

Kenny Rogers

"San Francisco Mabel Joy"

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His daddy was an honest man, red dirt Georgia farmer
His mama lived her short life having kids and baling
hay
He had fifteen years, an ache inside to wander
He hopped a freight in Waycross, wound up in L.A.

Lord, the cold nights had no pity on a Waycross
Georgia farm boy
Most days he went hungry, then the summer came
He met a girl known on the strip as San Francisco's
Mabel Joy
Destitutions child born of an L.A. street called shame

Growing up came quietly in the arms of Mabel Joy
Laughter found their mornings, brought a meaning to
his life
Yes, the night before she left, sleep came and left that
Waycross
Country boy with dreams of Georgia cotton and a
California wife

Sunday morning found him standing 'neath the red
light of her door
When a right cross sent him reeling, put him face down
on the floor
In place of Mabel Joy he found a merchant mad marine
He growled that Georgia neck is red, but sonny your
still green

He turned twenty-one in a gray rock federal prison
The old judge had no mercy for a Waycross Georgia
boy
Starin' at those four gray, in silence he would listen
That midnight freight he knew would take him back to
Mabel Joy

Sunday morning found him lyin' 'neath the red light of
her door
With a bullet in his side he cried have you seen Mabel
Joy
Stunned and shaken someone said she's not here no
more

She left this house four years today

They say she's looking for some Georgia farm boy

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