

## Trudy

Gary Stewart

Call up Trudy on the telephone send a letter in the mail  
Tell her I'm hung up in Dallas they won't let me out of this jail  
If she asks you how I'm fairin' tell her I'm about to lose my mind  
Worried about old John Lee Walker and the girl I left behind

John Lee Walker was a car mechanic and hand for cover and mouth  
for cash  
Luckiest man in Dallas County had a gold watch chain and a black moustache

He loved his whiskey and he loved his women drove a big long Cadillac limousine  
Kept a big fine fancy townhouse in Dallas and a hotel suite in New Orleans

Carried a switchblade knife in his left hip pocket a .44 hog leg up under his coat  
Cut you down in a New York minute if he catch you cheatin' that was all she wrote

So call up Trudy on the telephone send a letter in the mail  
Tell her I'm hung up in Dallas they won't let me out of this jail  
If she asks you how I'm fairin' tell her I'm about to lose my mind  
Worried about old John Lee Walker and the girl I left behind

I just got to town last Friday evening sure as hell didn't mean to stay  
I was on my way back to Louisiana had a powerful thirst and six months pay

I met a peroxide blonde in a bar on D-ville I was flyin' high and feelin' mean  
Poured down a bottle and a half of red eye dropped thirty-five dollars in the slot machine

And the boys in the back was dealing seven cards I set down and won me a hundred-ten  
I was rakin' in chips like Grant took Richmond till big John Lee come strollin' in

He ripped off the bar like a 707 pretty soon he done won all of my bread  
I accused him of cheating he reached for a pistol grabbed a chair and went upside of his head

Then I took off a running like a motorcycle heard the bullets w  
hinin' and sirens wail  
But it took half the cops in Dallas County just to put one coon  
ass boy in jail

So call up Trudy on the telephone send a letter in the mail  
Tell her I'm hung up in Dallas they won't let me out of this ja  
il  
If she asks you how I'm fairin' tell her I'm about to lose my m  
ind  
Worried about old John Lee Walker and the girl I left behind

Call up Trudy on the telephone send a letter in the mail  
Tell her I'm hung up in Dallas they won't let me out of this ja  
il  
If she asks you how I'm fairin' tell her I'm about to lose my m  
ind  
Worried about old John Lee Walker and the girl I left behind