## **Willie Jones**

## **Charlie Daniels**

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 he was a friend of mine

He used to say buddy you know where I'm going 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 shores 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 darn near made me think that I was there

He used to say buddy you know where I'm going 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 a gain But if you're ever down our way won't you please drop by

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