Since the early 1930s, ALAN LOMAX has been drawn to the characteristically American myths of the outlaw, desperado, murderer, hero, and hard case that he believed reflect the violent and rebellious undercurrents in American society. As he explained in his original liner notes to this album,

Even casual inspection shows that the celebrated popular ballad canon of Child is largely concerned with crimes of violence. This tradition continued in the gallows ballads and criminal good-nights of the 17th and 18th centuries. In America this sanguinary stream was enlarged upon by folk poets, who, in the days of John Dillinger and the Lindbergh kidnapping case, had not yet ceased to make new bad-man songs. The persistence of the blood feuds in our mountains and of gang warfare in our cities indicate that just below our civilized surface lies a wellspring of savagery always ready to emerge into the light of day.1

Who is the bad man — outlaw, social misfit, folk hero, or just an ordinary person pressed to take the law into his own hands? In this expanded edition of Lomax’s original album, we encounter, from the murderous Jesse James to the steel-driving John Henry “many aspects of the [bad man] tradition as it is unfolded in our violent land,” as Alan Lomax wrote. In African-American vernacular usage, the concept of had may suggest positive qualities of power, independence, daring and strength. A bad man’s criminal acts may serve a just cause, as in Robin Hood’s legendary campaigns of wealth redistribution, and thereby encapsulate the people’s struggles against injustice. For Lomax this struggle reached epic and tragic proportions in African-American song. “In these songs, too, one finds a use of the classical ballad devices — incremental repetition, the narrative spool on by dialogue, beginning at the middle of the story, the use of stock phrases, the importance of refrain [and] the heroic dimension.”

Despite his mythic and heroic endowments, for whites, the outlaw frequently embodied the libertarian, anarchic spirit of the frontier and of the independent folk — in part descendants of the free-ranging Celts — who peopled it. The murderous lover and his victimized sweetheart, grim and tragic figures in American folk balladry that fascinated Alan Lomax, may reflect the change from the close and closed supervisory communities of Europe where marriages were fixed up between families and hard to elude; to the open frontier, where unwilling bridesgrooms could stamp out the traces of their guilt and disappear. Among blacks, by contrast, the wronged women of song might

1 Alan Lomax, liner notes to Southern Journey 9: Bad Man Ballads (Prestige International Int 25009). Other unsourced Lomax quotations in these notes are taken from the original liner and song notes for this album.
1. **JESSE JAMES**

*performed by Almeda Riddle, vocal.*

*Recorded early October 1959 in the vicinity of Miller, Arkansas. Previously unreleased.*

Jesse James, whose criminal career began while he was only in his teens, may be one of the most well-known bandits and killers in American history. To some, he remains a symbol of Wild-West lawlessness, but Jesse and his brother Frank gained the admiration of many of their contemporaries in the recently-defeated South. A veteran of a renegade Confederate militia, to his admirers James' criminal exploits evoked a 19th-century Robin Hood who defied the northern-dominated establishment.

2. **PO' LAZARUS**

*performed by the Bright Light Quartet, vocals and guitar.*

*Recorded October 6, 1959 in Woonas, Virginia.*

Alan Lomax considered "Po' Lazarus" to be the finest African-American ballad he and his father John had ever recorded. "Known to convicts and gang workers from Virginia to Mississippi," Lomax wrote, "[Po' Lazarus] concerns the doomed attempt of an exploited and underpaid laborer to even up the score by stealing the payroll from his boss. The ballad sets forth the stark and unforgettable language, the essential tragedy of the black man in his condition used to be in the South. If he resisted he was killed, and his family suffered." Three contrasting renditions of "Po' Lazarus" appear on this disc. Here, the Bright Light Quartet, whose members worked as men-haden fishermen, sing in a mellifluous four-part harmony.

3. **RAILROAD BILL**

*performed by Hobart Smith, vocal and guitar.*


Railroad Bill was Morris Slater, an outlaw of the 1890's. Like Jesse James, he made a reputation as a fearsome killer and a Robin Hood-style bandit. Like Lazarus, he is said to have been pushed into a life of crime by the cruel and oppressive conditions of the Alabama turpentine camp where he toiled in forced labor. Morris Slater was eventually caught and brutally murdered in an 1897 ambush.
Railroad Bill,
so mean and so bad,
He whopped his mammy,
shot a round at his dad,

Numerous versions of the ballad survive him. In
the version performed here by Hobart Smith, irony
and exaggeration evoke a larger-than-life bad man
who does as he pleases. In stark contrast to the
struggling working man who might sing or listen
to this tale, The Railroad Bill of mythology outfoxes
the system: he never works, and he has plenty of
money to spare.

Railroad Bill, so mean and so bad,
He whopped his mammy shot a round at his dad,
One mornin’ just before day.

Railroad Bill, he’s standing on the hill,
A-rolling cigs out of a ten-dollar bill.
Oh ride, ride, ride.

Railroad Bill, so mean and so bad,
He whopped his mammy shot a round at his dad,
One mornin’ just before day.

Early one mornin’ a shower of rain,
Around the curve came a train train,
Oh ride, ride, ride.

If the barn’s goin’ to bend the rail,
There’ll be nobody there to tell the tale.
Oh ride, ride, ride.

Railroad Bill was standin’ on the hill,
He never worked and he never will.
Oh ride, ride, ride.

4. John Henry
performed by Ed Lewis, vocals and axe strokes.
Recorded mid-September 1959
at Camp B, Mississippi State Penitentiary.
Lambert, Mississippi.
Previously unreleased.

The bad man’s heroic qualities are nowhere more
apparent than in John Henry, the famous steel-dri
ving man of American balladry. The song may
have originated as a macho boast of prowess. The
boss dares John Henry to match his strength
against the new mechanized drill. John Henry
responds by throwing down the gauntlet against
mechanization and this challenge to his powers.
He declares “a man ain’t nothin’ but a man,” an
assertion of human dignity in the face of insur-
mountable odds. He is victorious in his battle
with the drill, but dies in the winning (the conclu-
sion is not reached in this rendition). Like
Shelley’s Prometheus, John Henry dares “To defy
Power, which seems omnipotent; / To Love, and
bear to hope till Hope creates / From its own
wreck the thing it contemplates…”

This performance is one of several on this disc which were recorded from prisoners within the Mississippi penitentiary system. Lomax had recorded extensively in Southern prisons since the 1930's. He was revolted by the cruelty and injustice found in the prisons, but was deeply moved by the cultural expression, especially in song, which the prisoners kept alive and which in turn kept them alive. He wrote,

The prison farms of the South perpetuated the slave system in official form...Out of these human infernos where men worked fourteen-hour days under the gun and lash until they dropped or "made it," came pouring a river of powerful and sorrowful song. My father and I were fortunate as collectors to find this national treasure before it had begun to disappear.

As we revisited the penitentiaries and as conditions ameliorated, the songs have grown less potent and the epic lines we first encountered have begun to decay. Nevertheless, new songs have continued to grow, even recently.⁶

Woe John Henry went up on that mountain,  
You know that mountain it was so high,  
Woe John Henry he laid his hammer down he cried,  
"Captain, a ten pound nail is too small, o Lord,  
A ten pound nail too small."

Woe John Henry he says to the captain,  
"Captain, pay me my whole back day.  
I will make more money on that IC Line,  
I will on the M&O.  
Woe John Henry he says to the captain,  
"I have a power steel driver down home.  
Well John Henry now if you'll beat that powerful steel driver down,  
Goin' to buy you a railroad of your own,  
I'm goin' to buy you a railroad of your own."

Well John Henry told his captain,  
He says, "A man ain't nothing but a man.  
For I would stand and see your power driver beat me down,  
Would die with my hammer in my hand,  
Woe John Henry he laid his hammer down he cried,  
"Captain, a ten pound nail is too small, o Lord,  
A ten pound nail too small."

O well the people all hear my runnin';  
Well now the train comin' down the track.  
O John Henry thronged his hammer  
on the ground and said,  
"The echo from my hammer comin' back,  
Oh that's the echo from my hammer comin' back."

Well John Henry had a buddy.  
Sez, "Buddy, why ain't you takin' your time?"  
John Henry drilled down eighteen spikes.

While his buddy was only drivin' down nine.  
While his buddy was only drivin' down nine.  
John Henry, he told his hiss.  
He said, "My shaker, you better pray.  
If I miss this deal on a deal goin' down,  
Tomorrow be your buryin' day.  
You'll know tomorrow be your buryin' day."

Well John Henry told his captain,  
Said, "Just bring your steel driver down here.  
And before I let your steel driver beat me down,  
Goin' to die with my hammer in the wind.  
I'm goin' to die with my hammer in the wind."

John Henry he had a little woman  
And her name was Polly Anne  
John Henry takes sick and he had to go to bed,  
Polly Anne drilled steel like a man.  
Woe Polly Anne drove steel like a man.

5. WILLIE BRENNAN

performed by Neil Morris, vocal and guitar.
Recorded October 6, 1959 in Timbo, Arkansas.

Alan Lomax called this widely-known song "the Irish prototype of "Railroad Bill."
Brennan was a bandit operating in the Kilworth mountains in County Cork in the late 1700s. He was caught and hunged in 1804. In this ballad, circulated on broadsides by the mid-19th century, and still sung in Ireland, Brennan appears as a Robin Hood, robbing only from the rich and sharing his bounty with the less fortunate.

Lomax commented on the unusual folk variant performed here, in which Brennan is portrayed as a Londoner of the time of Queen Elizabeth I: "Until the song encountered the inventive people of the Ozarks, it always ended with Willie at the execution dock; however, some balladeers from the land of Jesse James (was it Neil Morris himself?) has added verses that have Willie serving under Drake and Good Queen Bess and ending his days in peace."

The melody Morris sings is similar to one published in the Lomaxes' Our Singing Country (New York: Macmillan, 1941, p.317). Morris's rustic folk tenor brings out the dramatic aspects of the melody. He emphasizes his vocal range on both ends, dipping down to the lower part of his register in the first part of the melody and then working his way higher in the second part. Finally in the chorus, he soars dramatically to the top of his range, all the while providing a gentle guitar accompaniment.

Morris: I learned this song from my grandfather and my father; I heard both of them sing this song when I was a small boy.


There was a highway robber a story I will tell,
His name was Willie Breman,
in London he did dwell.
All in the mountains dreary proved his first career,
And many a noble gentleman before him
shook with fear.

Chorus:
O Breman on the moor,
Breman on the moor,
Bold, gay, undaunted
stood young Breman on the moor.

A brace of loaded pistols he carried
both night and day.
He robbed not from the poor
but always on the King’s highway,
He robbed from the riches and the servants of
Black Ben,
And be freely divided with the widows in distress.

(Chorus)

Now young Willie met a pedlar,
his name was Julius Bond.
They traveled on together ’til the day begin to dawn.
The pedlar missed his money,
likewise his watch and chain,
And be ever-tired young Willie
and he robbed him back with same.

(Chorus)

Now young Willie finds the pedlar
as brave a man as be,
So straightway he did go his companion for to be.
The pedlar being brave-hearted,
he threw his pack away,
And he proved a royal com-e-rade
until his dying day.

Chorus

Now the marshals and the nobles
got a message from the Queen.
She said, “If you don’t want to die
upon the guillotine,
If you would keep your riches safe
and live above the poor,
Then bring to me the body of
young Breman on the moor.”

(Chorus)

Now the night the trouble started,
the truth I will confess;
They undone their jackets
and they opened up their vests,
They threw themselves down on the ground
out in an open field,
And they both received nine wounds apiece,
before they would yield.

(Chorus)

Now young Willie’s down in town,
in prison he’s bowed down;

John Henry he had a little woman
And her name was Polly Anne
John Henry taken sick and
he had to go to bed,
Polly Anne drilled steel like a man.
Just for some awful crime they done, 
they taken him to town.
The jury found him guilty 
and the judge did thus reply:
"O it's for your highway robbering 
you're both condemned to die."

Chorus

That night Sir Humphrey Gilbert
was lookin' for a crew.
The Queen said, "Here's two robbers 
that might like to go with you."
Young Willie and the pedlar swore
'til 'geance on their names,
And continued with their robbing
from the Spaniards on the sea.

Chorus

Now they sailed on many missions, 
bringing treasure to the Crown.
They sailed with John Hawkins 
when the Spanish fleet went down.
They won both fame and glory 
and went down in history
With the men who made the Queen of England
the mistress of the sea.

Chorus

Now what become of Julius Bond 
o one will ever know.
But Willie was in London,
when his hair was white with snow.
He gave away riches to the widows and the poor, 
And was buried in a lonesome grave
upon the lonesome moor.

Chorus

Morris: Course the title of this song is "Brennan on the Moon." Now this song, beyond a doubt, was written during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. To her friends she was known as Queen Elizabeth. To her enemies she was known as "Black Beth," and so when she took a notion that she wanted this Brennan boy out of the way, why she laid the law down pretty strict to the men who were supposed to do that, and they finally got it done.

9. HANGMAN TREE (Child No. 95)
performed by Almeda Riddle, vocals.
Recorded early October 1959
in the vicinity of Heber Springs, Arkansas.

This is a version of Child ballad No. 95, "The Maid Freed from the Gallows," upon which Lomax notes, "in every country in Western Europe, in the West Indies and the United States, we find a story of the young girl at the gallows, pleading with one member of her family after another to pay her fine and set her free. Frequently her crime is not mentioned. In other versions she has been falsely accused of stealing a gold ring or a golden ball from her mistress.

Usually, in the end, her lover rescues her. The story, it seems to me, is an accurate psychological drama of the adolescence of women in the culture of the West. Growing up for them means harboring forbidden thoughts and desires which they know their families fear and from which no relative can rescue them. Their only possible savior is (as the ballad always points out) a true love." In this variant the tale receives a new twist. The singer is female, but sings from the point of view of a male narrator — a son on the gallows. His pleas to his father, mother, sister, brother, and finally the sweetheart who saves him, are vividly rendered by Almeda Riddle, who amply demonstrates her mastery as a folk vocal stylist.

"Hangman, hangman, slacken up your line
For I see my father coming 
from a far-off distant home...

"Hangman, hangman, slacken up your line
For I see my brother coming 
from a far-off distant home...

"Hangman, hangman, slacken up your line
For I see my sister coming 
from a far-off distant home...

"Hangman, hangman, slacken up your line
I see my sweetheart coming 
from a far-off distant land.

"O sweetheart, sweetheart did you bring me gold,
Or did you pay my fee,
Did you, too, come to see me 
hanging on a gallows tree?

"Oh yes, dear, yes, indeed, I brought you gold, 
I have paid your fee.
I never meant to see my love 
High on the gallows tree."
No, no, son,
no son,
I brought no gold,
Nor have I paid your fee,
Alas, have I come
to see a guilty son
Hangin' on
a gallows tree.
Wake up in the mornin', well-a,
With a cup and a pan, (2x)
Well, you say anything about it,
Well-a have trouble out the morn. (2x)
Oh captain, captain, don't cha,
Well-a, know my name? (2x)
Well, I used to be the poster, well-a,
On the southbound train. (2x)
I'm the same grand nucal, well-a,
Stole your watch and chain (2x)
Chorus:
Cryin' ol' Mamie, well-a, Oh Lordy, get! (2x)
Well, Mamie in Meridian, livin' at ease. (2x)
Well, I'm on Parchman, got to work or leave. (2x)
I'll call Alberus from the woman's wall. (2x)
Chorus:
Well, look over yonder, sun done gone, (2x)
Well, way over yonder, where the western sun. (2x)
Chorus:

9. PRETTY POLLY
performed by Estil C. Ball, vocals and guitar.
Recorded August 31, 1959 in Rugby, Virginia.

This murder ballad, wrote Alan Lomax, told of
"America's favorite crime story, the same tale that
Dreiser used as the theme of An American Tragedy,
Pretty Polly is pregnant and Willie puts her out of
the way." In traditional societies, when unmarried
women conceived outside of marriage, the couple often
was punished by violence. (2x)

For killin' Pretty Polly
will send my soul to hell. " (2x)

10. LAZARUS
sung by Henry Morrison. Recorded mid-October
1959 on St. Simon's Island, Georgia.

In this unusual, abbreviated rendition of "Po' Lazarus," Henry Morrison uses his strong baritone
voice to create a mood of elegy, evoking the
sense of loss and longing. (2x)

Well, I asked Aunt Dinah
"Do your dog run rabbits?" (2x)
Aunt Dinah said, "No, no, no."
Aunt Dinah said "No."

Well, I tell high sheriff
"To go on find me Laz'rus. (2x)
Find him live, dead, alive,
Dead, alive."

11. CLAUDE ALLEN
performed by Hobart Smith, vocals and guitar.
Recorded April 28, 1960 in Williamsburg, Virginia.

This song is based on a violent incident of 1912.
It resulted in the hanging of Claude Allen and his
father Floyd in the following year. (2x)

For the folk of the Blue Ridge Mountains, perhaps
the most dramatic moment in recent history came
during the trial of Claude Allen and his father...in
the County Court House at Hillsville, Virginia, for
crimes committed during a mountain feud. Without

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For a fascinating and detailed account of the Allen affair, refer to the liner notes by Ralph and Richard Rinzler to
Old-Time Music at Clarence Ashby's (Folkways Records FA2055, 1961), pp. 5-6.
warning, the Allen faction appeared in the court-
room, handed guns to the two defendants, and began
to fire. The judge, the sheriff, and a number of spec-
tators lay dead on the floor when the Allen gang rode
away. According to the ballad, the Allen and his listeners,
however, the trial was a frame-up and the Allens were
justified in what they did. When they were later
apprehended and executed, many folks sympathized
with them, as attested by this ballad sung by Hobart
Smith of Bluefield, Virginia.

Claude Allen and his dear old father
Have met their fatal doom at last.
Their friends are glad their trouble's ended
And they hope their souls is now at rest.

Claude Allen was then tall and handsome;
He still had hope unto the end.
That he in some way or other
Escaped his death at Richmond Pen.

The Governor, being so hard-hearted,
Not caring what his friends might say,
He finally took his sweet life from him,
In the cold, cold ground his body lay.

Claude Allen had a pretty sweetheart,
She mourned the loss for the sake he loved;
She hoped to meet him beyond the river.

A fair young face in heaven above.
Claude's mother's tears were gently flowin'
All for the one she loved so dear;
It seemed no one could tell their troubles,
It seemed no one could tell but her.

How sad, how sad, to think of killin'
A man all in his useful years,
A-leavin' his old mother weepin';
And all his friends in bitter tears.

Look up on yonder's lonely mountain,
Claude Allen sleeps beneath the clay;
No more you hear his word of mercy,
Nor see his face till Judgment Day.

Come all young men you may take warning,
Be careful how you go astray,
Or you may be like poor Claude Allen,
And have this awful debt to pay.

12. COLE YOUNGER
performed by Oscar Gilbert, vocals.
Recorded October 6, 1959 in Timbo, Arkansas.
Previously unrecorded.

Cole Younger and his brothers were Ozarks out-
laws who rode with the James boys. This song tells
of the job that ended his criminal career — an
1876 bank raid in Northfield, Minnesota. In the
song, Younger expresses contrition and regret, es-
specialiy for the loss of his comrades. After Younger
was released from prison in 1901, he published an
autobiography and toured in a Wild West show.
Ozarks folklorist Vance Randolph saw Younger in
1904, and recalled "a shabby fat man, looking
more like a rural preacher than a dashing bandit." Y
Younger died in Lee's Summit, Missouri in 1916.

I am a noted highwayman,
Cole Younger is my name.
The deeds of desperadoes have led to many a shame.
While the robbing of the Northfield bank,
it's a deed I'll never deny.
It's a deed that I'll be sorry of until the day I die.

We buy the finest horses and northward we did go,
That God-forsaken little town called Minnesota.
Cole had his eye on the Northfield bank,
his brother Bob did say.
Says, "Cole, if you undertake the job,
you'll surely curse the day."

We stationed out at Pickett's, we rolled up to the town.
And on that corner, we struck our fatal blow.
Says, "Hand us over your money, boys."
Cole's brother Bob did say.
"We are the noted Younger boys,
we spare no time to pray."

Know some folks say that the devil's dead; (2x)
I spied Tom Devil at the head of my bed. (2x)
Now go 'way, devil, devil, and leave me alone. (2x)
Gonna pray and do better from this day on. (2x)

They say he killed his wife at first,
and the little ones did cry,
"Please Poppa, won't you spare our lives,
for it is so hard to die."
This reg'lin' man could not be stopped,
he would not heed their call,
And he kept on tirin' fatal shots,
until he killed them all.

They all were buried in a crowded grave,
while the angels watched above.
"Come home, come home, you little ones,
to a land of peace and love."
They did not carry him to jail, no lawyer did he pay,
He will have his trial in another world
at a final Judgment Day.

14. TOM DEVIL
performed by Ed Lewis
with Johnny Lee Moore, James Carter, and
Henry Mason, vocals and axe strokes.
Recorded mid-September, 1959
at Camp B, Mississippi State Penitentiary,
Lambert, Mississippi.

The disturbing verses of this song refer to the character of Tom Devil preying on the troubled soul of the singer. The singer tries to chase away the devil through prayer; his thoughts then wander to a woman, and he imagines offering her a life of plenty, in the manner of "Railroad Bill," with every day a Sunday. Ultimately, the weight of reality sets in, and in the final verse he expresses his anger and distress at being unable to control his women, his money, or his fate.

Now go 'way, devil, devil, and leave me alone;
Gonna pray and do better
from this day on.
Oh work or lose, Lord, oh work or lose,
Crying, "I'm on Parchman, got to go work or lose."
Well I don't gamble and I don't see,
Well, I don't go out and I don't see.
I would write the governor but
that'd do no good. (2x)
I ain't got no money and that,
that's a good excuse. (2x)
Well early in the morning, baby, oh when I rise, (2x)
See the 38-40 stick, woo! in my face (2x)
Well I'm killin' the devil big, enough to die. (2x)

15. HAWKINS COUNTY JAIL
performed by Hobart Smith, vocals and banjo.
Recorded August 24, 1959 in Bluefield, Virginia.

Alan Lomax wrote, "I suppose there is no prison
without a song which celebrates its discomfort, its
bad food, its filth. Nor is there any type of song
which brings a quicker smile to our guilt-ridden
people than one of these jailhouse satires. Hobart
Smith, the Bluefield, Virginia bard, has kept in
mind this old, ribald outcry from behind the bars
in the hard-rock hotel of Hawkins County,
Tennessee."

When I was sleepin' I dreamt a pleasant dream,
Dreamed I was strollin' all down the golden streets.

Woke so broken-hearted in Hawkins County Jail.
All my friends was standin' round,
no one to go my bail.

Yonder come Lula, ten dollars in her hand,
Keys in her hand, went shinin' through the lock,
"Cheer up, cheer up my prisoner,"
I thought I heard them say,
"Send you round the White House,
seven long years to stay."

16. DANGEROUS BLUES
sung by Floyd Batts.
Recorded September 18, 1959 at Camp 11,
Mississippi State Penitentiary at Parchman.

Delta bluesman Johnny Shines said "Blues is when
you are lost, blues is when you are depressed but
don't know why you are depressed."
In this striking solo blues, sung in the field holler style,
there is much to be read in between the lines.
This song reminded Lomax of the levee camp text,
Camp got a pistol and he wants to be bad;
Get mine in the morning if you make me mad."

17. PO' LAZARUS
performed by James Carter and group of male
prisoners. Recorded mid-September 1959 at
Camp B, Mississippi State Penitentiary at Lambert.

In this rendition of "Po' Lazarus," Parchman
prison inmates perform in the compact, bluesy
call-and-response style of work-camp singing that
Alan Lomax found to be widespread in the
Mississippi penitentiary system.

Well, the High Sheriff, he tol' his Deputy
"Well you go out and bring me Lazrus,
Bring him dead or alive, Lord, Lord,
Bring him dead or alive."

Well, the Deputy he tol' the High Sheriff,
Says, "I ain't gonna mess with Lazrus,

O well, the High Sheriff, he shot Lazrus,
Yes, he shot him with a great big number.
With a forty-five, Lord, Lord,
With a forty-five.

O well, the High Sheriff, he shot Lazrus,
An' they layed him on the Commissary galley
He said, "My wounded side, Lord, Lord,"
He said, "My wounded side."

O well, the High Sheriff, he shot Lazrus,
Well he's a dangerous man, Lord, Lord,
Well, he's a dangerous man."

Well, the High Sheriff, he found Lazrus,
He was hidin' in the fields of a mountain
With his head hung down, Lord, Lord
With his head hung down.

Well, the High Sheriff he tol' Lazrus,
Says, "Lazrus, I come to arrest you,
To bring you dead or alive, Lord, Lord,
To bring you dead or alive."

O then Lazrus, he tol' the High Sheriff.
Says, "I've never been arrested.
By no one man, Lord, Lord,
By no one man."

10 Quoted from the Tuscaloosa News, 1982, Tuscaloosa, Alabama.
Last night
as I lay sleepin',
I dreamed I held you in my arms,
When I woke, I was mistaken,
I was peekin' through the bars.