

White Freightliner Blues – Townes Van Zandt

**I'm going out on the highway
Listen to them big trucks whine
I'm going out on the highway
and listen to them big trucks whine
Oh, white freightliner, won't you steal away my mind**

**Well, New Mexico ain't bad, Lord
The girls there, they treat you kind
Well, New Mexico ain't bad, Lord
The girls there, they treat you kind
Oh, white freightliner, won't you steal away my mind**

**Well, it's bad news from Houston
Half my friends are dying
Well, it's bad news from Houston
Half my friends are dying
Oh, white freightliner, won't you steal away my mind**

**I'm going out to ramble
Back to where I came
I'm going out to ramble
Back to where I came
Oh white freightliner's won't you steal away my brain**

**I'm going out on the highway
Listen to them big trucks whine
I'm going out on the highway
And listen to them big trucks whine
Oh, white freightliner, won't you steal away my mind**

The Barn Dance by Marion Boatwright ©2014

Yeah I was eighteen when I first walked through those barn doors

**Wagon wheel lights blazing like nothing I'd seen before
The hall was overflowing
the men sweating and the women just glowing
200 feet singing on an old wood floor**

**(And they were singing) Duck for the oysters, dive for the clams
head for the hole in the old tin can**

**Hold that pretty gal close as you can, come on let's dance
Swing your corner, swing your own, she might be the one
you're taking on home
When you dance you're never alone, come on let's dance**

**Earl tilted his head and smiled as he called the shoo-fly
swing**

**Roy winked back and did that curling eyebrow thing he does
It was the Alabama Jubilee and all this boy could see
was Roy's fiddle making the whole place high, fly, cry and
sing**

chorus

**That was the summer of 19 and 72
I bought my first fiddle and bow before that year was through
40 years have winged and flown
Roy and Earl and the boys are gone
But I hold to the song - she still rings true**

chorus

Greasy Corner Bar and Grill - Frank McConnell ©2014

Chorus

**It's the Greasy Corner Bar and Grill
If the gin don't kill you then the bourbon will
It's the talk of the town
The Greasy Corner Bar and Grill**

**The owner of the Greasy is a man named Jack
He grew up around the corner in a little shack
Started selling hoochie liquor at the age of ten
'Cause his Mama was a woman who attracted men
Jack'll let you in the Greasy if you know the clue
To the riddle that he asks you, and you slip him two
He'll open up the door and let you in
To the hopping-est joint where you've ever been.**

Chorus

**The bartender's name is One-eyed Pete
He's as ugly as a buzzard, but the man is sweet
He can mix a gin-and-tonic with the greatest ease
It's his cure for the social disease
Lubrication occupation, serve it with a grin
As he slides across another glass of gin
If the boys get rowdy and they start to fight
Pete'll knock their heads together when the time is right**

Chorus

**The waitress's name is Ptomaine Sue
They say that she was pretty back in 'twenty-two**

But the wiggle in her walk is getting old
And her two front teeth are solid gold
She was married once or twice but they up and died
Now she tries to find a husband every Saturday night
If you cozy to the back and the lights are low
Sue can take you in a minute and you never know

Chorus

...If the gin don't kill you then the women will.

When the early morning comes and the lights go down
The dance is getting slower and you're spinning round
With a sweet young thing and you're feeling free
Smoke so thick you can hardly see
Pete will tap you on the shoulder and he'll turn you 'round
and point you to the door and up the hill to town
You wake up in the morning feeling all that sin (oh my
aching head)
But on Friday you'll be heading to the corner again

Chorus

....If the gin don't kill you then nothing will

Chorus

Rain and Snow - Traditional

**Well I married me a wife, she gave me trouble all my life
Left me out in the cold rain and snow
Rain and snow.....**

She left me out in the cold rain and snow

**She came down the stairs holding back her long yellow hair
And her cheeks were as red as a rose
As a rose.....**

And her cheeks were as red as a rose

**Well I've done all that I can do to try to get along with you
And I ain't gonna be treated this old way
This a way.....**

Now I ain't gonna be treated this old way

**We'll she came in to the room where she met her final doom
And I ain't gonna be treated this old way
This a way.....**

**Now I ain't gonna be treated this old way
She left me out in the cold rain and snow**

Ophelia – Levon Helm. Robbie Robertson

Boards on the window, mail by the door
Why would anybody leave so quickly for
Ophelia - Where have you gone

The old neighborhood just ain't the same
Nobody knows just what became of
Ophelia - what went wrong

Was it somethin' that somebody said
Honey, I know we broke the rules
Was someone up against the law
Mamma, you know I'd die for you

Ashes of laughter, the ghost is clear
Why do the best things always disappear
Like Ophelia - darken my door

Was it somethin' that somebody said
Honey, you know we broke the rules
Was someone up against the law
Mamma, you know I'd die for you

They've got your number, scared and a runnin'
But I'm still waitin' for the second comin'
Of Ophelia – please come back home

Jesse & Sara - Marion Boatwright ©2014

Jesse looked up at the sky and felt the wind shift south
He smelled the storm a coming, he could taste it in his mouth
He hollered in to Sara, "Close the shutters tight
Feed the horses on the quick, gonna be a long, long night"

Sara hurried to the barn, milked the cow and brought in wood
Then held their son against her breast, finding all the calm
she could
Jesse fed the hogs and sheep. The air spit turpentine
Sara heard a voice singing deep inside her mind

Hold deeply to the earth, balance close your reach and fear
Know you have no surer berth than the chestnut or the deer

The sky coiled in upon itself - like a snake about to strike
Jesse slid the door lock hard and bolted them in tight
Then silence ...a distant roar...
Sara swore that she could hear a whisper through the door

Hold deeply to the earth, balance close your reach and fear
Know you have no surer berth than the chestnut or the deer

How the roof held through the night, Jesse never knew
But hold it did and 'fore the dawn the moonlight filtered
through
Venus called the battle done, the fight declared a draw
The light that followed shone as clear as Sara ever saw
But tattooed on the hillside and echoed up the cove
Was the message they would ne'er forget and teach their son
to know

Hold deeply to the earth, balance close your reach and fear
Know you have no surer berth than the chestnut or the deer

Travelin' Blues – Jimmie Rodgers

I had a dream last night
I thought my good gal had gone
Well, I woke up this morning
She really had done me wrong
I know it's not fair but my good gal has done caught air.

I'm goin' away, leavin' today I'm gonna bring my baby back
If that eight wheel driver don't jump the railroad track
I take her from that man gonna bring her home if I can

My gal's been triflin' 'round
About a week I know
Several of my friends
Just told me so and so
She's found a new man and now I can't understand

I'm goin' away, leavin' today I'm gonna bring my baby back
If that eight wheel driver don't jump the railroad track
I take her from that man gonna bring her home if I can

Well, it's true my baby's gone
I know it won't be long
We'll both be on that train
My baby's coming home again
She's been triflin' 'round but now she's gonna put him down

Yeah, I'm goin' away, leavin' today I'm gonna bring my baby
back
If that eight wheel driver don't jump the railroad track
I take her from that man gonna bring her home if I can...

Swannanoa Tunnel – Added lyrics, Craig Bannerman ©2014

**Asheville Junction, Swannanoa Tunnel
All caved in, baby, all caved in**

**I'm going back to the Swannanoa Tunnel
That's my home, baby, that's my home
When you hear my watchdog howling
Somebody around, baby, somebody around
When you hear that hoot owl squalling
Another man's gone, baby, another man's dying
This old hammer it rings like silver
It shines like gold, baby, it shines like gold
Throw this hammer, in the Swannanoa river
It'll ring right on, baby, it rings right on
I'll ride them rails, up to Black Mountain
I ain't comin' back baby, ain't coming back**

**Gonna make my home, below Mount Mitchell
I ain't gonna leave, baby, I ain't gonna leave**

**Look up those tracks, there's something glowing
The worlds on fire, baby, the worlds on fire
It's the Beacon Mill, gone to the ground
It'll never be back, baby, it'll never be back**

Flying Dreams by Marion Boatwright ©2014

When you dream can you wish yourself to fly
That's a mighty fine old feeling
They say that in our dreams that we can never die
I'll take dreaming for believing

When I get to where I'm flying in my dreams
will you be waiting there singing?
And when I fall and break apart at all my seams
will you remind me ... it's only dreaming

So hold on tight I'm reaching for the sky
I got to get there 'fore the dawning.
It may be just upon this bed I really lie
Ah but I'll never heed that warning

When I get to where I'm flying in my dreams
I know you'll be there singing
When I fall and break apart at all my seams
You'll remind me ... it's only dreaming

So go on dream and lift yourself up off the ground
Float wherever winds might carry
It's only fear that really holds you down
And this ain't no time to tarry

When you get to where you're flying in your dreams
You know I'll be there a' singing
When you fall and break apart at all your seams
I'll remind you ... it's only dreaming

When you dream just wish yourself to fly...

Casey Jones - Traditional

Come all you rounders if I want you to hear
The story of a brave engineer
Casey Jones was the rounder's name
On six-eight wheeler he won his fame
The caller called Casey 'bout half-past four
He kissed his wife at the station door
He climbed to the cabin, orders in his hand
Said; "I'm gonna take a trip to the promised land"
Pour in the water, shovel in your coal
Stick your head out the window watch those drivers roll
I'll ride her 'til she leaves the rail
'Cause I'm eight hours late with the western mail
He looked at his watch and his watch was slow
He looked at the water and the water was low
He turned to the fireman and he said
We might make Frisco but we'll all be dead

Well Casey pulled up that Reno hill
He tooted for the crossing with an awful shrill
The switchman knew by the engine's moan
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones
He pulled up within two miles of the place
Number four stared him right in the face
He said to the brakeman, man you'd better jump
There's two locomotives that's gwine to bump

And Casey said just before he died
There's two more roads I'd like to ride
The switchman said what could those be
Why the Southern Pacific and the Sante Fee
And Mrs. Jones sat on her bed just sighing
She just received word that her Casey was dying

Turned to the children, said y'all hush your crying
You got another papa on the Salt Lake line
And that's when poor old Casey died
People up and down the road they cried
But the memory of him lingers on
With people like me who sing his song

One Way Out - Traditional

**Ain't but one way out baby, Lord I just can't go out that door.
Ain't but one way out baby, and Lord I just can't go out that
door.
Cause there's a man down there, might be your man I don't
know.**

**Lord you got me trapped woman, up on the second floor;
If I get by this time I won't be trapped no more.
So raise your window baby, and I can ease out soft and slow.
And lord, your neighbors, no they won't be
Talking that trash that they don't know.**

**Lord, I'm foolish to be here in the first place,
I know some man gonna walk in and take my place.
Ain't no way in the world, I'm going out that front door
Cause there's a man down there, might be your man I don't
know.
Cause there's a man down there, might be your man I don't
know.
Cause there's a man down there,
Lord, it just a might be your man...
Honey, I don't know..**

Reuben's Train - Traditional

Ole Reuben had a train & he put it on a track
He run it to the Lord knows where
Oh me, oh my, he run it to the Lord knows where

Should been in town when Reuben's train went down
You could hear that whistle blow 100 miles
Oh me, oh my, you could hear the whistle blow 100 miles

I'll pawn you my watch, I'll pawn you my chain
I'll pawn you my gold diamond ring
Oh me, oh my, I'll pawn you my gold diamond ring

Cause' I'm walking down this track, I got tears in my eyes
Trying to read a letter from my home
Oh me, oh my, I'm trying to read a letter from my home

I'm one lord I'm two, I'm three lord I'm four
I'm five hundred miles away from home
Oh me, oh my I'm five hundred miles away from home

Yeah Reuben had a train & he put it on a track
He run it to the Lord knows where
Oh me, oh my, he run it to the Lord knows where
I said oh me, oh my, he run it to the Lord knows where

The Goodnight-Loving Trail – Bruce “Utah” Phillips

**Too old to wrangle or ride on the swing
You beat the triangle and you curse everything
If dirt was a kingdom, you'd be the king**

**On the Goodnight Trail, on the Loving Trail
Our Old Woman's lonesome tonight
Your French harp sounds like a lone bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light**

**With your snake oil and herbs and your liniments, too
You can do anything that a doctor can do
Except find a cure for your own awful stew
Chorus**

**The cook fire's gone out and the coffee's all gone
The boys are all up and they're raising the dawn.
But you're still sitting there, all lost in a song
Chorus**

**Someday I know that I'll be just the same
Wearing an apron instead of a name
There's no one can change it, no one's to blame
For the deserts a book wrote in lizards and sage
It's easy to look like an old torn out page
All faded and cracked with the colors of age
Chorus**