

David Allan Coe "San Francisco Mabel Joy"

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My daddy was an honest man, just a redneck Georgia
farm boy
My momma spent her short life, raisin' kids and bailin'
hay
And I was just fifteen when I ached inside to wonder
So I hoped a freight in Waycross and I rode it to L.A.

Well, I met a girl known on the strip as San Francisco's
Maybel Joy
Destitutions child, born on a L.A. street called Shane
And sleep came and left this little Waycross Georgia
country boy
Maybel Joy was gone, Lord, I'd never see her again

Growin' up came quietly in the arms of Maybel Joy
Laughter found our morning's, brought new meaning
to my life
I woke up one day, Lord to find that I was by myself
With dreams of Georgia cotton and California wine

Sunday mornin' found me standin' 'neath the red-light
of her door
Right 'cross sent me reelin', laid me face down on the
floor

In place of Maybel Joy I found a merchant mad marine
Who said, "Your Georgia neck is red but son you're still
green"

Well, I turned twenty one in gray rock federal prison
The judge, he had no mercy on this Waycross, Georgia
boy
Sometimes at night in silence, Lord, I'd listen
That same old freight to take me back to Maybel Joy

Cold nights had no pity on this Waycross, Georgia farm
boy
Springtime turned to summer and then the winter came
Starin' at those four gray walls in silence, Lord, I'd
listen
Somewhere in the distance to the whistle of the train

Sunday morning found me lying 'neath the red light of
her door
With a bullet in my side I cried, "Have you seen Maybel
Joy?"
Stunned and shaken someone said, "Son, she don't
live here no more"
She left this town ten years ago, I heard she's looking
for
Some Georgia farm boy"

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