

Gertrude

Jerry Jeff Walker

Yeah now, Gertrude
Was just a one-eyed gal
Workin' down in New Orleans
Gertrude, she's a regular pal
One of them Cajun Queens

Soft hearted hooker in a two bit dive
A regular Saint Sadie - got just one eye
Got a set of arms like a lumberjack
But Gertrude's got a heart of gold dust

Now Gertrude was always on the streets
Hustling up a dime or two
Gertrude was nice and sweet
'Specially when she's trickin' you
She could take you to the back
And in a minute flat
She'd be back drinkin' whiskey
From a water glass
Laughing like a sailor on a three-day pass
Gertrude was a swingin' bar fly

Yeah I met her when I was runnin' about
And nobody seemed to care for me
She took me to her side
And explained the facts of life to me
She told me 'bout the world and all it's misery
She taught me how to laugh and be a friend indeed
And let the sanctimonious crowds go their way
Gertrude had a way with alright

Alright now

Yeah she took me to the room that night
And made me feel a man again
We laughed and talked and drank and sang
Then the beautiful night came to an end

I fell asleep in a broken down chair
And when I woke there was nobody there
She rolled me
But she told me in a note she left
"You gotta keep makin' it, my friend"

So somewhere down in New Orleans
Where the wine and the laughs are friends
I bet there's a one-eyed beauty there
Just trippin' and pickin' up men
For wherever there are souls who are hung in distress
There's bound to be a whore for your SOS
Thank God for women, no matter where it's at
And Gertrude is setting all kinds of records

I love her so much