

## Woody Guthrie "Belle Starr"

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Belle Starr, Belle Starr, tell me where you have gone  
Since old Oklahoma's sandhills you did roam?  
Is it Heaven's wide streets that you're tying your reins  
Or singlefooting somewhere below?

Eight lovers they say combed your waving black hair  
Eight men knew the feel of your dark velvet waist  
Eight men heard the sounds of your tan leather skirt  
Eight men heard the bark of the guns that you wore.

Cole Younger was your first and the father of your girl  
And the name that you picked for your daughter was  
Pearl  
Cole robbed a bank and he drewed the life line  
But I heard he was pardoned after Twenty Years time.

Your Cherokee lover, Blue Duck was his name  
He loved you in the sand hills before your great fame  
I heard he stopped a bullet in Eighteen Eighty Five  
And your Blue Duck's no longer alive.

You took Jim Reed to your warm wedding bed  
And from out of your love was born the boy, Ed  
A pal killed Jim Reed by the dark of the moon  
And your son Ed was blowed down in a drunken saloon.

Then there was Bob Younger you loved him well  
He rode with the James boys out down the long trail  
They caught him in Minnesota along with the gang  
He died down in jail in the cell or the chain.

You loved Mister William Clarke Quantrill  
And his Civil War guerrillas in the Missouri hills  
He hit Lawrence Kansas and fought them still  
And when he rode out Two Hundred lay killed.

They say could have, they whisper you might  
Have loved Frank James on a couple of nights  
He fought the Midland Railroad almost to death  
Then in Nineteen Fifteen Frank drawed his last breath.

They say it could be, they say maybe so,

That you loved Jesse James that desperado,  
Jesse got married, had a wife and a son,  
Was shot down at home by the Ford brothers guns.

Belle Starr, Belle Starr, your time's getting late,  
But how is Jim Younger, did you hear his fate? He was  
jailed and then pardoned for all he had done,  
And he blowed his own brains out in Nineteen and One.

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Eight men knew the feel of your dark velvet waist  
Eight men heard the sounds of your tan leather skirt  
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