

## Robert Wilkins

### "Nashville Stonewall Blues"

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I stayed in jail, it was for thirty long days  
And that woman said she loved me, I could not see her  
face

I looked out the window, saw the long-chain man  
Aw, he's comin' to call the boys by name

He's gonna take me from here to Nashville, Tennessee  
He's gonna take me right back, boys, where I used to  
be

I got a letter from home, reckon how it read?  
I got a letter from home, reckonin' how it read?  
It said, "Son, some on home to your mama, she's sick  
and nearly dead"

I sit down and cried, and I screamed and squalled  
Said, "I cannot come home, mama, I'm behind these  
walls"

Every mornin', 'bout four, boys, my deed have passed  
You outta see me down in the foundries<sup>1</sup>, tryin' to do  
my task

'Cause the judge he sentenced me, boys, from five to  
ten  
I get out, I'm gonna kill that woman, I'll be right back  
again

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Note 1: foundries, plural of foundry, a steel mill or  
works where the act, process, or art of casting metals  
is carried out.

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