

# **The Songbook of Country-Pop and Country-Rock, Western Swing, Polka etc.**

**Lyrics and some background-informations**

**of Frank's Country Compilations 1+2**



**Dedicated to Frank Gloël – Thank you so much ☺**

## Streets of Bakersfield

(Buck Owens)

I came here lookin' for somethin'  
I couldn't find anywhere else  
Well, I don't want to be nobody  
Just want a chance to be myself

I've done a thousand miles of thumbin'  
Yes, I've worn blisters on my heels  
Trying to find me something better  
On the streets of Bakersfield

You don't know me but you don't like me  
You say you care less how I feel  
How many of you that sit and judge me  
Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield?

Spent some time in San Francisco  
Spent a night there in the can  
They threw this drunk man in my jail cell  
I took fifteen dollars from that man

I left him my watch and my old house keys  
I don't like folks thinking that I'd steal  
Then I thanked him as he was sleeping  
And I headed out for Bakersfield

You don't know me but you don't like me  
You say you care less how I feel  
How many of you that sit and judge me  
Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield

How many of you that sit and judge me  
Ever walked the streets of Bakersfield...

"Streets of Bakersfield" is a 1973 song written by Homer Joy and popularized by Buck Owens. In 1988, Owens recorded a duet version with country singer Dwight Yoakam, which became one of Yoakam's first No. 1 Hot Country Singles hits.

The song details the journey of the narrator, told in first person, to Bakersfield, saying "I came here looking for something/ I couldn't find anywhere else/ I don't want to be nobody/ Just want a chance to be myself" and "I've done a thousand miles of thumbing/ And I've wore blisters on my heels/ trying to find me something better/ here on the streets of Bakersfield". (Both of these stanzas came from Homer Joy's experience in Bakersfield leading up to him writing the song). The chorus (originally a poke at the studio producer) says, "You don't know me but you don't like me/ You say you care less how I feel/ But how many of you that sit and judge me/ Ever walk the streets of Bakersfield?".

The second half of the song details an incident in San Francisco where the narrator is arrested and has to spend a night in jail, presumably for vagrancy. During the night that he was incarcerated, the police throw a drunk man in the narrator's jail cell. While he was passed out, the narrator takes \$15 from the drunk man, leaving him his watch and his old house key, saying "I don't like folks thinking that I'd steal/ Then I thanked him as he was sleeping/ and I headed out for Bakersfield". (Whether or not this was something that actually happened to Joy is unknown.)

## My Baby Plays Me Just Like A Fiddle

[\(Charlie Daniels\)](#)

My baby plays me just like a fiddle  
She knows I love her a lot not a little  
I'm just a stick that she likes to whittle  
I got a heart and she's in the middle of it  
I got the hoe cakes she's got the griddle  
My baby plays me just like a fiddle

I come home at night  
She wants to go dancing  
I'm so dog gone tired  
I just don't feel like romancing  
Then she walks into the room  
With those blue jeans painted on  
Then I change my tune  
It's always the same old song

My buddies call to ask  
If I want to go fishing  
For some large mouth bass  
Then she says she's been wishing  
We could stay at home  
Then she gives me that look  
She's got that red dress on  
And she's got me on the hook

She's goes to the stereo  
Takes of my Lynyrd Skynyrd  
She puts on Julio  
And the light starts getting dimmer  
She says I love you  
Puts them arms around my neck  
I smell French perfume  
And I know what's coming next

**Charles Edward Daniels** (born October 28, 1936) is an American singer, songwriter and multi-instrumentalist known for his contributions to Southern rock, country, and bluegrass music. He is best known for his number-one country hit "The Devil Went Down to Georgia". Daniels has been active as a singer and musician since the 1950s. He was inducted into the Cheyenne Frontier Days Hall of Fame in 2002 the Grand Ole Opry in 2008, the Musicians Hall of Fame and Museum in 2009, and the Country Music Hall of Fame in 2016.

Daniels' public politics have been varied and idiosyncratic, tending toward in his late career a general rightward progression. His earliest hit, "Uneasy Rider," portrayed him as a country boy in the counterculture movement, caught in an argument with right-wingers at a "redneck" bar. "The South's Gonna Do It Again" had a mild message of Southern cultural identity within the Southern rock movement.

## God Save The Queen (of the Honky-Tonks)

[\(Charlie Walker\)](#)

God save the queen of the honky tonks  
And keep her away from men like me  
I can't forget the first one that I took her to  
The place that I called home to her seemed strange  
The simple things that I loved in her began to disappear  
And her old fashioned ways began to change  
So God save the queen of the honky tonks  
Forgive a fool like me who put her there  
She's out there in some honky tonk an angel that some devil wants  
So keep her away from men like me

She picked up the glass she thought was Coke and as she drank it down  
Like a fool I laughed when she almost choked and I ordered another round  
She watched me close and caught on fast till she thought she fit in  
But heaven knows she don't belong with that kind of men  
So God save the queen of the honky tonks...  
Yes God save the queen from men like me

Charlie Walker worked as a disc jockey in the early 1950s at KENS in San Antonio, Texas before signing with Decca Records. His first hit, "Only You, Only You" was co-written with Jack Newman and reached No. 9 on the country chart in January 1956. Walker later signed with Columbia Records and reached No. 2 with a Harlan Howard song, "Pick Me Up On Your Way Down". His other hits include "Who Will Buy the Wine", "Wild as a Wildcat", "Don't Squeeze My Sharmon", and "I Wouldn't Take Her To A Dogfight."

Many of his records featured harmony vocals by Ray Price.

Walker played a minor role in the 1985 Patsy Cline biographical film *Sweet Dreams*.





**Down to seeds and stems again**  
(Commander Cody and his lost planet airmen)

I'm sittin alone, Saturday night,  
watching the Late Late Show  
A bottle of wine, some cigarettes,  
I got no place to go  
Well, I saw your other man today,  
he was wearing my brand new shoes  
And I'm down to seeds and stems again, too

Well, I met my old friend Bob today  
from up in Bowling Green  
He had the prettiest little gal that I'd ever seen  
But I couldn't hide my tears at all '  
cause she looked just like you  
And I'm down to seeds and stems again, too

Now everybody tells me  
there's other ways to get high  
They don't seem to understand,  
I'm too far gone to try  
Now these lonely memories,  
they're all I can't lose  
And I'm down to seeds and stems again, too

Well, my dog died just yesterday  
and left me all alone  
The finance company dropped by today  
and repossessed my home  
That's just a drop in the bucket  
compared to losing you  
And I'm down to seeds and stems again, too

Got the down to seeds and stems again blues

Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen formed in 1967 in Ann Arbor, Michigan, United States, with George Frayne taking the stage name Commander Cody. The band's name was inspired by 1950s film serials featuring the character Commando Cody and from a feature version of an earlier serial, *King of the Rocket Men*, released under the title *Lost Planet Airmen*.

## **Roly Poly** [\(Dixie Chicks\)](#)

Roly Poly  
Eatin' corn and taters  
Hungry every minute of the day  
Roly Poly  
Gnawin' on a biscuit  
As long as he can chew it it's okay

He can eat an apple pie  
And never even bat an eye  
He likes anything from soup to hay  
Roly Poly  
Daddy's little fatty  
I bet he's gonna be a man someday

Roly Poly  
Scrambled eggs for breakfast  
Bread and jelly twenty times a day  
Roly Poly

He eats a hearty dinner  
He needs lots of strength to sing and play

**"Roly Poly"** is a humorous Western swing standard written by Fred Rose in 1946. In the song, Roly Poly is a very active boy who eats continuously to keep his strength up.

Two more tracks: First from 2000 is the Dixie Chicks version of the Fred Rose classic, Roly Poly. This version is with Asleep at the Wheel. The second song is the original recording cut January 26, 1945... just before World War 2 ended. Things were looking up. No more rationing. The band had not recorded since 1942, and they recorded a bunch of hits after the musicians strike ended.



## **Crazy Arms** (Linda Ronstadt)

Now blue ain't the word for the way that I feel  
And a storm is brewing in this heart of mine  
This ain't no crazy dream I know that's it real  
You're someone else's love now, you're not mine

Crazy arms that reach to hold somebody new  
But my yearning heart keeps saying you're not mine  
My troubled mind knows soon to another you'll be wed  
That's why I'm lonely all the time

Please take these treasured dreams I had for you and me  
And take all the love I thought was mine  
Someday my crazy arms will hold somebody new  
But right now I'm so lonesome I could die

Crazy arms that reach to hold somebody new  
But my yearning heart keeps saying you're not mine  
My troubled mind knows soon to another you'll be wed  
You're someone else's love now, you're not mine  
Well you're someone else's love now, you're not mine

"**Crazy Arms**" is an American country song which was a career-making hit for Ray Price. The song, released in May 1956, went on to become a number 1 country hit that year, establishing Price's sound, and redefining honky-tonk music. It was Price's first No. 1 hit.

The song was published in 1949 by pedal steel player Ralph Mooney and Charles "Chuck" Seals. The actual lyricist may have been Paul Gilley of Kentucky, who worked as a ghost writer for various artists including Hank Williams.



## Cattle Call

[\(Eddy Arnold\)](#)

The cattle are prowlin' the coyotes are howlin'  
Out with the doggies bawl  
Where spurs are jinglin' a cowboy is singin'  
This lonesome cattle call

He rides in the sun till his day's work is done  
And he rounds up the cattle each fall  
Singin' this cattle call

For hours he will ride on the range far and wide  
When the night wind blows up a squall  
His heart is a feather in all kinds of weather  
He sings his cattle call

He's brown as a berry from ridin' the prairie  
And he sings with an old western drawl  
Singin' this cattle call...

**The Cattle Call** is a song written and recorded in 1934 by American songwriter and musician Tex Owens. It became a signature song for Eddy Arnold. Members of the Western Writers of America chose it as one of the Top 100 Western songs of all time.

Owens wrote the song in Kansas City while watching the snow fall. "Watching the snow, my sympathy went out to cattle everywhere, and I just wished I could call them all around me and break some corn over a wagon wheel and feed them. That's when the words 'cattle call' came to my mind. I picked up my guitar, and in thirty minutes I had wrote the music and four verses to the song," he said. He recorded it again in 1936.





## Monument

[\(Gene Parsons\)](#)

I got a pig at home in a pen and I got corn to feed him  
I got a dog at home in the yard and I got a stick to tease him

But we're trying to build a monument to show that we were here  
It won't be visible through the air, and there won't be any shade  
To cool the monument, to prove that we were here

I got a banjo and a wife and I got songs to please her  
I got a little old house of trees and I got the moon and stars to see

But we're trying to build a monument to show that we were here  
It won't be visible through the air, and there won't be any shade  
To cool the monument, to prove that we were here

I got a banjo and a wife and I got songs to please her  
I got a little old house of trees and I got the moon and stars to see...

**Gene Victor Parsons** (born September 4, 1944 in Morongo Valley, California) is an American drummer, banjo player, guitarist, singer-songwriter, and engineer, best known for his work with the Byrds from 1968 to 1972.

Parsons has also released solo albums and played in bands including Nashville West, the Flying Burrito Brothers, and Parsons Green. He is credited with inventing the B-Bender (also known as the StringBender)—a device which allows a guitarist to emulate the sound of a pedal steel guitar—along with guitarist Clarence White. The device is often referred to as the Parsons/White B-Bender, a trademarked name.



## Cash on the Barrelhead

[\(Dolly Parton\)](#)

I got in a little trouble at the county seat  
Lord, they put me in the jailhouse  
For loafing on the street  
Well, the judge said guilty  
He made his point  
He said forty-five dollars  
Or thirty days in the joint

That'll be cash on the barrelhead, hun  
You can take your choice  
You're twenty-one - no money down  
No credit plan- no time to chase you  
Cause I'm a busy man

I found a telephone number on a laundry slip  
I had a good, hardy jailor  
With a six gun hip  
He let me call long distance  
She said, "Number, please"  
And just as soon as I told her  
She shouted back at me

Said that'll be cash on the barrelhead, hun  
Not part, not half - but the entire sum  
No money down - no credit line  
Cause a little boy tells me  
You're the travelin' kind

Thirty days in the jailhouse  
Four days on the road  
I was feelin' mighty hungry  
My feet, a heavy load  
I saw a Greyhound comin'  
Stuck out my thumb  
As soon as I was seated  
The driver caught my arm

Said that'll be cash on the barrelhead, hun  
This old, grey dog gets paid to run  
When the engine starts - and the wheels will roll  
Give me cash on the barrelhead - I take ya down the road  
Ohh, cash on the barrelhead - I take you down the road

**"Cash on the Barrelhead"** is a song written by Charlie and Ira Louvin, known professionally as the Louvin Brothers, which was first recorded and released in 1956 as the B-side of "You're Running Wild".

The song plays on the popular expression "cash on the barrelhead" implying that immediate payment is demanded. The expression apparently derives from the custom of using barrel tops as ersatz tables in bars. In such circumstances, "customers were required to pay for their drinks immediately, literally putting their money on the top (head) of a barrel." The song tells a picaresque tale of an unfortunate rogue facing jail time or a fine for "getting in a little trouble at the county seat". Unable to raise the funds, he spends "thirty" days in the jailhouse." His financial woes continue to bedevil him, leaving him unable to make a call from jail and finally unable to pay his bus fare home when released.

## Heartaches by the Number

[\(Guy Mitchell-Version\)](#)

### Ich zähle täglich meine Sorgen

[\(Peter Alexander\)](#)

Heartaches by the number, troubles by the score  
Everyday you love me less, each day I love you  
more  
Yes, I've got heartaches by the number, a love that  
I can't win  
But the day that I stop counting, that's the day my  
world will end

Heartache number one was when you left me  
I never knew that I could hurt this way  
And heartache number two was when you came  
back again  
You came back but never meant to stay

Yes, I've got  
Heartaches by the number, troubles by the score  
Everyday you love me less, each day I love you  
more  
Yes, I've got heartaches by the number, a love that  
I can't win  
But the day that I stop counting, that's the day my  
world will end

Heartache number three was when you called me  
And said that you were coming back to stay  
With hopeful heart I waited for your knock on the  
door  
I waited but you must have lost your way

Yes, I've got  
Heartaches by the number, troubles by the score  
Everyday you love me less, each day I love you  
more  
Yes, I've got heartaches by the number, a love that  
I can't win  
But the day that I stop counting, that's the day my  
world will end

Ich zähle täglich meine Sorgen, denn ich sorg mich  
sehr.  
Wenn ich denk du liebst mich nicht, lieb ich dich  
umso mehr.  
Ich zähle täglich meine Sorgen, und lieb dich wie  
zuvor.  
Wenn ich nicht mehr zähle, weiss ich, dass ich dich  
verlor.

Sorge Nummer eins in meinem Leben.  
Das ist die Sorge, dass du von mir gehst.  
Und Sorge Nummer zwei ist, dass es bald 'nen  
andren gibt,  
Den besser du verstehst und der dich liebt.

Ich zähle täglich meine Sorgen, denn ich sorg mich  
sehr.  
Wenn ich denk du liebst mich nicht, lieb ich dich  
umso mehr.  
Ich zähle täglich meine Sorgen, und lieb dich wie  
zuvor.  
Wenn ich nicht mehr zähle, weiss ich, dass ich dich  
verlor.

Sorge Nummer drei, das ist die Frage:  
Wie halt ich dich und wie gefall ich dir.  
Und wenn du wirklich bleibst,  
Ja, was erwartest du von mir.  
Ja, das ist meine Sorge Nummer vier.

Ich zähle täglich meine Sorgen, denn ich sorg mich  
sehr.  
Wenn ich denk du liebst mich nicht, lieb ich dich  
umso mehr.  
Ich zähle täglich meine Sorgen, und lieb dich wie  
zuvor.  
Wenn ich nicht mehr zähle, weiss ich, dass ich dich  
verlor.

"Heartaches by the Number" is a popular country song written by Harlan Howard and published in 1959. Sheet music for the song was a best seller in both the US and Britain in January 1960.

The biggest hit version was recorded by Guy Mitchell on August 24, 1959. It reached the #1 spot on the Billboard Hot 100 for the weeks of December 14 and December 21, 1959.

Other notable recordings for example by: Willie Nelson, Cindy Lauper, Dwight Yoakam, Waylon Jennings, Bing Crosby, Connie Frances and Peter Alexander 😊

## Blue Kentucky Girl

[\(Emmylou Harris\)](#)

You left me for the bright lights of the town  
A country boy set out to see the world  
Remember when those neon lights shine down  
That big old moon shines on your Kentucky girl

I swear I love you by the moon above you  
How bright is it shining in your world?  
Some morning when you wake up all alone  
Just come on home to your blue Kentucky girl

Don't wait to bring great riches home to me  
I need no diamond rings or fancy pearls  
Just bring yourself, you're all I'll ever need  
That's good enough for this blue Kentucky girl

I swear I love you by the moon above you  
How bright is it shining in your world?  
Some morning when you wake up all alone  
Just come on home to your blue Kentucky girl

"Blue Kentucky Girl" is a song written by Johnny Mullins, and originally recorded by American country music artist Loretta Lynn. It was released in May 1965 as the first single and title track from the album *Blue Kentucky Girl*. The song reached number 7 on the *Billboard* Hot Country Singles & Tracks chart.

"Blue Kentucky Girl" was also a single for American country music artist Emmylou Harris. Harris' version released in September 1979 as the second single and title track from her album *Blue Kentucky Girl*. The song reached number 6 on the *Billboard* Hot Country Singles & Tracks chart. Based on this version, the song was nominated for the Grammy Award for Best Country Song in 1980.



## **Big River** (Highwaymen-Version)

I taught the weeping willow how to cry, cry, cry  
And I showed the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky  
And the tears I cried for that woman, are gonna flood you, big river  
And I'm gonna sit right here until I die

I met her accidentally in St. Paul Minnesota  
And it tore me up every time I heard her drawl, southern drawl  
Then I heard my dream went back downstream cavorting in Davenport  
And I followed you, big river, when she called

Oh she took me to St. Louis later on, down the river  
A freighter said, "She's been here, but she's gone, boy, she's gone"  
And I found her trail in Memphis, but she just walked up the block  
Raised a few eyebrows and went on down alone

Well, I pulled into Natchez, next day down the river  
But there wasn't much there to make the rounders stay very long  
When I left it was raining so nobody saw me cry  
Big river, why she doing me this way?

Now won't you batter down by Baton Rouge, River Queen, roll it on  
Take that woman on down to New Orleans, New Orleans  
Go on, I've had enough; dump my blues down in the gulf  
She loves you, big river, more than me

"**Big River**" is a song written and originally recorded by Johnny Cash. Released as a single by Sun Records in 1958, it went as high as #4 on the Billboard country music charts and stayed on the charts for 14 weeks.





## Coal Miner's Daughter

[\(Loretta Lynn\)](#)

Well I was born the coal miner's daughter  
In a cabin, on a hill in Butcher Holler  
We were poor but we had love  
That's the one thing that daddy made sure of  
He shoveled coal to make a poor man's dollar

My daddy worked all night in the Van Lear coal mine  
All day long in the field hauling corn  
Mommy rocked the babies at night  
And read the Bible by the coal oil light  
And everything would start all over come break of morn

Daddy loved and raised eight kids on a miner's pay  
Mommy scrubbed our clothes on a washboard everyday  
Why I've seen her fingers bleed, to complain there was no need  
She's smiled in mommy's understanding way

In the summertime we didn't have shoes to wear  
But in the wintertime we'd all get a brand new pair  
From a mail order catalog, money made from selling a hog  
Daddy always managed to get the money somewhere

Yeah, I'm proud to be a coal miner's daughter  
I remember well the well where I drew water  
The work we done was hard  
At night we'd sleep 'cause we were tired  
I never thought of ever leaving Butcher Holler

Well a lot of things have changed since the way back then  
And it's so good to be back home again  
Not much left but the floor nothing lives here anymore  
Except the memories of a coal miner's daughter

On 19 December 1970, already ten years into her chart career, the self-taught singer, songwriter and guitarist Loretta Lynn took a number about her own life to No. 1, when **'Coal Miner's Daughter'** hit the country summit.

The great country music figurehead wrote the song about her own upbringing as the second of seven children, "in a cabin on a hill in Butcher Holler," the coal mining community where she was born on 14 April 1932 in Johnson County, Kentucky. It was a truly vivid depiction of her tough, working class beginnings in life.

"I remember that, in one of the verses, I talked about Mommy papering the wall with movie magazines," Lynn says. "And she named me after Loretta Young, because she had Bette Davis and Claudette Colbert and Loretta Young up on the wall. And the day before I was born, she said, 'If this baby is a little girl, I'm going to name her after one of them girls.' And she said, 'I kept looking at the pictures, and I thought Loretta Young was the prettiest, so I named you Loretta.' And I'm glad she did."

"I didn't think anybody'd be interested in my life," Lynn adds. "I know everybody's got a life, and they all have something to say. Everybody has a story about their life. It wasn't just me. I guess I was just the one that told it."

## The dark end of the street

[\(The Flying Burrito Brothers\)](#)

At the dark end of the street  
That's where we'll always meet  
Hiding in shadows where we don't belong  
Living in darkness to hide our wrong  
You and me at the dark end of the street  
You and me

I know that time's gonna take its toll  
We'll have to pay for the love that we stole  
'Cause it's a sin and we know that we're wrong  
Oh, but our love keeps coming on strong  
You and me at the dark end of the street  
You and me

They're gonna find us, they're gonna find us  
They're gonna find us someday  
We'll steal away to the dark end of the street  
You and me

If you take a walk downtown  
And find some time to look around  
If you should see me and I walk on by  
Oh, darling, please don't cry  
Tonight we'll meet at the dark end of the street  
You and me...

**The Flying Burrito Brothers** are an American country rock band, best known for their influential 1969 debut album, *The Gilded Palace of Sin*. Although the group is perhaps best known for its connection to band founders Gram Parsons and Chris Hillman (formerly of the Byrds), the group underwent many personnel changes and has existed in various incarnations. A lineup with no original members (and derived from the 2000s-era Burrito Deluxe) currently performs as The Burrito Brothers.

## That's all it took

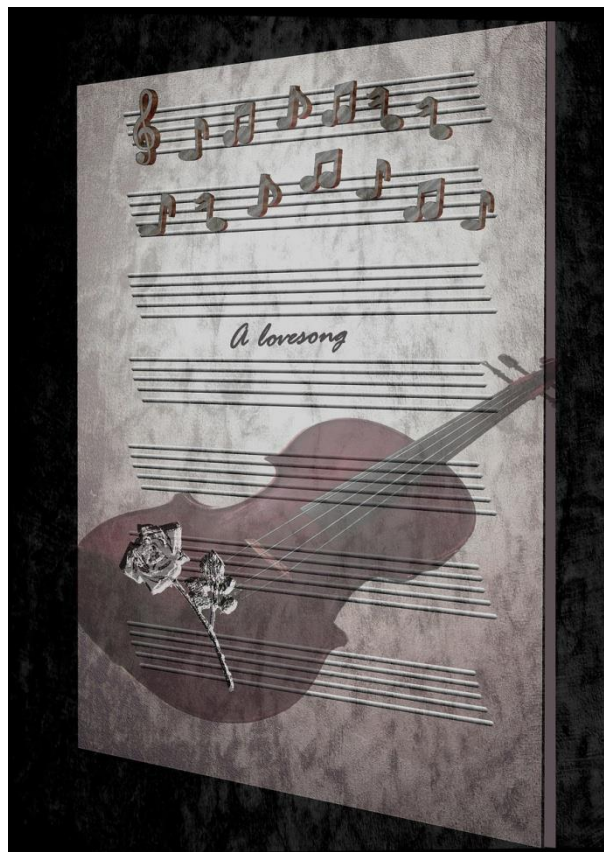
[\(George Jones & Gene Pitney\)](#)

That's all it took the mention of your name  
And all my love for you burst into flame  
I've tried so hard to let you go by look  
How I still tremble at your name that's all it took  
That's all it took to make me know that I still care  
It seems my heart just can't give up the dreams we used to share  
I tell my friends I'm happy but they read me like a book  
And when today I heard them say your name that's all it took

That's all it took to make me yearn to your embrace  
I guess I might as well admit no one can take your place  
I tell my friends I'm happy but they read me like a book  
For when today I heard them say your name that's all it took  
For when today I heard them say your name that's all it took...

**"That's All It Took"** is a song written by George Jones, Darrell Edwards, and Carlos Grier and originally recorded by Jones as a duet with Gene Pitney on Musicor Records. Jones and Pitney had scored a Top 20 hit in 1965 with "I've Got Five Dollars and It's Saturday Night" and also recorded two LPs together. However, "That's All It Took" was not a hit, only making it to #47 on the *Billboard* country singles chart.

Although a rather obscure song, country-rock pioneer Gram Parsons recorded the song as a duet with Emmylou Harris on his debut solo album *GP* in 1973. A live version by Parsons and his band the Fallen Angels also appears on the 1982 release *Live 1973*.



## **Blue eyes crying in the rain** [\(Hank Williams\)](#)

In the twilight glow I see them  
Blue eyes cryin' in the rain  
When we kissed goodbye and parted  
I knew we'd never meet again

Love is like a dyin' ember  
Only memories remain  
Through the ages I'll remember  
Blue eyes cryin' in the rain

Some day when we meet up yonder  
We'll stroll hand in hand again  
In a land that knows no partin'  
Blue eyes cryin' in the rain

Now my hair has turned to silver  
All my life I've loved in vain  
I can see her star in heaven

"Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain" is a song written by songwriter Fred Rose. Originally performed by Roy Acuff, the song has been covered by many artists, including Hank Williams Sr., Johnny Russell, and Charley Pride.

Most notably, the song was recorded by Willie Nelson as part of his 1975 album Red Headed Stranger. Both the song and album became iconic in country music history, and revived Nelson's success as a singer and recording artist.



## Return of the grievous angel

[\(Gram Parsons - T. O'Brown\)](#)

Won't you scratch my itch sweet Annie Rich  
And welcome me back to town  
Come out on your porch or I'll step into your parlor  
And I'll tell you how it all went down

Out with the truckers and the kickers and the cowboy angels  
And a good saloon in every single town  
Oh, and I remember something you once told me  
And I'll be damned if it did not come true  
Twenty thousand roads I went down, down, down  
And they all lead me straight back home to you

We flew straight across that river bridge  
Last night half past two  
The switchman waved his lantern goodbye  
And good day as we went rolling through

Billboards and truckstops pass by the grievous angel  
And now I know just what I have to do  
'Cause I headed west to grow up with the country  
Across those valleys with those waves of grain  
And I saw my devil and I saw my deep blue sea  
And I thought about a calico bonnet from Cheyenne to Tennessee

The news I could bring I met up with the king  
On his head an amphetamine crown  
He talked about unbuckling that old bible belt  
And headed out for some desert town

Out with the truckers and the kickers and the cowboy angels  
And a good saloon in every single town  
Oh, and I remember something you once told me  
And I'll be damned if it did not come true  
Twenty thousand roads I went down, down, down  
And they all lead me straight back home to you

Twenty thousand roads I went down, down, down  
And they all lead me straight back home to you...

**"Return of the Grievous Angel"** is a song written by Gram Parsons and poet Tom Brown. The song depicts the experiences of the character during a road travel across the United States.

The song was produced during the recording sessions of his second and last album, *Grievous Angel*. Parsons sang with the participation of Emmylou Harris backed with the main core of the TCB Band.



## American Honky-Tonk Bar Association

[\(Garth Brooks\)](#)

If your paycheck depends on the weather and the clock  
If your conversation calls for a little more than a coffee pot  
If you need to pour your heart out and try to rectify some situation, that you're facin'  
Contact your American Honky-Tonk Bar Association

When Uncle Sam dips in your pocket, for most things you don't mind  
But when your dollar goes to all of those standin' in a welfare line  
Well, rejoice you have a voice if you're concerned about the destination, of this great nation  
It's called the American Honky-Tonk Bar Association

It represents the hardhat, gun rack, achin' back  
Overtaxed, flag-wavin', fun-lovin' crowd  
They're heart is in the music  
And they love to play it loud  
There's no forms or applications  
There's no red tape administrations  
It's the American Honky-Tonk Bar, Association

We're all one big family, throughout the cities and the towns  
We don't reach for handouts, we reach for those who are down  
And every local chapter has a seven day a week available consultation, for your frustration  
It's called the American Honky-Tonk Bar Association

It represents the mud flaps, six pack, beer crack  
Overtaxed, flag-wavin', fun-lovin' crowd  
Well their heart is in the music  
And they love to play it loud  
There's no forms or applications, there's no red tape administrations  
It's the American Honky-Tonk Bar Association

Go join your American Honky-Tonk Bar Association

Do not delay  
Contact today  
Your A.H.B.A  
Your A.H.B.A

**Garth Brooks** (born February 7, 1962) is an American singer and songwriter. His integration of rock and pop elements into the country genre has earned him popularity, particularly in the United States with success on the country single and album charts, multi-platinum recordings and record-breaking live performances, while also crossing over into the mainstream pop arena.

Brooks was inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame on October 21, 2012, having been inducted into the Songwriters Hall of Fame the year before. Brooks was also inducted into the Musicians Hall of Fame and Museum in 2016 with his studio musicians, The G-Men.

## Still Feeling Blue

[\(Kasey Chambers\)](#)

Well, time can pass and time can heal  
But it don't ever pass the way I feel  
You went away a long time ago  
And why you left I never knew  
The lonely days and lonely nights  
Guess the world knows I ain't feelin' right  
And when you're gone the hours pass so slow  
And now I'm still feeling blue

And baby, since you've walked out of my life  
I never felt so low  
Can't help but wonder why you had to go

There are many girls but I can't say  
They come and go but still I feel this way  
And ever since the day you said goodbye  
No one treats me like you used to do  
I hope you're out and happy now  
Doing up the town 'cause you know how  
Every time I hear your name I want to die  
And now I'm still feeling blue

Alright

And baby, since you've walked out of my life  
I never felt so low  
Can't help but wonder why you had to go

There are many girls but I can't say  
They come and go but still I feel this way  
And ever since the day you said goodbye  
No one treats me like you used to do  
I hope you're out and happy now  
Doing up the town 'cause you know how  
Every time I hear your name I want to die  
And now I'm still feeling blue  
And now I'm still feeling blue

Kasey Chambers (born 4 June 1976) is an Australian country singer-songwriter and musician born in Mount Gambier. She is the daughter of fellow musicians, Diane and Bill Chambers, and the younger sister of musician and producer, Nash Chambers. All four were members of a family country music group, Dead Ringer Band, from 1992 to 1998, with Chambers starting her solo career thereafter. Five of her twelve studio albums have reached No. 1 on the ARIA Albums Chart, Barricades & Brickwalls (September 2001), Wayward Angel (May 2004), Carnival (August 2006) Rattlin' Bones (with her then-husband, Shane Nicholson) (April 2008) and Dragonfly (January 2017).

In November 2018 she was inducted into the ARIA Hall of Fame and has won an additional fourteen ARIA Music Awards with nine for Best Country Album. Her autobiography, A Little Bird Told Me..., which was co-authored with music journalist, Jeff Apter, was released in 2011.

## Leave Them Boys Alone

[\(Waylon Jennings\)](#)

Now they say Hank Jr. has strayed away  
From all them songs that put his daddy in an early grave  
But his daddy would be proud if he could see Bocephus now  
Why don't you leave that boy alone, let him sing his song?

Oh, Waylon has been known to play half time  
He been known to get out of his mind  
Don't know whether he's right or wrong  
He's got a string of hits about two miles long  
Why don't you leave that boy alone, let him sing his song?

Why don't you leave them boys alone let them sing their song  
You know they're gonna do whatever they want  
If you don't like the way they sing who's gonna cast the first stone?  
Why don't you leave them boys alone, let 'em sing their song?

Hank Williams was the king of country soul  
My dad took me to see him in Lubbock but he didn't show  
Now the people got mad and they all went home  
The first thing we did was put his records on  
I guess we should have left him alone and let him sing his songs

Why don't you leave them boys alone, let them sing their song?...

The song is notable for its combination of two singers associated with the outlaw movement with a country legend from the honky tonk days and golden age of the Grand Ole Opry.

Outlaw singers like Williams and Jennings saw themselves as taking country music back to its raw, honky tonk roots, and recording an up tempo song with Tubb (who would never have received radio airplay in the late 1970s and early 80's) and reaching #6 was a slap in the face to the proponents of the country pop sound.

The lyrics of the song, much like Williams' *Family Tradition* echo the sentiment that the outlaw singers and their current escapades were predated by the hard living honky-tonkers of the 1950s such as Hank Williams, Sr. and Ernest Tubb, prior to the music being fairly taken over by the Nashville Sound in the 1960s.

## You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

(The Byrds)

Clouds so swift  
Rain won't lift  
Gate won't close  
Railings froze  
Get your mind off wintertime  
You ain't goin' nowhere  
Whoo-ee ride me high  
Tomorrow's the day  
My bride's gonna come  
Oh, oh are we gonna fly  
Down in the easy chair

I don't care  
How many letters they send  
Morning came and morning went  
Pack up your money  
Pick up your tent  
You ain't goin' nowhere  
Whoo-ee ride me high  
Tomorrow's the day  
My bride's gonna come  
Oh, oh are we gonna fly  
Down in the easy chair

Buy me a flute  
And a gun that shoots  
Tailgates and substitutes  
Strap yourself  
To a tree with roots  
You ain't goin' nowhere  
Whoo-ee ride me high  
Tomorrow's the day  
My bride's gonna come  
Oh, oh are we gonna fly  
Down in the easy chair

Now Genghis Kahn  
He could not keep  
All his kings  
Supplied with sleep  
We'll climb that hill no matter how steep  
When we get up to it  
Whoo-ee ride me high  
Tomorrow's the day  
My bride's gonna come  
Oh, oh are we gonna fly  
Down in the easy chair

"**You Ain't Goin' Nowhere**" is a song written by Bob Dylan in 1967 in Woodstock, New York, during the self-imposed exile from public appearances that followed his July 29, 1966 motorcycle accident. A recording of Dylan performing the song in September 1971 was released on the *Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits Vol. II* album in November of that year, marking the first official release of the song by its author.

The Byrds recorded a version of the song in 1968 and issued it as a single. This was the first commercial release of the song, predating Dylan's own release by three years. A later cover by ex-Byrds members Roger McGuinn and Chris Hillman reached the top 10 of the Hot Country Songs charts in 1989.

"You Ain't Goin' Nowhere" has also been covered by many other artists, including Joan Baez, Unit 4 + 2, and Glen Hansard with Markéta Irglová.

## Big Butch Bass Full Fiddle

[\(Corb Lund\)](#)

I been playin' root-five for most of the night  
And most of the times, well, I don't really mind  
But once in awhile I get the chance to shine  
And look out, baby, when the stage is mine  
The good lord knows I do the best I can  
On the big, bitch, butch, bull fiddle baby here I am

I got the black horsehair on my big bass bow  
A little meaner than the sorrel that was on it before  
Sawin' back and forth to meet the big bass drum  
And pretty soon you can hear the rhythm section hum

I gotta buy an extra seat when I ride the airplane  
Or the womens and the childrens and the pilot complain  
Cuz it sure don't fit in the overhead bin  
And leavin' her behind is basically a sin

Yes, leavin' her behind might save a little space  
And I ain't no slouch on the electrical bass  
But somethin' kinda happens when the f-holes sing  
With the snappin' and the poppin' of the flat wound strings

**Corb Lund** is a Western and country singer/songwriter from Taber, Alberta. He has released nine albums, three of which are certified gold. Lund tours regularly in Canada, the United States and Australia, and has received several awards in Canada and abroad.





## Take me back to Tulsa

[\(Merle Haggard\)](#)

Where's that gal with red dress on some folks called her Dinah  
Stole my heart away from me way down in Louisiana  
Take me back to Tulsa I'm too young to marry  
Take me back to Tulsa I'm too young to marry

Little bee sucks the blossom big bee makes the honey  
Poor man raise the cotton rich man makes the money  
Take me back to Tulsa...

Walk and talk to Suzy walk and talk to Suzy  
Walk and talk to Suzy walk and talk to Suzy  
Take me back to Tulsa...

We always wear a great big smile we never do look sour  
Travel all over the country playing by the hour  
Take me back to Tulsa...  
Take me back to Tulsa...

**Merle Ronald Haggard** (April 6, 1937 – April 6, 2016) was an American country singer, songwriter, guitarist, and fiddler.

Haggard was born in Oildale, California, during the Great Depression. His childhood was troubled after the death of his father, and he was incarcerated several times in his youth. After being released from San Quentin State Prison in 1960, he managed to turn his life around and launch a successful country music career.

He gained popularity with his songs about the working class that occasionally contained themes contrary to the prevailing anti-Vietnam War sentiment of much popular music of the time. Between the 1960s and the 1980s, he had 38 number-one hits on the US country charts, several of which also made the *Billboard* all-genre singles chart. Haggard continued to release successful albums into the 2000s.

He received many honors and awards for his music, including a Kennedy Center Honor (2010), a Grammy Lifetime Achievement Award (2006), a BMI Icon Award (2006), and induction into the Nashville Songwriters Hall of Fame (1977), Country Music Hall of Fame (1994)<sup>[4]</sup> and Oklahoma Music Hall of Fame (1997).

He died on April 6, 2016 — his 79th birthday — at his ranch in Shasta County, California, having recently from double pneumonia.

Haggard's last recording, a song called "Kern River Blues," described his departure from Bakersfield in the late 1970s and his displeasure with politicians. The song was recorded February 9, 2016, and features his son Ben on guitar. This record was released on May 12, 2016.

## Yellow Rose of Texas

[\(Jimmy Sturr\)](#)

There's a yellow rose in Texas that I am gonna see  
Nobody else could miss her, not half as much as me  
She cried so when I left her, it like to broke my heart  
And if I ever find her we never more will part

She's the sweetest little rosebud that Texas ever knew  
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew  
You may talk about your Clementine and sing of Rosa Lee  
But the yellow rose of Texas is the only girl for me

Where the Rio Grande is flowin', and starry skies are bright  
She walks along the river in the quiet of her night  
I know that she remembers when we parted long ago  
I promised to return and not to leave her so

She's the sweetest little rosebud that Texas ever knew  
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew  
You may talk about your Clementine and sing of Rosa Lee  
But the yellow rose of Texas is the only girl for me

Oh, now I'm gonna find her, for my heart is full of woe  
We'll do the things together we did so long ago  
We'll play the banjo gaily, she'll love me like before  
And the yellow rose of Texas shall be mine forevermore

She's the sweetest little rosebud that Texas ever knew  
Her eyes are bright as diamonds, they sparkle like the dew  
You may talk about your Clementine and sing of Rosa Lee  
But the yellow rose of Texas is the only girl for me

**The Yellow Rose of Texas** is a traditional American folk song dating back to at least the 1850s. Members of the Western Writers of America chose it as one of the Top 100 Western songs of all time. Several versions of the song have been recorded, including by Elvis Presley, Willie Nelson and Mitch Miller. The earliest known version is found in *Christy's Plantation Melodies. No. 2*, a songbook published under the authority of Edwin Pearce Christy in Philadelphia in 1853. Christy was the founder of the blackface minstrel show known as the Christy's Minstrels. Like most minstrel songs, the lyrics are written in a cross between a parody of a generic creole dialect historically attributed to African-Americans and standard American English. The song is written in the first person from the perspective of an African-American singer who refers to himself as a "darkey," longing to return to "a yellow girl" (that is, a light-skinned, or bi-racial woman born of African/African-American and European-American progenitors).

## Old Fashioned Love

[\(Asleep at the Wheel...\)](#)

I've got that old-fashioned love in my heart  
And there, it shall always remain  
You're like that old ivy vine  
Cling a little closer all the time  
Through the years, joy and tears, just the same

I've got that old-fashioned dream in my heart  
And there it shall always be  
Although the land may change to sea  
It will never make any change in me  
I've got that old-fashioned love in my heart

**Asleep at the Wheel** is an American country music group that was formed in Paw Paw, West Virginia and is based in Austin, Texas. The band has won nine Grammy Awards since their 1970 inception, released over twenty albums, and has charted more than 21 singles on the *Billboard* country charts. Their highest-charting single, "The Letter That Johnny Walker Read", peaked at No. 10 in 1975.



## Choo Choo Ch'Boogie

[\(Asleep at the wheel\)](#)

Heading for the station with a pack on my back  
Tired of transportation in the back of a hack  
I love to hear the rhythm of the clickety clack  
And hear the lonesome whistle, see the smoke from the stack  
Pal around with Democratic fellows named Mack  
So, take me right back to the track, Jack

Choo choo, choo choo ch' boogie  
Woo woo, woo woo ch' boogie  
Choo choo, choo choo ch' boogie  
Take me right back to the track, Jack

You reach your destination, but alas and alack  
You need some compensation to get back in the black  
You take the morning paper from the top of the stack  
And read the situation from the front to the back  
The only job that's open needs a man with a knack  
So put it right back in the rack, jack

Choo choo, choo choo ch' boogie  
Woo woo, woo woo ch' boogie  
Choo choo, choo choo ch' boogie  
Take me right back to the track, Jack

Well I'm gonna settle down by the railroad track  
And lead the life of Riley in a beaten down shack  
And when I hear the whistle I can peep through the crack  
And see the train a' rollin' while she's ballin' the jack  
I just love the rhtyhm of the clickety clack  
So take me right back to the track

"Choo Choo Ch'Boogie" is a popular song written by Vaughn Horton, Denver Darling, and Milt Gabler. The song was recorded in January 1946 by Louis Jordan & His Tympany Five and released by Decca Records. It topped the R&B charts for 18 weeks from August 1946. The record was one of Jordan's biggest ever hits with both black and white audiences, peaking at number seven on the national chart and provided an important link between blues and country music, foreshadowing the development of "rock and roll" a few years later.

The song summed up the feelings of excitement followed by disillusionment felt by many who were returning from serving in the Second World War, in lyrics such as :

*You reach your destination, but alas and alack! / You need some compensation to get back in the black  
You take your morning paper from the top of the stack / And read the situations from the front to the back  
The only job that's open needs a man with a knack / So put it right back in the rack, Jack!*

## Red River Valley

[\(Michael Martin Murphy\)](#)

From this valley they say you are leaving  
We shall miss your bright eyes and sweet smile  
For you take with you all of the sunshine  
That has brightened our pathway a while

Then come sit by my side if you love me  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu  
Just remember the Red River Valley  
And the cowboy that's loved you so true

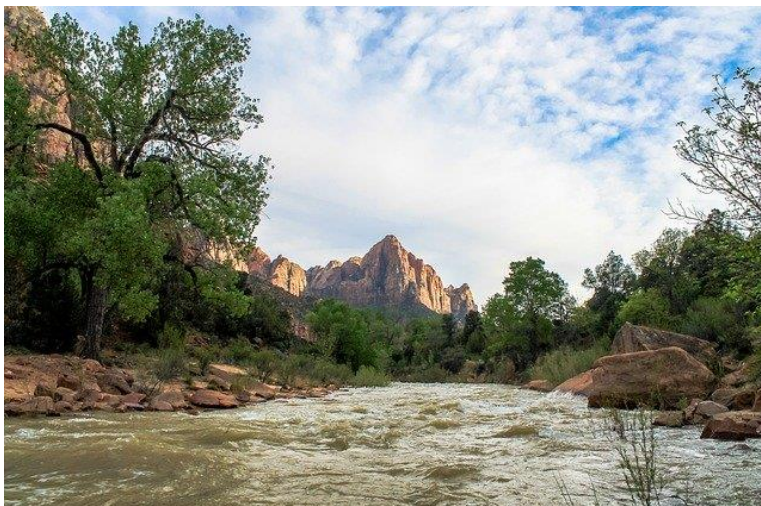
For a long time, my darlin', I've waited  
For the sweet words you never would say  
Now at last all my fond hopes have vanished  
For they say that you're going away

Then come sit by my side if you love me  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu  
Just remember the Red River Valley  
And the cowboy that's loved you so true

"**Red River Valley**" is a folk song and cowboy music standard of uncertain origins that has gone by different names (such as "Cowboy Love Song", "Bright Sherman Valley", "Bright Laurel Valley", "In the Bright Mohawk Valley", and "Bright Little Valley"), depending on where it has been sung.

Edith Fowke offers anecdotal evidence that the song was known in at least five Canadian provinces before 1896. This finding led to speculation that the song was composed at the time of the 1870 Wolseley Expedition to Manitoba's northern Red River Valley.

It expresses the sorrow of a local woman (possibly a *Métis*) as her soldier lover prepares to return to the east. The earliest known written manuscript of the lyrics, titled "The Red River Valley", bears the notations "Nemaha 1879" and "Harlan 1885." Nemaha and Harlan are the names of counties in Nebraska, and are also the names of towns in Iowa.





## New San Antonio Rose

[\(Bob Wills\)](#)

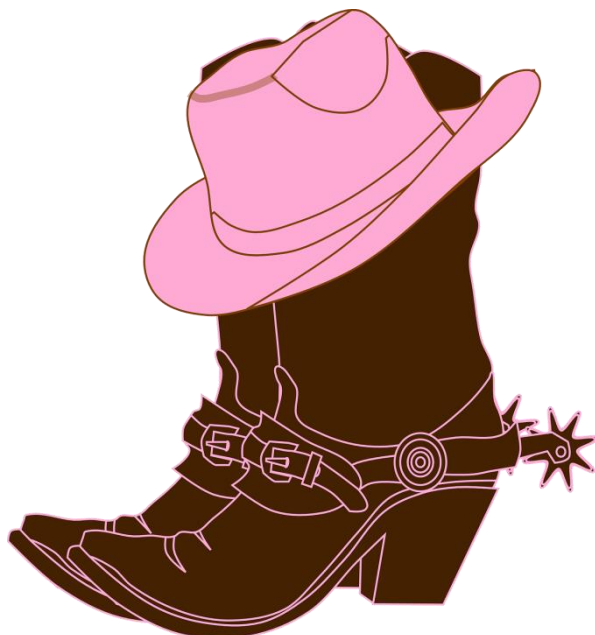
Deep within my heart lies a melody  
A song of old San Antone  
Where in dreams I live with a memory  
Beneath the stars all alone

It was there I found beside the Alamo  
Enchantment strange as the blue, up above  
A moonlit path that only she would know  
Still hears my broken song of love

Moon in all your splendor knows only my heart  
Call back my Rose, Rose of San Antone  
Lips so sweet and tender like petals fallin' apart  
Speak once again of my love, my own

Broken song, empty words I know  
Still live in my heart all alone  
For that moonlit pass by the Alamo  
And Rose, my Rose of San Antone

**New San Antonio Rose**" (originally and often referred to as just "**San Antonio Rose**") was the signature song of Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys. The song is written in the first person with the "Rose of San Antone" being the singer's lost love. Members of the Western Writers of America chose it as one of the Top 100 Western songs of all time.



## Bubbels In My Beer

[\(Bob Wills\)](#)

Tonight in a bar alone I'm sitting  
Apart from the laughter and the cheers  
While scenes from the past rise before me  
Just watchin' the bubbles in my beer

A vision of someone who loved me  
Brings a lone silent tear to my eye  
Oh, I know that my life's been a failure  
Just watchin' the bubbles in my beer

I'm seeing the road that I've traveled  
A road paved with heartaches and tears  
And I'm seeing the past that I've wasted  
While watchin' the bubbles in my beer

As I think of the heart that I've broken  
And all the golden chances that have passed me by  
And the dreams that I've made, now are empty  
As empty as the bubbles in my beer

**Bubbles in My Beer** is a Western swing song that was originally recorded by Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys in 1947. It later became a standard that has been performed by many country music artists.

One critic of drinking songs ranks it number 20, calls it "the ultimate self-pity song," and credits it with "setting the tone for a whole genre of songs about drowning sorrows in the barroom."

The song's origins are the subject of different accounts (see Tommy Duncan for one); but there is agreement that Texas Playboys vocalist Duncan came up with the song's title and refrain, at which point songwriter Cindy Walker became involved. Walker has been quoted as saying: *"If you can get a real good title, you've got something. I always write from the title. I've never written a song without the title."*



## I'm a Ding Dong Daddy from Dumas

[\(Bob Wills & His Texas Playboys\)](#)

I'm a ding dong daddy from Dumas  
And you oughta see me do my stuff

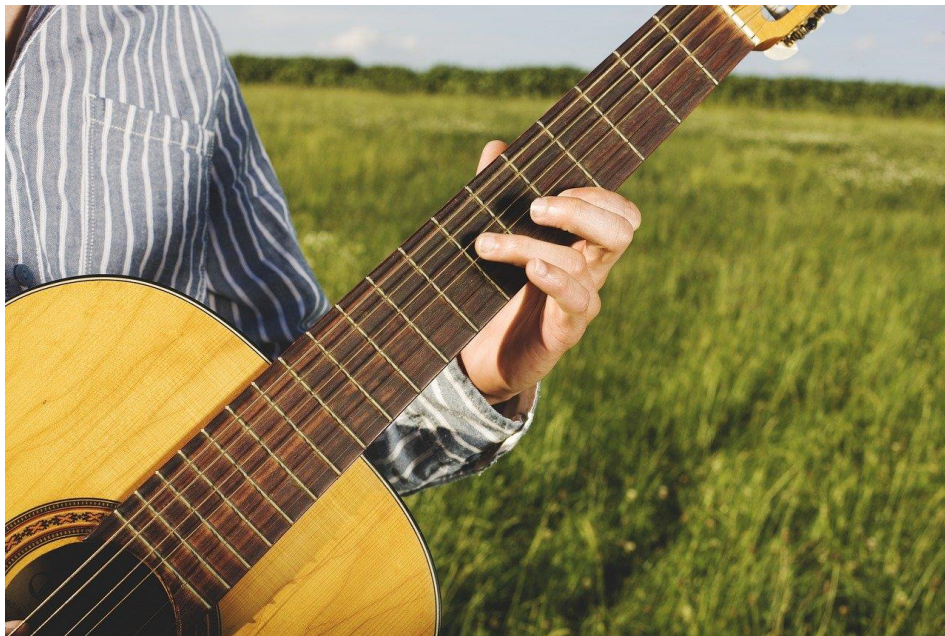
I'm a clean cut fella from Horner's  
Oh, you oughta see me strut

Oh, eble, able, oble, bugle  
I done forgot the words

Ding dong daddy from Dumas  
Oughta see me do my stuff

And you oughta see me do my stuff

**James Robert Wills** (March 6, 1905 – May 13, 1975) was an American Western swing musician, songwriter, and bandleader. Considered by music authorities as the co-founder of Western swing, he was known widely as the King of Western Swing.



## **I Got Texas In My Soul**

(Tex Williams)

Amorillo, San Antone  
Any old place I call my home  
I got go  
I got Texas in my soul  
Dallas, Forth Worth, Saint Angelo  
Houston, Austin or El Paso  
I got to go  
I got Texas In my soul

It is there I know my place is  
I see only smiling faces, and so  
Partner the rest of the world's not worth  
A pound of good old Texas dirt  
I got go  
I got Texas in my soul  
Corpus Christi, Del Rio  
West of the Peagus or old Waco  
I got to go  
I got Texas in my soul

Sweetwater, Beaumont, Witchta Falls  
Port Arthur, Brownsville  
I hear you call  
I got go  
I've got Texas in my soul

Where the tumbleweeds are growing  
I know it's there that I'll be going, to stay  
I've been a Texan since my birth  
No place like it on this earth  
I got go  
I got Texas in my soul  
I got go  
I got Texas in my soul

**Sollie Paul "Tex" Williams** (August 23, 1917 – October 11, 1985) was an American Western swing musician from Ramsey, Illinois.

He is best known for his talking blues style; his biggest hit was the novelty song, "Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! (That Cigarette)", which held the number one position on the *Billboard* charts for sixteen weeks in 1947.

## Smoke! Smoke! Smoke! (That Cigarette)

(Tex Williams)

Now I'm a fellow with a heart of gold  
With the ways of a gentleman I've been told  
The kind of fellow that wouldn't even harm a  
flea

But if me and a certain character met  
The guy that invented the cigarette  
I'd murder that son-of-a-gun in the first  
degree

'Course, it ain't cause I don't smoke myself  
And I don't reckon they hinder your health  
I've smoked them all my life and I ain't dead  
yet

But nicotine slaves are all the same  
At a pettin' party or a poker game  
Everything's gotta stop while they smokes a  
cigarette

(Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette)  
(Puff, puff, puff and if you smoke yourself to  
death)

Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate  
That you hates to make him wait  
You've gotta have another cigarette

In a game of chance the other night  
Old Dame Fortune was doin' me right  
The kings and the queens just kept on comin'  
around

I got a full and I bet 'em high  
But my bluff didn't work on a certain guy  
He just kept on raisin' and layin' that money  
down

He'd raise me, I'd raise him

I sweated blood, you gotta sink or swim  
He finally called, didn't raise the bet

I said "aces full pal, how 'bout you?"  
He said "I'll tell you in just a minute or two  
Right now, I just gotta have myself a cigarette"

(Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette)  
(Puff, puff, puff and if you smoke yourself to  
death)

Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate  
That you hates to make him wait  
You've gotta have another cigarette

The other night I had me a date  
With the cutest little gal on East 50 States  
One 'em high-bred, uptown, fancy little dames

She said she loved me and it seemed to me  
That everything's bout like it oughta be  
So hand in hand we strolled down lover's lane

She was oh so far from a chunk of ice  
Our smoochin' party was goin' real nice  
So help me, Hannah I'm thinking I've been  
there yet

I give her a kiss, a little squeeze  
She said, "Tex, excuse me please  
But I just gotta have a filtered cigarette"

(Smoke, smoke, smoke that cigarette)  
(Puff, puff, puff and if you smoke yourself to  
death)

Tell St. Peter at the Golden Gate  
That you hates to make him wait  
You've just gotta have another cigarette

The song is written in the talking blues style. Its narrator expresses disdain for the inventor of the cigarette, not so much for its health concerns (as he says he is an occasional smoker himself and it hasn't killed him yet) but because of its addictive effect on "nicotine slaves."

He goes on to describe two situations, a tense poker game and a date with a beautiful woman, that are interrupted because the other person has a nicotine craving and needs a cigarette.

Williams sarcastically quips that when the smoker eventually dies from the effects of their addiction, that they tell Saint Peter that they need a smoke before entering the pearly gates.

## Lost John Boogie

[\(Wayne Raney\)](#)

Well, the funniest sight that I ever did see  
Was Lost John a-boogiein' through Tennessee.  
He had no shoes for to cover his feet,  
Beggin' the women for his bread an' meat.  
One woman said, "Get away from here, John,  
'Fore I take my broom an' hurry you on."

He's long gone. (Where did he go?)  
He boogied his way through Mexico.

Lost John liked to boogie when things was right.  
He'd boogie all day an' he'd boogie all night,  
Till at last when his feet got cold,  
He said, "Take me home, boys. I'm a little too old."

Well, the last thing I saw of Long Lost John,  
He had a gal with a nose as long as your arm.  
A long loose chin an' her toes turned in,  
She could drink ten gallon o' red-hot gin.

**Wayne Raney** (August 17, 1921 – January 23, 1993) was an American country singer and harmonica player. Raney was honored posthumously with the Arkansas Country Music Award for "Lifetime Achievement" on June 3, 2018 at the University of Arkansas at Little Rock.





## **Red Ball To Natchez**

(Wayne Raney and the Delmore Brothers)

I'm on the Red Ball to Natchez, Mississippi  
Back there my gal waiting on the levy  
I'm riding the blind  
Gonna satisfy my mind  
Gonna see my old hometown tonight  
Oh, she's coming round the bend  
Clear the track she's like the wind  
Oh, she's bound to get to Natchez on time

I have roamed and I have rambled round the country  
Just a light hearted fellow all alone  
But I got to thinking here  
Of my folks that are so dear  
Down in Mississippi, boys I'm going home

I'm on the Red Ball to Natchez, Mississippi  
Back there my gal waiting on the levy  
I'm riding the blind  
Gonna satisfy my mind  
Gonna see my old hometown tonight  
Oh, she's coming round the bend  
Clear the track she's like the wind  
Oh, she's bound to get to Natchez on time

Oh, the sun's shining bright in Mississippi  
And the people are as friendly as can be  
Fill that box plum fun of coal  
Let the 8 wheel drivers roll  
Cause that Red Ball train can't go too fast for me

I'm on the Red Ball to Natchez, Mississippi  
Back there my gal waiting on the levy  
I'm riding the blind  
Gonna satisfy my mind  
Gonna see my old hometown tonight  
Oh, she's coming round the bend  
Clear the track she's like the wind  
Oh, she's bound to get to Natchez on time

The Delmore Brothers were inducted into the Nashville Songwriters Hall of Fame in October 1971, as well as the Alabama Music Hall of Fame in 1989 and the Country Music Hall of Fame in 2001. Their pioneering contribution to the genre has been recognized by the Rockabilly Hall of Fame.

The Brother's later records with electric guitars and boogie beat landed them a spot on the Rolling Stone's History of Rock n' Roll

Bob Dylan was quoted in the Chicago Tribune, on November 10, 1985 as saying "*The Delmore Brothers, God, I really loved them! I think they've influenced every harmony I've ever tried to sing.*"

## Sun's Gonna Shine In My Backdoor Someday ([The Lost & Found](#))

Sun's gonna shine in my backdoor someday  
Sun's gonna shine in my backdoor someday  
Sun's gonna shine in my backdoor someday  
March wind's gonna blow my blues all away

My mama told me long years ago  
Never to marry no boy I know  
He won't give you money no decent clothes  
What will become of you God only knows

Sun's gonna shine in my backdoor someday  
Sun's gonna shine in my backdoor someday  
Sun's gonna shine in my backdoor someday  
March wind's gonna blow my blues all away

Hard times're comin' I've been told  
Never sell love for a rich man's gold  
Hard times're comin' that much I know  
Love won't help you when you're hungry and cold

Sun's gonna shine in my backdoor someday  
Sun's gonna shine in my backdoor someday  
Sun's gonna shine in my backdoor someday  
March wind's gonna blow my blues all away



## **Big Ball's In Cowtown**

[\(Bob Wills & The Texas Playboys\)](#)

Working on the railroad, sleeping on the ground  
Eating saltine crackers ten cents a pound

Big ball's in Cowtown - we'll all go down  
Big ball's in Cowtown - we'll dance around

(Ah, come in mamma, the hog's done got me)

I'll go to Cowtown, I'll dance around  
Board up your windows - big ball's in town

Big ball's in Cowtown - we'll all go down  
Big ball's in Cowtown - we'll dance around

Put on your new shoes, put on you gown  
Shake off them sad blues - big ball's in town

Big ball's in Cowtown - we'll all go down  
Big ball's in Cowtown - we'll dance around

Everybody's smiling, you can't find a frown  
Girls are all happy cause big ball's in town

Big ball's in Cowtown - we'll all go down  
Big ball's in Cowtown - we'll dance around

Big ball's in Cowtown - we'll all go down  
Big ball's in Cowtown, big ball's in town

„Growing up my dad used to sing Bob Wills' songs to me. The night after his funeral, I just turned on the radio and Roly Poly came out of it. It was eerie but comforting. I was living in San Antonio at the time. I loved Bob and Western Swing for as long as I can remember.... (youtube-comment)



## Merl's Boogie Woogie

(Merle Travis)

Bout twelve o'clock , gonna close the door  
Can't nobody come, or nobody go

Got a boogie woogie feeling  
Had it all night long  
When I get that feeling  
My mamma won't let me come home

Well I got a little girl, with great big legs  
Walks like she's walking on soft boiled  
eggs

Got a boogie woogie feeling  
Had it all night long  
When I get that feeling  
My mamma won't let me come home

There's two kind of people I just can't  
stand  
A lying woman, and a sneaking man

Got a boogie woogie feeling

Had it all night long  
When I get that feeling  
My mamma won't let me come home

Now what did the rat say to the mouse  
I wanna see you down at my house

Got a boogie woogie feeling  
Had it all night long  
When I get that feeling  
My mamma won't let me come home

Six times six is thirty six  
Ain't a gonna hit but six more licks

Got a boogie woogie feeling  
Had it all night long  
When I get that feeling  
My mamma can't keep me home

Got a boogie woogie feeling  
And mamma can't keep me home

Merle Robert Travis (November 29, 1917 – October 20, 1983) was an American country and western singer, songwriter, and guitarist born in  
His songs' lyrics often discussed both exploitation of American coal miners.

Among his many well-known songs Blues," "I am a Pilgrim," and "Dark as  
However, it is his unique guitar style, as well as his interpretations of the Muhlenberg County, Kentucky, for



Rosewood, Kentucky, United States.  
the lives and the economic

are "Sixteen Tons," "Re-Enlistment  
a Dungeon."  
still called Travis Picking by guitarists,  
rich musical traditions of his native  
which he is best known today.

"Travis Picking" is a syncopated style of guitar fingerpicking rooted in ragtime music in which alternating chords and bass notes are plucked by the thumb while melodies are simultaneously plucked by the index finger.

He was inducted into the Nashville Songwriters Hall of Fame in 1970 and elected to the Country Music Hall of Fame in 1977.

**Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy**  
**(Leon McAuliffe & His Western Swing Band)**

Have you ever passed the corner of Fourth and Grand  
Where a little ball of rhythm has a shoe shine stand?  
People gather round and they clap their hands

He's a great big bundle of joy  
He pops the boogie woogie rag  
The Chattanooga shoe shine boy

Yeah, he charges you a nickel just to shine one shoe  
He makes the oldest kind of leather look like new  
You feel as though you wanna dance when he gets through

He's a great big bundle of joy...

It's a wonder that the rag don't tear  
The way he makes it pop  
You ought to see him fan the air  
With his hoppity hippity  
Hoppity hippity hop hop hop

He opens up for business when the clock strikes nine  
He likes to get 'em early when they're feelin' fine  
Everybody gets a little rise and shine

With the great big bundle of joy  
He pops the boogie woogie rag  
The Chattanooga shoe shine boy  
Yeah, whoa  
Whoa, do it, do it, do it

It's a wonder that the rag don't tear  
The way he makes it pop  
You ought to see him fan the air  
With his hoppity hippity  
Hippity hippity hop hop hop

He opens up for business when the clock strikes nine  
He likes to get 'em early when they're feelin' fine  
Everybody gets a little rise and shine

With the great big bundle of joy...

**William Leon McAuliffe** (January 3, 1917 – August 20, 1988) was an American Western swing guitarist who was a member of Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys during the 1930s. He was posthumously inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame as a member of that band.

## Too Much Stuff

(John Prine & Lyle Lovett)

Big house, big car, back seat, full bar.  
Houseboat won't float. Bank won't tote the  
note.  
Too much stuff. There's just too much stuff.  
It'll hang you up dealing with too much stuff.

Hangin' out on the couch puttin' on the  
pounds.  
Better walk, run, jump, swim. Try to hold it  
down.  
You're eatin' too much stuff, too much stuff.  
It'll wear you down, carrying around too much  
stuff.

Hundred dollar cab ride, fogged in, can't fly.  
Greyhound, Amtrak, oughta bought a Cadillac.  
Too much stuff. Too much stuff.  
It'll slow you down, fooling with too much  
stuff.

Well, it's way too much.  
You're never gonna get enough.  
You can pile it high  
But you'll never be satisfied.

Rent-a-tux, shiny shoes, backstage, big  
schmooze.  
Vocal group can't sing, won awards for  
everything.  
Too much stuff. Too much stuff.  
They just keep on going, rolling in all that  
stuff.

Got hurt, can't work, got a lot o' bills,  
But the policy don't pay 'less I get killed.  
Too much stuff. Too much stuff.  
Just my luck, counting on too much stuff.

Well, it's way too much.  
You're never gonna get enough.  
You can pile it high  
But you'll never be satisfied.

Running back can't score till he gets a million  
more.  
Quarterback can't pass. Owner wants his  
money back.  
Too much stuff. Too much stuff.  
You know, you can't get a grip when you're  
slipping in all that stuff.

Women every which-a-way messing with my  
mind.  
You know, I fall in love every day three or four  
times.  
Too much stuff. Too much stuff.  
It'll mess you up, fooling with too much stuff.

Yeah, too much stuff. Too much stuff.  
Too much stuff. Too much stuff.  
You never get enough 'cause there's just too  
much stuff.  
You know you can hurt yourself, fooling with  
too much stuff.  
Yeah, it'll tear you down, fooling with all that  
stuff

