

## Willie Jones

Bobby Bare

Willie Jones was a man I met when I lived in Baltimore  
I was a guard and he was doing time  
In the three long years he stayed there I got to know him well  
Willie Jones was a friend of mine.

He used to say buddy you know where I'm goin' when they let me  
out of here  
Alabama could be heaven if the Lord was there  
And he talked about the southland though he'd drifted from its  
shore  
I never seen a man who loved it more.

He talked about the whippoorwills in the Alabama night  
Honeysuckle vine and sugar cane  
Swimming holes and fishing poles and early morning frost  
And sleeping under a tin roof when it rained.

He talked about a country road and a cabin in the pines  
And a girl with wavy long chestnut brown hair  
He talked about the beauty of his Blue Ridge Mountain home  
And damn near made me think that I was there.

And he'd say buddy you know where I'm goin' when they let me out  
of here  
Alabama could be heaven if the Lord was there  
When a man ain't got no freedom the time sure passes slow  
Willie Jones had ten long years to go.

It's been almost a years now since that hot night in July  
Willie hit the guard and jumped the fence  
I had my rifle ready but I couldn't let it fly  
I shot over his head and we ain't seen him since.

Then last week the postman brought a letter to my door  
Marked No Return Address and No Reply  
It just said nobody north of Birmingham is gonna see this boy again  
But if you're ever down our way won't you please drop by.

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