 She's rolling down at last.

Hear the mighty engines roar
 See the silver bird on high
 She's away and westward bound
 Far above the clouds she'll fly.
 Where the morning rain don't fall
 And the sun always shines
 She'll be flying over my home
 In about three hours time.

This old airports got me down
 It's no earthly good to me
 Cause I'm stuck here on the ground
 Cold and drunk as I can be.
 You can't jump a jet plane
 Like you can a freight train
 So I'd best be on my way
 In the early morning rain.

You can't jump a jet plane
 Like you can a freight train
 So I'd best be on my way
 In the early morning rain.

T H E F A L C O N

Em

I was walking out one evening by the frigging reservoir,

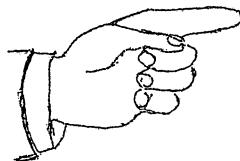
Em

A-wishing that I had a quid to pay my frigging score.

My hoad it was a-aching, my throat was parched and dry,

C

So up I sont a little prayer a winging to the sky.

There camo a frigging falcon and he walked upon the waves,
I said a frigging miracle and sang a couple staves.Of a frigging churchy ballad I learned at my mothor's knee,
But then the frigging bird took off, he wont and splattered me.I dropped upon my frigging knees and bowed my frigging head,
And said three frigging aves for all the frigging dead.
Then I rose unto my feet and said another ten,
Tho frigging bird burst into flame and splattered me again.Tho falcon blazed up in tho sky just liko tho frigging sun,
I seared my frigging eyelids shut and when the job was done.
He wooshed across the frigging sky just liko a shooting star,
I wont to see the frigging priest, he bummed my last cigar.I told him of the burning bird, he told me of the roso,
I showed him guano in my hair, tho bastard hold his noso.
So I wont to see the bishop and the frigging bishop said,
Go home and sleep it off you sot, and wash your frigging head.Then I came upon a frigging wake, for a lousy frigging swine,
By the name of Jack O'Mara and I touched his head to mino.
He sat up in the frigging bed and shook his frigging head,
His wife pulled out a .44 and filled him full of lead.Then I lost my frigging temper and let out a frigging yell,
Blow one more hole in poor old Jack and I'll see you burn in hell.
And once again I raisod him up and brought him back to life,
He whimpored as his head camo off, this time she used a knifo.

And then she floppod upon hor knoos and started in to pray,
Please Lord, she said, it's thirty yoars I've waitod for this day.
Still I went about the frigging town to hoal the frigging lamo,
But every time I raisod them up, thoy got knocked down again.

Now the good Lord sends his blessings down in a frigging curious way,
But when he's marked a man far love, that love is here to stay.
But the way you've got to use that love is a frigging quoor affair,
Thoro ain't no uso in raising stiffs, thoro ain't no uso in prayor.

And this I know because I've got an over flowing sign,
For evory timo I wash my hoad tho wator turns to wine.
And I give it free to working folks to brighton their poor lives,
So they don't kick no dogs around, or beat up on their wivos.

For thoro ain't no point to miraclos like walking on the sea,
They crucified the son of God, but thoy don't mess with me.
For I leave the frigging blind alone, and the dying and the dead,
But every day at 4 o'clock, I wash my frigging hoad.

T H E D E A T H O F F L O Y D C O L L I N S 31

G C G
Come all you young people and listen to what I tell

C D7
The fate of Floyd Collins a lad we all knew well.

G C G
His face was fair and handsome his heart was true and brave

D7 G
His body now lies sleeping in a lonely sandstone cave.

How sad how sad the story it filled our eyes with tears,
His memory will linger for many many a year.
His broken hearted father who tried his boy to save
Will now weep tears of sorrow at the door of Floyd's cave.

Oh mother don't you worry, dear father don't be sad,
I'll tell you all my troubles in an awful dream I had,
I dreamed I was a prisoner, my life I could not save,
I cried, "Oh must I perish within the silent cave?"

The rescue party gathered, they labored night and day,
To move the mighty boulder that stood within the way.
"To rescue Floyd Collins!" this was the battle cry.
"We will never, no we will never let Floyd Collins die!"

But on that fatal morning the sun rose in the sky,
The workers still were busy, we will save him by and by.
But oh how sad the ending, his life they could not save.
His body then was sleeping within the lonely cave.

Young people all take warning with this for you and I
We may not be Floyd Collins, but you and I must die.
It may not be in a sand cave in which we find our tomb,
But at the mighty judgement we soon must find our doom.

F O L S O M P R I S O N

G
Well I hear the train a'comin',
It's rollin' round the bend,
An' I ain't seen the sunshine,
G7 Since I don't know when.

G
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison,
G And time keeps draggin' on,
D But that train it keeps a'rollin',
GCG On down to San Antone.

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

I bet there's rich folks eatin',
On a fancy dinin' car,
They're prob'ly drinkin' coffee,
And smokin' big cigars.
Well I know I had it comin',
I know I can't be free,
But that train keens a-movin',
And that's what tortures me.

Well if I get out of here,
And that railroad train was mine,
You bet I'd move it on,
A little farther down the line.
Oh, far from Folsom Prison,
That's where I want to stay,
And I'd let that lonesome whistle,
Blow all my blues away.

G
Frankie and Johnny were lovers,

Oh Lordy, how they could love,

C
Their love was true as the moon and stars

That shined in the heavens above,

G A7 D7 G
Cause she loved his wingding and his doodlydo.

Frankie went down to the barroom,
She ordered a gallon of beer.
She asked the fat bartender,
"Has my lovin' Johnny been here?"
Cause she loved his wingding and his doodlydo.

The bartender told her no story,
The bartender told her no lie.
He said Johnny was in the backroom
A fingerin' Lilly Bly,
Cause she loved his wingding and his doodlydo.

Frankie then reached into her purse
And pulled out an old .44.
She aimed it straight at the ceiling
And blew the bartender's ass on the floor,
Cause she loved his wingding and his doodlydo.

Frankie busted in on Johnny,
And took him by alarm.
He wasn't using his finger,
He was using his whole damn arm,
Cause she loved his wingding and his doodlydo.

The first shot got him in the shoulder,
The second shot got him as he fell,
The third shot, ladies and gentlemen,
Tore his left ball all to hell,
Cause she loved his wingding and what was left of his doodlydo.

So the moral of this story
I'll tell right now to you,
If you've got a jealous girlfriend,
Be careful what you do,
Or she'll shoot off your wingding and most of your doodlydo.

- as told by Easter Pig.

G H O S T R I D E R S

^{Am} An old cowboy went riding out one dark and windy day,
^{Am} Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way.
^{Am} When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw,
^F A plowing through the ragged skies and up a cloudy draw.

^{Am} YIPPIE YI AY, YIPPIE YI OH,
^F THE GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY.

Their brands were still on fire and their hoofs were made
 of steel,
 Their horns were black and shiny, their hot breath he
 could feel.
 A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through
 the sky,
 For he saw the riders coming hard and he heard their
 mournful cry.

Their face was gone, their eyes were blurred, shirts all
 soaked with sweat,
 They're riding hard to catch that herd, but they ain't
 caught them yet.
 Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in
 the sky,
 On horses snorting fire; as they ride on hear their cry.

As the riders rode on by him, he heard one call his name,
 "If you want to save your soul from hell, a-riding on our
 range.
 Then cowboy change your ways today or with us you will
 ride,
 A trying to catch the devil herd across these endless
 skies."

G I L L G A R A M O U N T A I N

I have been a' rover, I have been a' gay deceiver
 Bound to make my livin' with my pistol and my raiper
 Don't know what I've stolen, but would make a pretty penny
 Then I lost it all to my darlin' sportin' Jenny.

MAH SHRINGUM DURUM DA

WHACK! FOL-DE-DADDY-O

WHACK! FOL-DE-DADDY-O

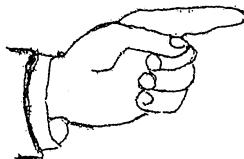
THERE'S WHISKEY IN THE JAR.

One day as I was goin' over Gillgara Mountain
 I met with Col. Pepper and his money he was countin'
 I rattled my pistols and I drew forth my raiper
 Saying, "Stand and deliver, for I am a bold deceiver."

I robbed Colonel Pepper up on Gillgara Mountain
 Took the gold to Jenny for to help me with the countin'
 But Jenny called the guards, Lord I never saw so many
 Almost lost my freedom 'cause of darlin', sportin' Jenny.

All those golden coins sure did look bright and plenty
 Then I lost them all to my darlin', sportin' Jenny
 She vowed and she swore that she never would deceive me
 But the Devils' in the women, Lord they certainly can be easy.

I went into my chamber for to get myself some slumber
 Dream of gold and jewels and sure it is no wonder
 Jenny to my pistols went, and she filled them up with water
 Called on Colonel Pepper to get ready for the slaughter.



'Twas early in the morning 'twix the hours of six and seven
 The guards were standing round me in numbers odd and even
 I reached for my pistols but alas I was mistaken
 My pistols would not fire and prisoner I was taken.

They put me in the jail without judge or writin'
 For robbin' Colonel Pepper up on Gillgara Mountain
 But they didn't take my fists so I knocked the sentry down
 And bid a glad farewell to that jail in Sligo town,

My brother Farrell, he's the one who's in the army
 But I don't know where he's at, be it Cork or in Killarny
 Together we'll go roamin' o'er the mountains of Kil Kenny
 I swear he'll treat me fairer than my darlin', sportin' Jenny.

Twas early in the mornin' at the barracks of Killarny
 My brother took his leave but he didn't tell the army
 Our horses they were speedy, 'twas all over save the shoutin'
 Now we wait for Pepper up on Gillgara Mountain.

Some people take delight in the fishin' and the bowlin'
 Others take delight in the carriage a-trollin'
 But I take delight in the fruits of the body
 And courtin' pretty ladies in the morning so early!

G R E E N B A C K D O L L A R

Em G
Some people say I'm a no count
Em G
Others say I'm no good.
Em C Em C
But I'm just a natural born travelin' man
D Em
Doing what I think I should, Oh yeah
D Em
Doing what I think I should.

G C G C
CAUSE I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT A GREENBACK DOLLAR
G C G
SPEND I FAST AS I CAN
G C G C
FOR A WAILING SONG AND A GOOD GUITAR
D Em
ARE THE ONLY THINGS THAT I UNDERSTAND, OH YEAH
D Em
THE ONLY THINGS THAT I UNDERSTAND

When I was just a little baby
My mama said " Hey, son,
Travel where you will and grow to be a man,
And sing what must be sung, Oh yeah
Sing what must be sung"

REFRAIN

Now that I'm a grown man
I've traveled here and there
I've learned that a bottle of brandy and a song
Are the only ones who ever care, Oh yeah
The only ones who ever care.

REFRAIN

G R E E N G R E E N

C F
GREEN, GREEN, IT'S GREEN THEY SAY
C G7
ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE HILL
C F
GREEN, GREEN, I'M GOING AWAY
C G7 C
TO WHERE THE GRASS IS GREENER STILL.

C Em F C
Well I told my mama on the day I was born,
F G7 C
Don't you cry when you see I'm gone.
C Em F C
There ain't no woman gonna settle me down,
F G7 C
I just gotta keep a traveling on.

Now there ain't no body in this whole wide world,
Gonna tell me how to spend my time.

I'm just a good, loving traveling man,
Saying, "Buddy can you spare me a dime."

Yeah, and I don't care when the sun goes down,
Where I lay my weary head.
Green green, valley or rocky road,
It's there I'm gonna make my bed.

There is a house in this old town,
And that's where my true love lays around,
And he takes other women down on his knee,
And he tells them what he never will tell me.

OH, IT'S HARD, AND IT'S HARD, AIN'T IT HARD,
TO LOVE ONE THAT NEVER DID LOVE YOU,
IT'S HARD, AND IT'S HARD, AIN'T IT HARD, GREAT GOD,
TO LOVE ONE THAT NEVER COULD BE TRUE.

First time I saw my true love,
He was walkin' by my door,
Last time I seen his false-hearted smile,
He was dead on the barroom floor.

Who's goin' to kiss your ruby lips,
And who's goin' to hold you to their breast,
And who's goin' to talk your future over,
While I am ramblin' in the West?

Don't go to drinkin' and gamblin',
Don't go there your sorrows to drown,
That hard-liquor place is a low-down disgrace,
It's the meanest damn place in this town.

HOME FROM THE FOREST

G
 Oh the neon lights were flashing and the icy wind did blow,
 C G
 Bm Em C G
 The water seeped into his shoes and the drizzle turned to snow,
 C G Em
 His eyes were red his hopes were dead and the wine was
 B
 running low, C D G
 And the old man came home from the forest.

His tears fell on the sidewalk as he stumbled in the street,
 A dozen faces stopped to stare but no one stopped to speak,
 For his castle was a hallway, and a bottle was his friend
 And the old man stumbled in from the forest.

Up a dark and dingy staircase the old man made his way,
 His ragged coat around him as upon his cot he lay,
 And he wondered how it happened,
 Getting lost like a fool in the forest.

And as he lay there sleeping a vision did appear,
 Upon the mantle shining the face of one so dear
 Who'd loved him in the springtime of a long forgotten year
 When the wildflowers did bloom in the forest.

She touched his grizzled fingers and she called him by his name
 And he heard the joyful sound of children at their games
 In a farm house on a hillside in some forgotten town
 Where the river runs down from the forest.

With a mighty roar the big jet soars above the canyon streets
 And the con men con but life goes on for the city never sleeps
 And to an old forgotten soldier the dawn will come no more
 For the old man has come home from the forest.

T H E H O U S E O F T H E R I S I N G S U N

There is a house in New Orleans
 They call the Rising Sun
 And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl
 And me, I know I'm one.

My mother she's a taylor
 She sews those new blue jeans
 My father was a gambling man
 Down in New Orleans.

If I had listened to what mama said
 I'd be at home today
 But being young and foolish, poor girl
 Let a gambler lead me astray.

The only thing a drunkard needs
 Is a suitcase and a trunk
 And the only time that he is satisfied
 Is when he's on a drunk.

He'll fill his glasses to the brim
 He passes them around
 And the only pleasure he gets out of life
 Is bumming from town to town.

Go tell my baby sister
 Not to do what I have done
 To shun that house in New Orleans
 They call the Rising Sun.

It's one foot on the platform
 And the other on the train
 I'm going back to New Orleans
 To wear that ball and chain.

I'm going back to New Orleans
 My race is almost run
 I'm going back to spend my life
 Beneath that Rising Sun.

J E T P L A N E

All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go
 I'm standing here, outside your door
 I hate to wake you up to say goodbye.
 But the dawn is breaking it's early morn
 The taxi's waiting, he's blowing his horn
 Already I'm so lonesome I could die.

KISS ME AND SMILE FOR ME
 TELL ME THAT YOU'LL WAIT FOR ME
 HOLD ME LIKE YOU'LL NEVER LET ME GO.
 CAUSE I'M LEAVING ON A JET PLANE
 DON'T KNOW WHEN I'LL BE BACK AGAIN.
 OH, BABE, I HATE TO GO.

There's so many times I've let you down
 So many times I've played around
 I tell you now that they don't mean a thing.
 Every place I go I'll think of you
 Every song I sing I'll sing for you
 When I come back I'll wear your wedding ring.

Now the time has come to leave you
 One more time let me kiss you
 Then close your eyes, I'll be on my way.
 Dream about the days to come
 When I won't have to leave alone
 About the times I won't have to say.

J O H N N Y R E B E C K

Under the forest sky,^G there lived a mean old man;^{A7}
 His name was Mister Johnny Rebeck,^{D7} and he could surely plan;^G
 Around his house were cats and dogs, and ringtail rats a few;^{A7}
 He invented a machine to grind them into stew.^G

REFRAIN: HEY, MISTER JOHNNY REBECK, HOW CAN YOU BE SO MEAN?

I TOLD YOU YOU'D BE SORRY FOR INVENTING THAT MACHINE;^G
 ALL THE NEIGHBORS CATS AND DOGS WILL NEVER MORE BE SEEN;^{A7}
 THEY'LL ALL BE GROUND TO SAUSAGES IN JOHNNY REBECK'S MACHINE.^G

A little boy came walking, he walked into a store;
 He bought a pound of sausages, and placed them on the floor;
 The little boy, he whistled, he whistled him up a tune;
 And all the little sausages went dancing around the room.

REFRAIN

One day the damn thing busted, the damn thing wouldn't go;
 Johnny Rebeck, he crawled inside, to see what made it so;
 His wife, she had a nightmare, while walking in her sleep;
 She gave the crank a hell of a yank, and Johnny Rebeck was mea

REFRAIN

L O C O M O T I V E B R E A T H

Em G
In the shuffling madness

A Em
Of the locomotive breath,
G

Runs the all time loser,
A Em
Headlong to his death.

G Em
He feels the piston scraping

G A
Steam breaking on tis brow,

Em A
Old Charlie stole the handle and

Em G
The train won't stop going,

D Em
No way to slow down.

He sees the children jumping off
At stations - one by one.

His woman and his best friend
In bed and having fun.

Crawling down the corridor
On his hands and knees
Old Charlie stole the handle and
The train won't stop going
No way to slow down.

He hears the silence howling,
Catches angels as they fall.
And the all time winner
Has got him by the balls.
He picks up Gideon's Bible,
Open at page one,
Old Charlie stole the handle and
The train won't stop going
No way to slow down.

L O N G B L A C K V E I L

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.

She walks those hills in a long black veil,
Visits my grave when the night winds wail,
Nobody knows, nobody sees,
Nobody knows but 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, though it meant my life,
For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife.

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

The scaffold is high, eternity near,
She stands in the crowd, she sheds not a tear.
But sometimes at night, when the cold winds moan,
In a long black veil she cries over my bones.

She walks those hills ...

L O O K I N ' O U T M Y B A C K D O O R

Just got home from Illinois
Lock the front door, oh boy
Got to sit down, take a rest on the porch.
Imagination sets in
Pretty soon I'm singing
Doo, doo, doo, lookin' out my back door.

There's a giant doing cartwheels
A statue wearing high heels
Look at all the happy creatures dancin' on the lawn.
A dinosaur victrola
Listening to Buck Owens
Doo, doo, doo, lookin' out my back door.

Tambo^Durines and elephants are playin' in the band
Won't you take a ride on a flying spoon?
Wondrous apparitions provided by magicians
Doo, doo, doo, lookin' out my back door.

Forward troubles Illinois
Lock the front door, oh boy
Look at all the happy creatures dancin' on the lawn.
It'll bother me tomorrow
Today I'll buy no sorrow
Doo, doo, doo, lookin' out my back door.

M A G G I E M A Y

A G D
Wake up, Maggie, I think I got something to say to you -
A G D
It's late September and I really should be back at school.
G D
I know I keep you amused,
G A
But I feel I'm being used.
Em F#m Em
Oh, Maggie, I couldn't have tried any more.
Em A
You lured me away from home
Em A
Just to save you from being alone.
Em A D
You stole my heart, and that's what really hurts.

The morning sun when it's in your face really shows your age
But that don't worry me none, in my eyes you're everything.
I laughed at all of your jokes
My love you didn't need to coax
Oh, Maggie, I couldn't have tried any more.
You lured me away from home
Just to save you from being alone
You stole my soul, that's a pain I can do without.

All I needed was a friend to lend a guiding hand
But you turned into a lover and mother what a lover you wore
me out
All you did was wreck my bed
And in the morning kick me in the head
Oh, Maggie, I couldn't have tried any more
You lured me away from home
'Cause you didn't want to be alone
You stole my heart, I couldn't leave you if I tried.

I suppose I could collect my books and get on back to school
Or steal my Daddy's cue and make a living out of playing pool
Or find myself a rock and roll band
That needs a helping hand
Oh, Maggie, I wish I'd never seen your face
You made a first-class fool out of me.
But I'm as blind as a fool can be
You stole my heart but I love you anyway.

D Em G
Maggie, I wish I'd never seen your face
D Em G
I'll get on back home one of these days.

M A R I A H

Way out west they've got a name,
 For rain and fire.
 The rain is Tess, the fire Joe,
 And they call the wind Mariah.
 Mariah blows the stars around,
 And sets the clouds a-flyin'.
 Mariah makes the mountains sound,
 Like folks was out there dyin'.

MARIAH, MARIAH, THEY CALL THE WIND MARIAH.

Before I know Mariah's name,
 I heard her wail and whining.
 I had a gal and she had me,
 And the sun was always shining.
 But then one day I left my gal,
 I left her far behind me.
 And now I'm lost, so goll-darn lost,
 Not even God can find me.

Way out west they've got a name,
 For rain and fire only.
 But when you're lost and all alone,
 There ain't no name for lonely.
 Well I'm a lost and lonely soul,
 Without a star to guide me.
 Mariah blow my love to me,
 I need that gal beside me.

ME AND BOBBY MAGEE

49

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, hoodin' for the train
Feeling nearly faded as my jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained
Took us all the way to New Orleans.

I took my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana
And was blowin' sad while Bobby sang the blues
With those windshield wipers slappin' time and Bobby
clappin' hands
We finally sang up every song that driver knew.

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose
Nothing ain't worth nothing, but it's free
Feelin' good was easy Lord, when Bobby sang the blues
Feelin' good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and my Bobby Magee.

From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Standing right beside me Lord, through everything I've done
Every night she kept me from the cold.

But somewhere near Salidas Lord, I let her slip away
Searching for the home I'd heard she'd bought
And I'd give all my tomorrows for a single yesterday
Holdin' Bobby's body close to mine.

Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose
Nothing ain't worth nothing but it's free
Feelin' good was easy Lord, when Bobby sang the blues
Feelin' good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and my Bobby Magee.

M I L L E R ' S C A V E

G D G
Way down in the state of Georgia,
G D G
Through the swamps and everglades
G C G
There's a hole in Tyler Mountain,
G D G
God help the man who gets lost in Miller's Cave.

I had a girl in Wakehorse,, Georgia,
But she had unfaithful ways.
Made me feel I was unwanted
Like the bats and the bears in Miller's Cave

I couldn't stand the way she did me,
Couldn't take her low-down ways,
Before I'll stay with a cheating woman
I'll go live with the bears in Miller's Cave.

I caught her out one Sunday morning
With a man they call Big Dave,
Meanest man in Wakehorse, Georgia,
I'd rather fight a mountain lion in Miller's Cave.

I said you'll pay both you and Davey,
I'm gonna see you in your graves.
They laughed at me and then I shot them.
I took their cheating,scheming bodies to Miller's Cave.

That woman made me feel unwanted,
But I showed her I was brave,
Most wanted man in the state of Georgia,
But they'll never find me , cause I'm lost in Miller's Cave.

All is well, I've made my peace my highways never end
 Yesterday's a memory, today is just a friend
 For the mountains and Maryann are calling me again
 And the red pines will bow their heads
 And the rivers and the watersheds will swallow up my tears.

All is well, I left the cold mid-western towns behind
 There's a semi up the road ahead, I'll take him in my time
 Oh the hot-blooded mountain love is calling me again
 And the vagabond within me crys, the wind and rain might burn my
 eyes but I won't feel the pain
 For the mountains and Maryann will greet me there as only she can
 do.

All is well, as I swing up to the border bent for hell
 And the service station man agreed I didn't look too well
 But the mountains and Maryann are calling out to me
 And I got my bed roll on my back and everything that I could pack
 To see me on my way.

All is well, I've made my peace and man, I'm feelin' fine
 And the losers that I left behind I'll think about some other time
 For the border men were all my friends, they couldn't find a dime
 And the prairie towns go sailin' by, Saskatchewan there's mud in
 your eye
 I'm leavin' you behind.
 There'll be hot-blooded mountain love to satisfy my soul
 And the red pines will bow their heads, the rivers and the water-
 sheds will carry us along
 For the mountains and Maryann will greet me there as only she can
 do.

All is well, the foot hills are coming into sight
 Today is just a memory, the future is tonight
 And the red pines will bow their heads, the rivers and the water-
 sheds will carry us along.
 For the mountains and Maryann will greet me there as only she can
 do.

I know a place 'bout a mile down the road
 Where you can lay down a dollar or two
 If you hush up your mug, they will slip you a jug
 Of that good ole mountain dew.

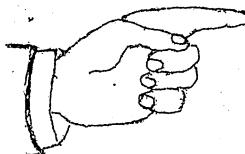
THEY CALL IT THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW, DEW, DEW
 AND THEM THAT REFUSE IT ARE FEW
 BUT I'LL HUSH UP MY MUG, IF YOU'LL FILL UP MY JUG
 WITH THAT GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW.

What can compare with the fragrance so rare
 Which your nostrils detect from the flue
 So you pucker your lips and you take a few sips
 Of that good old mountain dew.

High on a hill there's a secluded still
 And it's run by a hard-working crew
 You can tell very well as you sniffle a smell
 It's that good old mountain dew.

My brother Paul, he is tiny and small
 And he measures 'bout four ft. two
 But he thinks he's a giant when they give him a pint
 Of that good old mountain dew.

Miss Jane Machume tried a brand new perfume
 It had such a sweet smelling pew
 Was that lady surprised when she had it analyzed
 It's that good old mountain dew.



Well, my Cousin Mort, he's sawed off and short
Measures just four foot two
But, he'll kill you a giant if you give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew.

Well, my sister Brigit was really quite frigid
When asked what to do
But she'll get quite hot if you give her a shot
Of that good old mountain dew.

Well, Mr. Roosevelt told me just how he felt
The day that the dry law went through
If your liquor is too red it'll swell up your head
A-drinkin' that good old mountain dew.

My cousin Bill has a still on the hill
Where he runs off a gallon or two
And the birds in the sky get so high they can't fly
On the vapors of that good ole mountain dew.

MTA

C

Well let me tell you the story of a man named Charlie.
D7

On a tragic and fateful day

He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and family
Went to ride on the MTA.

WELL DID HE EVER RETURN, NO HE NEVER RETURNED

AND HIS FATE IS STILL UNKNOWN

HE MAY RIDE FOREVER NEAR THE SHREWS OF BOSTON

HE'S THE MAN WHO NEVER RETURNED.

Charlie landed in his dime at the Kendall Square Station
And he changed for Jamaica plain.
When he got there, the conductor told him one more nickel.
Charlie couldn't get off of that train.

Now all night long Charlie rides thru the station

Crying what will become of me

Now can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea

Or my mistress in Roxbury.

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scollay Square Station
Every day at a quarter past two
And through the open window she flips Charlie the bird
As the train comes rumbling thru.

Now you citizens of Boston, don't you think it's a scandal
How the people have to pay and pay
Fight the fare increase, vote for whoever the hell is running
Get Charlie off the MTA.

THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OL' DIXIE DOWN

55

C F Am
Virgil Caine is my name and I drove on the Danville train
C F Am
Til so much cavalry came and tore up the tracks again.
C Am C F
In the winter of '65, we were hungry, just barely alive,
C Am
I took the train to Richmond that fell
C F G
It was a time I remember oh so well.

C F C
THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OL' DIXIE DOWN,
Am
AND ALL THE BELLS WERE RINGIN'
C F C
THE NIGHT THEY DROVE OL' DIXIE DOWN,
Am
AND ALL THE PEOPLE WERE SINGIN',
C Am
THEY WENT NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA
F A
NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA.

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

REFRAIN

Like my father before me, I'm a working man,
And like my brother before me, I took a Rebel stand.
Well he was just 18, proud and brave, but a Yankee laid him in
his grave.
I swear by the blood below my feet
You can't raise a Caine back up when he's in defeat.

REFRAIN

PLASTIC JESUS

I don't care if it rains or freezes
 Long as I've got my Plastic Jesus
 Riding on the dashboard of my car D7
 Through my trials and tribulations
 And my travels through the nations D7
 With my Plastic Jesus I'll go far.

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus,
 Riding on the dashboard of my car D7
 I'm afraid He'll have to go
 His magnets ruin my radio
 And if I have a wreck He'll leave a scar.

Riding down a thoroughfare with his nose up in the air
 A wreck may be ahead but he don't mind
 Trouble coming, he don't see, he just keeps his eyes on me
 And any other thing that lies behind.

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus,
 Riding on the dashboard of my car
 Though the sunshine on his back
 Makes him peel, chip, and crack
 A little patching keeps him up to par.

When I'm in a traffic jam, He don't care if I say damn
 I can let all sorts of curses roll
 Plastic Jesus doesn't hear, for he has a plastic ear
 The man who invented plastic saved my soul.

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus
 Riding on the dashboard of my car
 Once his robe was snowy white
 Now it isn't quite so bright
 Stained by the smoke of my cigar.

If I weave around at night
 And the police think I'm tight
 They'll never find my bottle though they ask
 Plastic Jesus shelters me, for his head comes off you see
 He's hollow and I use him for a flask.

Plastic Jesus, Plastic Jesus,
 Riding on the dashboard of my car
 Ride with me and have a dram
 Of the blood and of the Lamb Plastic Jesus is a holy bar.

P O L L Y V O N

I shall tell of a hunter, whose life was undone
 By the cruel hand of evil at the setting of the sun.
 His arrow was loosed and it flew through the dark
 And his true love was slain as the shaft found it's mark.

WELL, SHE'D HER APRON WRAPPED ABOUT HER
 AND HE TOOK HER FOR A SWAN
 AND IT'S OH AND ALAS
 IT WAS SHE, POLLY VON.

He ran up beside her and found it was she
 He turned away his head for he could not bear to see
 He lifted her up and found she was dead
 A fountain of tears for his true love he shed.

He bore her away to his home by the sea
 Cried father, oh father I've murdered poor Polly
 I've killed my poor love in the flower of her life
 I'd always intended that she be my wife.

He roamed near the place where his true love was slain
 And he wept bitter tears but his cries were all in vain
 As he looked on the lake a swan glided by
 And the sun slowly sank in the grey of the night.

P R O U D M A R Y

G
Left a good job in the city,
Working for the man ev'ry night and day,
And I never lost one minute of sleepin'
Worrying about the way things might have been.

D
BIG WHEEL KEEP ON TURNIN'
Em
PROUD MARY KEEP ON BURNIN'
G
ROLLIN', ROLLIN'
ROLLIN' ON THE RIVER.

Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis,
Pumped a lot of pain in New Orleans,
But i never saw the good side of the city
Until I hitched a ride on a river boat queen.

REFRAIN

If you come down to the river,
Bet you gonna find some people who live,
You don't have to worry 'cause you have no money,
People on the river are happy to give.

REFRAIN

Rollin', rollin'
Rollin' on the river.

P U S S Y W I L L O W S C A T T A I L S

Em D C Em
Pussywillows, cattails, soft winds and roses
D C Em
Rain pools in the woodland, wat r to my knees
A7 D G E
Shivering, quivering, the warm breath of spring
Em D C Em
Pussywillows, cattails, soft winds and roses.

Catbirds and cornfields, daydreams together
Riding on the roadside the dust gets in your eyes
Reveling, disheveling, the summer nights can bring
Pussywillows, cattails, soft winds and roses.

Slanted rays and colored days, stark blue horizons
Naked limbs and wheat bins, hazy afternoons
Voicing, rejoicing, the wine cups do bring
Pussywillows, cattails, soft winds and roses.

Harsh nights and candle lights, wood fires a'blazin'
Soft lips and finger tips, resting in my soul
Treasuring, remembering, the promise of spring
Pussywillows, cattails, soft winds and roses.

R I B B O N O F D A R K N E S S

D A
 Ribbon of darkness over me
 A D
 Since my true love walked out the door
 D7 G
 Tears I never had before
 D D
 Ribbon of darkness over me.

Clouds are gathering o'er my head
 That kill the day and hide the sun
 That shroud the night when day is done
 Ribbon of darkness over me.

Em A7 D
 Rain is falling on the meadow
 Em A7 D
 Where once my love and I did lie
 E A7 D
 Now she is gone from the meadow
 Em7 A7 Em7 A7
 My love good - bye.

Ribbon of darkness over me
 Where once the world was young as spring
 Where flowers did bloom and birds did sing
 Ribbon of darkness over me

WHISTLE THE VERSE

Here in this cold room lyin'
 Don't want to see no one but you
 Lord, I wish I could be dyin'
 To forget you.

Oh, how I wish your heart could see
 How mine just aches and breaks all day
 Come on home and take away
 This ribbon of darkness over me.

Come on home and take away
 This ribbon of darkness over me.

R Y D E R

I KNOW YOU RYDER, GONNA MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE,
I KNOW YOU RYDER, GONNA MISS ME WHEN I'M GONE,
GONNA MISS YOUR DADDY ROLLING IN YOUR ARMS.

Well, I ain't got a nickle, and I ain't got a lousy dime,
I ain't got a nickle, and I ain't got a lousy dime.
But I've got a long way to go before the end of my time.

It takes a hard-hearted woman makes a long time ryder feel bad,
I say a hard-hearted woman makes a long time Ryder feel bad.
She makes him remember the long, hard road that he's had.

Did you ever wake up and find your Ryder gone?
Well, did you ever wake up and find your Ryder gone?
It makes you feel bad and wish that you'd never been born.

Well, the sun's gonna shine on my back door some day,
The sun's gonna shine on my back door some day.
And the wind from the river is gonna blow all my troubles away.

THE SALVATION ARMY SONG

We're coming, we're coming, our brave little band
On the right side of temperance we now make our stand
We don't use tobacco because we do think
That the people who use it are liable to drink.

AWAY, AWAY WITH RUM BY GUM, WITH RUM BY GUM, WITH RUM BY GUM
AWAY, AWAY WITH RUM BY GUM, THE SONG OF THE SALVATION ARMY

We never eat cookies because they have yeast
And one little bite turns a man to a beast
Oh can you imagine a sadder disgrace
Than a man in the gutter with crumbs on his face.

We never eat fruit cake because it has rum
And one little slice puts a man on the bum
Oh can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a man eating fruitcake until he gets tight.

We never drink water, they put it in gin
And one little sip and a man starts to grin
Oh can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a man drinking water until he gets ripe.

We never eat prunes because they have pits
And one little prune gives a man the shits
Oh can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a man eating prunes and shitting all night.

We never drink tea, they mix it with wine
And one little drink turns a man to a swine
Oh can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a man drinking tea and singing all night.

We never eat chocolate, because it has nuts
And the least little bit turns a girl to a slut
Oh can you imagine a sorrier mess
Than a girl eating chocolate while trying to undress.

We never eat co-eds because they have hair
And the least little bit turns a man to a bear
Oh can you imagine a sorrier sight
Than a man eating co-eds and growling all night.

Oh we have Viceroys for men who think
And we have Ban for those who stink
But stinking and thinking, they don't bother me
I solve all my problems with Teton Tea.

S E V E N O L D L A D I E S

OH DEAR WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE
 SEVEN OLD LADIES ARE LOCKED IN THE LAVATORY
 THEY WERE THERE FROM MONDAY 'TIL SATURDAY
 NOBODY KNEW THEY WERE THERE.

The first old lady was Adelaide Potter
 She was the Bishop of Chestershire's daughter
 She went to pass some superfluous water
 And nobody know she was there.

The second old lady was Brenda Frassier
 She went to fix a broken brassier
 She had been drinking nothing but beer
 And nobody knew she was there.

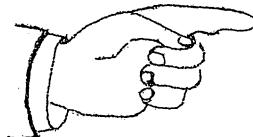
The third old lady was Genevieve Humphrey
 When she got through she coudn't get her rump free
 And then she found, it was really quite comfy
 And nobody knew she was there.

The fourth old lady was Gwendolyn Daucus
 She had been finding the party quite raucus
 She went ther avoiding a climber named Pauco
 And nobody knew she was there.

The sixth old lady was Antoinette Bloomer
 She went to see what was wrong with her bloomers
 And when she found out she wished she'd come sooner
 And nobody knew she was there.

The seventh old lady was Lisabeth Bender
 She went to fix a broken suspender
 The button flipped into her feminine gender
 And nobody knew she was there.

The janitor came round Saturday morning
 And opened the door and without any warning
 The seven old ladies came out a-swarming
 And nobody knew they were there.



Another old lady was Annabelle Draper
She left a trail of wet toilet paper
In hope that someone would follow and rape her
And nobody knew she was there.

Another old lady was Elizabeth Brewster
She sat and she sat and she sat like a rooster
Till Father Neptune came up and goosed her
And nobody knew she was there.

Another old lady was Elizabeth Bickle
She vaulted the door for want of a nickle
One foot in the bowl, it sure was a pickle
And nobody knew she was there.

Another old lady was Hilda Guardercrangle
She sat and she sat and she pulled on the handle
And all that was left was a water-soaked sandle
And nobody knew she was there.

S I N N E R M A N

Am
OH SINNER MAN WHERE YOU GONNA RUN TO
G
OH SINNER MAN WHERE YOU GONNA RUN TO
Am
OH SINNER MAN WHERE YOU GONNA RUN TO
Em Am
ALL ON THAT DAY.

Run to the rock, the rock was a melting (3X)
All on that day.

Run to the sea, the sea was a boiling (3X)
All on that day.

Run to the sun, sun was a freezing (3X)
All on that day.

Run to the moon, the moon was a bleeding (3X)
All on that day.

Run to the Lord, Lord won't you hide me (3X)
All on that day.

Lord said, "Sinner man, you should have been a praying." (3X)
All on that day.

Run to the Devil, Devil was a waiting (3X)
All on that day.

S I T D O W N Y O U N G S T R A N G E R

I'm standing at the doorway, my head down in my hands
 Not knowing where to sit, not knowing where I stand
 My father looms above me, for him there is no rest
 My mother's arms enfold me and hold me to her breast.

You say you've been out wandering, they say you have gone far
 Sit down young stranger and tell us who you are
 The room has all gone misty, my thoughts are all a-spin
 Sit down young stranger and tell us where you been.

Well I've been out to the mountain, I've walked down by the sea
 I never questioned no one, and no one questioned me.
 My love was given freely, and oft-times was returned
 I never came to borrow, I only came to learn.

Sometimes it did get lonely, but it taught me how to cry
 And laughter came too easy for life to pass me by
 I never had a dollar that I didn't earn with pride
 'Cause I had a million daydreams to keep me satisfied.

And will you gather daydreams or will you gather wealth
 How can you find you fortune when you cannot find yourself
 My mother's eyes grow misty, there's a trembling in her hand.
 Sit down young stranger, I do not understand.

And will you try and tell us you've been too long at school
 That knowledge is not needed, that power does not rule
 That war is not the answer, that young men should not die
 Sit down young stranger, I'll wait for your reply.

The answer is not easy, for souls are not reborn
 To wear the crown of peace you must wear the crown of thorns
 If Jesus had a reason, I'm sure he would not tell
 They treated him so basely, how could he wish them well?

Well, the parlor now is empty, there's nothing left to say
 My father has departed, my mother's gone to pray
 There's rockets in the meadow and ships out on the sea
 The answer's in the forest, carved upon a tree:
 John loves Mary, does anyone love me??

S L O O P J O H N B

G G7 C
 We come on the Sloop John B
 G7 C
 My Grandfather and me

Around Nassau town
 E G7 D7
 We did roam.

C G7
 Drinking all night
 C7 F C
 Got into a fight,
 Dm G C
 Well, I feel so breakup
 G7 C G
 I wanna go home.

C G7 C
 SO HOIST UP THE JOHN B SAIL,
 G7 C
 SEE HOW THE MAIN SAIL SETS
 Em
 CALL FOR THE CAPTAIN ASHORE
 G7 D7
 LET ME GO HOME, I WANNA GO HOME
 Dm G C G7 C G
 THIS IS THE WORST TRIP I'VE EVER BEEN ON.

The first mate he got drunk,
 Broke up the people's trunks,
 Constable had to come
 Take him away.
 Sheriff John Strom,
 Why don't you let me alone,
 Well I feel so breakup
 I wanna go home.

REFRAIN

Well the poor cook he got the fits,
 Threw away all the grits,
 Then he took and ate up
 All of my corn.
 Let me go home,
 I wanna go home,
 This is the worst trip
 Since I've been born.

REFRAIN

S N O W O N T H E M O U N T A I N S

C

G7

C

There's snow on the mountains, the pitons are rusting,

F

C

The ropes are all coiled and hung on the wall,

F

C

We're all going back to the grime of the city,

G7

To save up our money and go climb again.

C

G7

C

SO GOOD BYE TO MY HANDHOLD, FAREWELL TO MY FOOTHOLD,

F

C

ADIOS TO THE CLIFF FACE, OUT COME THE PITONS.

F

C

YOU WON'T BE ALIVE WHEN YOU REACH THE BIG GLACIER,

G7

C

YOU'LL NEVER BE RESCUED, YOU NEVER SIGNED OUT.

My father's own father climbed mountains with Whymper,
 My father still hangs on the Eiger's north wall.
 My brothers and sister, they climb in your mountains,
 They climb up your cliffs til they peel off and fall.

REFRAIN

Is this the best way we can climb in the Tetons,
 Is this the best way we can make our ascent,
 To fall and to rot like dry leaves on your glaciers
 And never be rescued by no climber's card?

REFRAIN

Some of us are dirty and some are unshaven,
 Our thirty days are up and we have to move out,
 The ranger is waiting to catch us for speeding,
 And exhibit our bodies in the Ranger Museum.

REFRAIN

In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia
Down in the dark of the Cumberland mine
There's blood on the coal and the miner's lie
In roads that never saw sun nor sky
In roads that never saw sun nor sky.

In the town of Springhill they don't lie easy
Often the ground may tremble and roll
When the earth is restless, miners die
Blood and bone is the price of coal.
Blood and bone is the price of coal.

In the town of Springhill, Nova Scotia
Late in the year of fifty-eight
The day still comes and the sun still shines
But it's dark as a grave in the Cumberland mine
But it's dark as a grave in the Cumberland mine.

Down at the coal face miner's are working
Rattle of the belt and the cutter's blade
The earth did tremble and the walls came down
The living and the dead men two miles down
The living and the dead men two miles down.

Twelve men lay two miles from the pit shaft
Twelve men lay in the dark and sang
Long hot days in a miner's tomb
Three feet high and a hundred long
Three feet high and a hundred long.

Three days passed and the lamps gave out
Caleb Rushton he up and said
We've no more light nor water nor bread
We'll live on hope and songs instead
We'll live on hope and songs instead.

Listen for the shouts of the black-faced miners
Listen for the drilling of the rescue team
10,000 feet of coal and slag
Hope imprisoned in a three foot seam
Hope imprisoned in a three foot seam.

Eight days passed and some were rescued
Leaving the dead to lie alone
Through all their lives they dug their graves
Two miles of earth for a marking stone
Two miles of earth for a marking stone.

S T E E L R A I L B L U E S

Well I got my mail last night
 A letter from a girl who found the time to write
 To her lonesome boy somewhere's in the night
 She sent me a railroad ticket too
 To take me to her loving arms
 And the big steel rail gonna carry me home to the one I love.

Well I been out here many long days
 I haven't found a place that I could call my own
 Not a two bit bed to lay my body on
 I been stood up, I been shook down
 I been dragged into the sand
 And the big steel rail gonna carry me home to the one I love.

Well I been up tight most every night
 Walking along the streets of this old town
 Not a friend around to tell my troubles to
 My good old car, she done broke down
 Cause I drove it into the ground
 And the big steel rail gonna carry me home to the one I love.

Well I look over yonder across the plain
 A big drive wheels a-poundin' long the ground
 Gonna get on board and I'll be homeward bound
 Now I ain't had a home-cooked meal
 And Lord, I need one now
 And the big steel rail gonna carry me home to the one I love.

Now here I am with my hat in my hand
 Standing on the road -- will you give me a ride?
 To a lonesome boy who missed his train last night
 I went into town for one last round
 And I gambled my ticket away
 And the big steel rail won't carry me home to the one I love.

SWEET BABY JAMES

G Em C G
 There is a young cowboy, he lives on the range.
 Em C G D
 His horse and his cattle are his only companions.
 Em C G D
 He works in the saddle and he sleeps in the canyons
 C Em C D
 Waiting for summer his pastures to change.

G Em C G
 And as the moon rises, he sits by his fire,
 Em C G D
 Thinking about women and glasses of beer,
 Em C G D
 And closes his eyes as the doggies retire.
 C Em C D
 He sings out a song which is soft but it's clear
 C D G
 As if maybe someone could hear.

G C D G
 HE SAYS, " GOODNIGHT YOU MOONLIGHT LADIES
 Em C G
 ROCK-A-BYE SWEET BABY JAMES
 Em C G
 DEEP GREENS AND BLUES ARE THE COLORS I CHOOSE,
 C D
 WON'T YOU LET ME GO DOWN IN MY DREAMS
 C D G
 SO ROCK-A-BYE SWEET BABY JAMES."

The first day of December was covered with snow
 So was the turnpike from Stockbridge to Boston.
 Those Berkshires seemed dream-like on account of that frosting
 With ten miles behind me and ten thousand more to go.

There's a song that they sing when they take to the highway,
 A song that they sing when they take to the sea.
 A song that they sing of their home in the sky.
 Maybe you can believe it if it helps you to sleep.

REFRAIN

T E A C H Y O U R C H I L D R E N

You, who are on the road, must have a code
That you can live by.
And so, become yourself, because the past
Is just a goodbye.

Teach your children well, their father's hell
Will slowly go by
And feed, them on your dreams, the one they picks
The one you'll know by.

DON'T YOU EVER ASK THEM WHY
IF THEY TOLD YOU, YOU WOULD CRY
JUST LOOK AT THEM AND SIGH
AND KNOW THEY LOVE YOU.

And you, of the tender years, can't know the fears
That your elders grew by
And so, help them with your youth, they seek the truth
Before they can die.

Teach your parents well, their childrens hell
Will slowly go by
And feed, them on your dreams, the one they picks
The one you'll know by.

C
Along about eighteen and twenty five
Am
I left Tennessee very much alive
C
I never would have gotten through the Arkansas mud,
F C
If I hadn't been riding on a Tennessee Stud.

I had some trouble with my sweetheart's pa,
And one of her brothers was a bad outlaw,
I sent her a letter by my Uncle Bud,
And I rode away on the Tennessee Stud.

C Am
TENNESSEE STUD WAS LONG AND LEAN

Dm E7
THE COLOR OF THE SUN AND HIS EYES WERE GREEN,
Am C
HE HAD THE NERVE AND HE HAD THE BLOOD,
F C
AND THERE NEVER WAS A HORSE LIKE THE TENNESSEE STUD.

We rode on down into no-man's land,
We crossed that river called the Rio Grande,
I raced my stallion with a Spaniard's fold,
Til I got me a skin full of silver and gold.

Me and the gambler, we couldn't agree,
We got in a fight over Tennessee.
We jerked our guns and he fell with a thud,
And I got away on a Tennessee Stud.

REFRAIN

Well I got just as lonesome as a man can be,
A dreamin' of my girl back in Tennessee.
Tennessee Stud's green eyes turned blue,
Cause he was thinkin' 'bout his sweetheart, too.

We loped right back across Arkansas,
I whipped her brother and I whipped her pa.
I found that girl with the golden hair,
And she was riding on a Tennessee Mare.

REFRAIN

Stirrup to stirrup and side by side,
We crossed the mountains and the valleys wide.
We came to Big Muddy and we forded the flood,
On the Tennessee Mare and the Tennessee Stud.

Pretty little baby on the cabin floor,
Little horse colt playing 'round the door.
I love that girl with the golden hair,
And the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee Mare.

REFRAIN

In a dark and dreary cavern on a cold winter's day,

He^{D7} made the great mistake that took his life away.

He should have been more careful but instead he chose to play,

And he ain't gonna cave no more.

GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,

GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,

GORY, GORY, WHAT A HELL OF A WAY TO DIE,

AND HE AIN'T GONNA CAVE NO MORE.

"Can you make it to the high ledge?" called the belayer from below.

Our hero feebly answered "Yes" and upward inched on slow.

He was trying to drive a bolt in when his hold began to go,

And he ain't gonna cave no more.

He shot right down the chimney and he quickly gathered speed;

He shot past his belayer who'd forgot the climber's creed;

An anchor to rock would have been all he'd ever need,

And he ain't gonna cave no more.

The belayer felt the rope pull taut, and tried to let it run;

But it jerked him from position, and he knew that he was done.

He left the ledge behind him and he couldn't help it none,

And they ain't gonna cave no more.

They sped on down the chimney that was so very tall,

The pit it was so fearful deep it made a glorious fall;

They slithered over a friction pitch and sped on down the wall,

And they ain't gonna cave no more.

The days they'd lived and loved and laughed kept running thru their min-

They thought about the girls back home, the ones they'd left behind;

They thought about their comrades, too, and wondered what they'd find,

And they ain't gonna cave no more.

One had the rope about his neck, formations through his spleen;

The other had no hard hat, so of course he split his bean;

The trails of red marked their descent as they make the final scene;

And they ain't gonna cave no more.

They hit the floor, the sound was splat, the blood went spurting high;

Their comrades they were heard to say, "What a colorful way to die!"

And as they lay there one was heard to make his final sigh,

And they ain't gonna cave no more.

There was blood upon the cave packs, there were brains upon the rope;

Intestines were entwined across the rough and rocky slope;

We poured them in a Gurnee can while coiling up the rope,

And we ain't gonna cave no more!

T H U N D E R R O A D

^{Am}
Lot mo toll tho story, I can toll it all

^{Em}
About the mountain boy who ran illogal alcohol

His daddy mado tho whiskoy, the son ho drove the load

^{Em}
And whon his engino roared, they called tho ^{Am} highway Thunder Road.

^D
AND THERE WAS THUNDER, THUNDER, OVER THUNDER ROAD,

^{Em}
THUNDER WAS HIS ENGINE AND WHITE LIGHTENING WAS HIS LOAD.

^D
AND THERE WAS MOONSHINE, MOONSHINE, TO QUENCH THE DEVIL'S THIRST,

^{Em}
THE LAW THEY SWARE THEY'D GET HIM BUT THE DEVIL GOT HIM FIRST.

Somotimos into Ashville, somotimes Memphis town
Tho revnuors chasod him, but they couldn't run him down
Each timo they thought they had him, his engino would explode
And ho'd go by like they wero standing still on Thunder Road.

On tho first of April, ninteen fifty-four
A federal man sont word, ho'd botter make his run no more
Ho said two hundred agonts wero covoring the state
Whichever road ho tried to take, they'd get him suo as fato.

Son, his Daddy told him, make this run your last
Your tank is fillod with hundred proof, you're all tuned up and gassod
Don't take any chances if you can't got through
I'd rathor have you back again than all that mountain dow.

Roaring out of Harlan, roving up his mill
Ho shot the gap at Cumberland and scroamed past Maynardsville
With G-mon on his tail, high roadblocks up ahead
The mountain boy took roads that ovon angels fear to tread.

They playod him right thru Knoxville, out to Kingston Pike
And right outside of Boarden, whoro they mako the fatal striko
Ho loft tho road at ninety, that's all there is to say
Tho doivil got tho moonshine, and the mountain boy that day.

TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN

G C
 TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN, SPORT,
 D7 G
 TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN.
 G C
 TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN, SPORT,
 D7 G
 TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN,

Take me koala back, Jack,
 Take me koala back.
 He's somewhere out on the track, Jack,
 Take me koala back.

REFRAIN

Let me abos go loose, Lou
 Let me abos go loose.
 They're of no further use, Lou,
 So let me abos go loose.

REFRAIN

Mind me platypuss duck, Bill
 Mind me platypuss duck.
 Don't let 'em go runnin' amuck, Bill,
 Mind me platypuss duck.

Keep me cocketoo cool, Coe,
 Keep me cocketoo cool,
 Dance away from the fool, Coe,
 Keep me cocketoo cool

REFRAIN

Watch me wallabies feed, Mate,
 Watch me wallabies feed,
 They're a dangerous breed, Mate,
 So watch me wallabies feed.

REFRAIN

Play your digeri-do, Blue,
 Play your digeri-do,
 Like keep playin' till I shoot through, Blue,
 Play your digeri-do,

REFRAIN

Tan me hide when I'm dead, Fred,
 Tan me hide when I'm dead.
 So they tanned his hide when he died, Clyde
 And that's it hangin' on the shed.

REFRAIN

G
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D7
D7

I'll be a ^G dandy, and I'll be a ^C rover,
You'll know who I am by the song that I sing,
I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover,
No cares what tomorrow shall bring?

I can't be contented with yesterday's glow,
I can't live on promises winter to spring,
Today is my morrow and hoy is my story,
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing.

G When I woke up this morning, something inside of me
 Am
 Bm Told me that this would be my day.

Am
 I heard the morning train, I felt the wind change
 Bm Am G Too many times I'm on my way.

G C G COME ON SUNSHINE, WHAT CAN YOU SHOW, ME;

C G A7 D WHERE CAN YOU TAKE ME, TO MAKE ME UNDERSTAND,

C G C G C THE WIND CAN SHAKE ME, BROTHERS FORSAKE ME

C G C D THE RAIN CAN TOUCH ME, BUT CAN I TOUCH THE RAIN?

Then I saw the sun rise, above the cotton skies,
 Just like a candy ane delight.

I saw the milkman, I saw the businessman,
 I saw the only road in sight.

Then I got to thinking, what makes you want to go
 To know the wherefore and the why
 It's been so many times, oh Lord, I can't remember
 If it's September or July.

REFRAIN

Then all at once it came to me, I saw the wherefore
 And you can see it if you try.
 It's in the sun above, it's in the one you love,
 You'll never know the reason why.

REFRAIN

So much to lose, so much to gain.

WILDWOOD FLOWER

G D G
I will twine with my mingles of raven black hair
D G
With the roses so red and the lilies so fair
C G
The myrtle so bright with its emerald dew
D G
And the pale amaryllis and iris so blue.

I will dance, I will sing and my life shall be gay,
I will charm every heart, in its crown I will sway,
I woke from my dream and all idols was clay,
And all portions of lovin' had all flown away.

He taught me to love him and promised to love
And cherish me over all other above,
My poor heart is wondering, no misery can tell,
He left me no warning, no words of farewell.

He taught me to love him and called me his flower,
That was blooming to cheer him through life's weary hour,
How I long to see him and regret the dark hour,
He's gone and neglected his frail wildwood flower.

THE WHITE CAR COMPARE O L D 97

We were standin' on the bank one cold frosty morning
Just watchin' the steam from below
It was comin' from the stack of the old 97
The pride of the Old Southern Road.

Well they gave him his orders in Monroe, Virginia
Sayin' Steve you're way behind time
This is not 38 but its old 97
Gotta put herinto Sponcer on time.

Well he turned around and said to his black greasy fireman
Gotta shovel on a little more coal
And when we reach that White Oak Mountain
You'll see old 97 roll.

But it's a long hard road from Lynchburg to Danville
And it's all on a three mile grade
It was on this grade that he lost his airbrakes
You should see what a jump he made.

He was goin' down the track doin' 90 miles an hour
When his whistle broke into a scream
He was found in the wreckage with his hand on the throttle
He'd been scalded to death by the steam.

A telegram came into Washington Station
And this is the way it read
"The brave engineer of the old 97,
Is lying in Danville dead."

Now all you ladies take heed and take warnin'
From this day on and on
Never speak harsh words to your true lovin' husband
He may leave you and never return.

Am Well, it's four o'clock in the afternoon, the anchors have
been weighed,

Am G From Miami to Nassau, she's bound across the waves.

She's headin' south thru Biscayne bay into the open sea,
Am G Am Yarmouth Castle she's adyin' and don't know it.

Now the many years she's been to sea, she's seen the better
times,

She gives her groan of protest as they cast away the lines.
Now the rumble of her engines and the rust along her spine,
Tell the Castle she's too old to be sailing.

But the sounds run out within her heart, a tiny spark glows
red,

It smolders through the evening there's laughter overhead,
The dinners' served, the cards are delt, and the drinks are
passed around,
And deep within the fire starts a-burnin'.

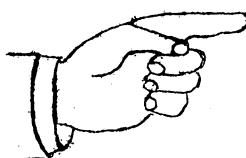
Now it's midnight on the open sea, the moon is shining bright,
Some people join the party and others say goodnight.
There's many who are sleeping now, it's been a busy day,
And a tiny wisp of smoke is a-risin'.

"Oh Lord" she groans, "I'm burning, let someone understand."
But her silent plea is wasted in the playing of the band.
Everybody's dancing on the deck and having such a time
And a voice says "Shut up and deal, I'm losing."

Deep within the Yarmouth Castle, the fire begins to glow,
It leaps into the hallways and climbs and twists and grows.
The paint she wore to keep her young, Oh Lord how well it burns,
And soon that old fire is a-ragin'.

Beneath the bridge it's climbing fast, the captain stands aloft,
He calls up to the bosin, says "Bosin we are lost."
For the ragged hoses in the racks no pressure do they hold,
And the people down below will soon be dyin'.

Amidships oh she's blazin' now it's spreadin' fore and aft,
And the people are a-scramblin' as the fire blocks their path.
The evil smoke surrounds them now, and they're falling in their
tracks,
And the captain in his lifeboat, is a-leavin'.



And then the ship Bahama Star comes steamin' through the night
And sees the Castle burnin', it is a terrible sight
"Jump down, jump down," her captain cries, "We'll save you if
we can."

And the paint on his funnels is a-fryin'.

God help the ones who sleep below, and cannot find the way,
Thank God for those we rescued, upon this awful day.
The heroes they are many but the times a-growin' slim,
For now from stern to bow she's a blazin'.

The Yarmouth Castle's moanin', she's crying like a child,
You can hear it if you listen above the roar so wild.
Is she cryin' for the ones who lie within her molten sides,
Or cryin' for herself, I'm a-wonderin'.

But the living soon were rescued, the ones who live to tell,
And from the "Star" they watched her as she died there in the
swells.

Like a toy ship on a millpond, she burned all through the night,
And slipped 'neath the waves in the morning.