

Stanley Brothers, The

"Wild Bill Jones"

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As I went down for to take a little walk
I came upon that Wild Bill Jones
He was a walking and a talking by my true lover's side
And I bid him to leave her alone

He said my age is twenty-one
Too old to be controlled
I pulled my revolver from my side
And I destroyed that poor boy's soul

He reeled and he staggered, and he fell to the ground
And then he gave one dying moan
He wrapped his arms around my little girl's neck
Saying honey won't you take me home

So put them handcuffs on me boys
And lead me to that freight car gate
I have no friends or relations there
No-one for to go my bail

So pass around that old long necked bottle
And we'll all go on a spree
For today was the last of that Wild Bill Jones
And tomorrow will be the last of me

They sent me to prison for twenty long years
This poor boy longs to be free
But Wild Bill Jones and that long-necked bottle
Have been the ruin of me

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