

## Letter To Madeline

Ian Noe

Looked like a hundred guns held on me  
Hunkered by the shed of Detroit General & Company  
Calling, "Boy come out, we have you jailed"  
Beside the buck-shot door, I stood still  
Wondering how the hell the bastards found me in those hills  
And clinging to a letter that I wish I'd mailed

Go rest easy, Madeline  
I'm bringing down the bank across this flooded county line  
And when I get home, we'll have a grand old time  
But don't you shed no tears or be surprised  
If you get the word that your wild man has up and died  
Just set me up a stone on that high hillside

Now in the pouring snow, sad, but swift  
I headed down the highway  
Hoping that the burden of my blues would lift  
And praying that the whiskey would keep me brave  
Oh, but I got caught in the cold  
Looking like a hobo without no mercy from the road  
And feeling like a dead man without a grave

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If you get the word that your wild man has up and died  
Just set me up a stone on that high hillside  
Oh my, oh my

Bloodied-up and chained, my legs pinned down  
I woke to find my fate in the hands of four men gathered 'round  
And cursing for the bag they knew I'd hid  
And the more they stomped and moaned, the more I prayed  
Feeling every spark flying off of that file and their rusted blade  
Said, "Better think it through, this is your last chance, kid"

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