

Short Haired Woman Blues

David Rawlings

Met her on a harvest moon once upon a time in the Midwest
She told me as we stole away that she was freer than all the rest
With her hair cut like a farm boy and her cards so close to her vest
Just how much harm she could do me, no I never would have guessed

Don't go chasing wild ponies
They're half crazy and they run
Don't go loving short-haired women
They're gonna leave you crying
After thinking it was all in fun

We came upon a boomer's shack, she broke the windows just because
And there along the railroad track, she laid me down, that's how she was
With the first rush of the freight train, there was rain on the high summer corn
"Oh, it's just a game," she told me, I said, "No, I am reborn"

Don't go chasing wild ponies
They're half crazy when they run
Don't go loving short-haired women
They're gonna leave you crying
After thinking it was all in fun
Mmm, all in fun

As for her whereabouts, I hear she's living in Baton Rouge
Giving all those Creole men the short-haired woman blues
The short-haired woman blues

Well, don't go loving short-haired women
They're gonna leave you crying
After thinking it was all in fun