

NASHVILLE BAIL BOND BLUES
(Song for Ol' Ronnie)

Hey cowboy can you spare me a paper
for these tossed ends I picked from the road,
and maybe just a flick of your lighter
in the time it takes to roll me a smoke.

Can you hear the sirens blow
well I pray I'm never goin there again
cos I've been walkin these streets alone
since they set me up and took me in.

The young boy he robbed the dope house, see,
and they got him good like they'll get you for sure.
Stuck 'im in the belly and they shot him in the back
with a black powder bullet from a forty four.

He was lyin there a moanin an a groanin
so I called for help to the folks around
and I was tryin to do my best for the boy
as he lay there dyin on the ground.

The police come and they hauled me in
cos they'd no one else there to stick it on.
and they bailed me outa the Tennessee Pen
but it broke me just to cover the bond.

I come home from work one evening
to find they'd cleared me outa house and home
turning everything upside down and even
the plate my kid was eatin from.

In Nashville city there's a heap o hard luck
If you head downtown to the tin-pan trap,
there's a cowboy singin for a million bucks
the story of his achey heart.
But if you can spare me a paper
and a flick o the lighter if yu'd be so kind
in the time it takes to roll me a smoke
I'd be glad to tell you mine.

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