

## Highway 71

In '26 they laid that asphalt down  
A road was born between the mountains and the town  
Long before progress built a head of steam  
There were mountains tall and rivers they were clean

And you could drive that road for miles  
And never see another soul meandering  
The timber and the valleys they were wild  
From Minnesota all the way to New Orleans

In Arkansas, that road ran through my town  
A mountain burg that hardly made a sound  
Industry had found a wider lane  
Mr. Walton's dream, oh what a shame

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From Minnesota all the way to New Orleans

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## Sonny Brown

Run and fetch the preacher  
Sonny Brown is going down in the water  
For to wash him clean  
Sonny is eighteen. He is a sinner.  
Run and get the preacher  
And we'll all go down to the river

Yeah we're gonna save a soul  
Save the soul of Sonny Brown  
Sonny is gonna turn his life around  
Yeah were gonna save a soul  
Sonny, he'll be saved before the sun goes down

Sonny is guilty  
Surely guilty of sin  
People say, "Sonny killed a white man"  
Though he claimed it self-defense  
Oh but no one listened to what Sonny had to say  
So tomorrow Sonny will hang

Sonny is gonna rise up from the water a brand new man  
He'll come out of that river

Holding on the the Lord's hand  
They'll say, "Sonny won't you go your way"  
"Go your way an never sin again"

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## I Ain't Blind

I can see that train coming  
Coming round the bend  
Well I ain't blind,  
Oh no Lord, I ain't blind

There is a storm cloud a building  
It's raining over the hill  
It ain't time  
On no Lord, it ain't time

I'm a cauldron for the trouble  
I can feel the dark surround me  
I ain't trying  
Oh no Lord, I ain't trying

I can hear that whistle blowing  
Blowing in my mind  
It ain't time  
Oh no Lord, it ain't time

I know those dusty low roads  
Like the back of my hand  
I wanna fly  
Oh Lord, please let me fly

Because I caused my momma worry  
I made her old before her time  
Don't let her cry  
Oh no, please don't let my momma cry

I can see that train leaving  
Black smoke disappears  
I ain't blind  
Oh Lord, I ain't blind

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## Ezra's Place

I was down at old Ezra's place  
We were just sitting in the yard  
The sun in our faces  
He said, "Poor boy look at what you've done"  
"You've gone and gave her away"  
"and you know she's the one"  
There ain't no looking back  
When they look like that  
You've just gotta turn around  
And take the long way back

I was down at the barbershop  
The barber pushing hair around with a mop  
He said "Hey son you know, I know this man  
"He has a lone lean face and deep, dark tan"  
"The other day I saw him walking in town"  
"He had a girl on his arm, pretty white gown"  
"They looked just like movie stars"  
"Strolling down Hollywood Boulevard"

There ain't no looking back  
When they look like that  
You've just gotta turn around  
And take the long way back

We're all down at old Ezra's place  
They're just looking him over, sad looks on their faces  
They say "Poor boy you know he had it good"  
"Now he gave it away just like you knew he would."

There ain't no looking back  
When they look like that  
You've just gotta turn around  
And take the long way back

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### **Molheron**

Three years I've been gone  
And I still sing the same old songs  
Wishing I was home again  
Having a laugh with my old friends

Well that cabin it ain't there no more  
Someone had to set the score  
Sell the logs, burn it down  
Send those boys to Gardner town

Well maybe Bozeman or Idaho  
Arkansas, where did you go?  
You never know which way you choose  
Some you win, Some you lose

Might be in California, the golden shore  
Living large and loving poor  
Some of us have children too  
Yeah you know those things we do

Those times just won't return  
There are memories but the rest is burned  
A blackened scar across the ground  
You don't see her when the snow lays down

Because that cabin it ain't there no more  
Someone had to set the score  
Sell the logs, burn the rest  
Yeah you do what you think is best

A parting glance  
A backwards smile

I'll see you in a little while  
Once a year, maybe two  
Yeah you know those things we do

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### **Old Limestone**

My life is just a mound of old limestone  
Marked with Sampson's blood  
And shards of bone  
I'm like an Indian burial ground  
Turned up in the night  
I've been stripped clean and looted  
But not without a fight

This day is just a red hawk  
Swirling in the sky  
Making lazy eights in the reflection of my eye  
All my years spent barefoot in the Oklahoma mud  
I will never go back there  
Though I guess I should  
I will never go back there  
Though I guess I could

I keep searching for a way to let you know  
My love is more than just some promissory note  
I'll write it in a letter  
And send it in the post  
Saying, "My life is just a mound of Old Limestone"

I went down to where the land lies low  
From the panhandle you can see New Mexico  
All the old timers sitting just praying for rain  
Saying, "This land is an ocean of pleasure and pain"  
They say, "This land is an ocean of pleasure and pain"

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### **Aldridge**

Sometimes I dream I was a coalminer  
Sooty black with a far off look in my face  
The kind of look that might make you wonder  
How many miles he's been under  
And what kind light would shine his way

And I'd be living in the hills of Gardner, Montana  
A working slave for the mercantile store  
Everyday I'd be living poor  
And wishing there was something more  
And wondering if today would be my day

There's such a long, hard road left to travel  
And I'm longing to be home soon  
But this rock will be my tomb  
My friend there's plenty of room  
If your road don't lead you home

This little shanty ain't warm but it's mine  
Before the light I leave my door behind  
Going down below where the sun don't shine  
There ain't no wind, There ain't no pines  
Just me, the rock, and a hammer in my hand

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There's such a long, hard road left to travel  
And I'm longing to be home soon  
But this rock will be my tomb  
My friend there's plenty of room  
If your road don't lead you home  
Yeah this rock will be my tomb  
My friend there's plenty of room  
If your road don't lead you home

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### **Cris Hollow**

Well they burned down the house  
Where I was born  
Down Cris Hollow Road  
In the early morn

The candles burned bright  
And the honey was so sweet  
You could feel the flames  
And you could see the heat

The sheriff down the road  
Said that he didn't know  
But how could he sleep  
As they burned down my home

Now those wild rose grow  
Where the fence once stood  
Where the house once was  
There is just a pile of wood

Because they burned down the house  
Where I was born  
Down Cris Hollow Road  
In the early morn

Oh they burned down the house  
Where I was born  
Oh they burned down the house  
In the early morn

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### **Riverboat**

Running to the river see the riverboats run  
Barefoot in the morning sun  
Cane poll and a need to go  
There's a paddleboat on the Ohio

You can see the smoke from miles away  
Black against the grey of day  
Churning through the rain and show  
Paddleboat on the Ohio

Your momma yelling "Don't be late"  
"There will be no supper on your plate"  
"Your Daddy's gone to Louisville"  
"Found some work in a papermill"  
"Your sister's bound to find a man"  
"Anyone who'll hold her hand"  
"Your brother came home from the war"  
"But he don't know your name no more"

I'm going down to New Orleans  
It takes longer than it seems  
When I have somewhere to go  
I'm gonna quit the Ohio, the Ohio

In a small town you rise at dawn  
The working day is all day long  
Run the mill or lay the lines  
Any work a man can find  
The one I love she's still there  
I liked to think I didn't care  
Hazel eyes, here dress was blue  
The summer sun would shine right through

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It takes longer than it seems  
When I have somewhere to go  
I'm gonna quit the Ohio, the Ohio

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Poor boy with a trouble soul  
Living life on a shoestring  
Chasing death and growing old

—  
**Ballad of John Lambeth**

This is the story of John Lambeth  
Poor boy with a troubled soul  
Living life on a shoestring  
Chasing death and growing old  
One year down in Georgia  
Injustice he did see  
A man was hanging by his backbone  
True crime of humanity

—  
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(Steve Fisher) .

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He made his way to Carolina  
And climbed the foggy mountain tops  
From there he say Virginia  
And knew he couldn't stop

He stumbled into New York  
But the people pushed him away  
And from Staten Island  
You could hear him say

There's no place in the world for a boy like me  
I'm happiest lying under sweet magnolia trees  
But there all gone and I'll just have to wonder lonely now  
And pray the Lord will take me home to where I want to be

He caught the raid to Oklahoma  
Where the people had been pushed away  
Out west to California  
To the hills of Monterey  
And up the coast to Alaska  
They're scattered as far as you can see  
Hey John Lambeth I ask you  
Is there anywhere for you and me?

There's no place in the world for a boy like me  
I'm happiest lying under sweet magnolia trees  
But there all gone and I'll just have to wonder lonely now  
And pray the Lord will take me home to where I want to be

Well John he faded in the distance  
He just up and washed away  
But now and again if you listen  
You can hear him say

There's no place in the world for a boy like me  
I'm happiest lying under sweet magnolia trees  
But there all gone and I'll just have to wonder lonely now  
And pray the Lord will take me home to where I want to be

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