

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 ou
t 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 a
gain
But if you're ever down our way won't you please drop by.

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