

## **Kris Kristofferson**

### **"San Francisco Mabel Joy"**

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Lord, his Daddy was an honest man, just a red dirt  
Georgia farmer  
His momma lived her short life having kids and baling  
hay  
He had fifteen years and an ache inside to wander  
So he hop a freight at Waycross and wound up in L.A.

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

Growing up came quietly in the arms of Mabel Joy  
Laughter found their mornings to be the meaning to his  
life  
Now 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 at her door  
A right cross sent him reeling put him face down on the  
floor  
In place of Mabel Joy, he found a merchant mad marine  
Growled, 'Your Georgia neck is red, Sonny you're still  
green'

So he turned twenty-one in a gray rock federal prison  
That old judge had no mercy on that Waycross Georgia  
boy  
Staring at those four gray walls in silence, learning,  
listen  
Midnight freight he knew could take him back to Mabel  
Joy

Sunday morning found him lying 'neath the red light at  
her door  
With a bullet in his side, he cried, "Have you seen  
Mabel Joy?"  
Stunned and shaken someone said, "Son, she don't

live here no more"  
Nor she left this house four years today, they say she's  
looking for  
Some Georgia farm boy

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