

The Ballad Of Pretty Mae

Phil Vassar

The wind is high, you can hear it cry
All the way to the cold, cold moon
And I hurt inside, in my heart tonight
I feel like cryin' too

Eleven months and a day
Was all the judge had to say
They took young Dan and locked him away
Yeah, weed was his crime
And young Dan did his time
Thinkin' 'bout his pretty girl Mae
When they gave back his clothes
And put him out on the road
Pretty Mae was waitin' in her car
There's all kinds of free
But the best had to be
That first night back in Pretty Mae's arms

Well, they shackled up in a trailer backed up
To the sandbar and Weeping Willow Creek
The creek ran low, the summer passed slow
There's never been a love so deep

Hey hey hey hey hey hey yo
Hey hey hey hey lo
Hey hey hey hey hey hey yo
Hey hey hey hey lo

Now Deputy Ray
He had it bad for Pretty Mae
Couldn't stand to see her with that ex-con
Half a bottle of Scotch
Cradled in his crotch
He headed out there with his blue lights on
Thirty-aught-six
Thinkin' that would do the trick
He run the bastard off down the road
Ray'd have his way
Get it on with Pretty Mae
But first that ex-con had to go

Hey hey hey hey hey hey yo
Hey hey hey hey lo
Hey hey hey hey hey hey yo
Hey hey hey hey lo

Well Dan said, "Ray,
What brings you out this way?
Pretty Mae is just fixin' up some grub"
But Ray was on a tear
And Pretty Mae could hear him swear
Just kept shoutin', and wavin' that gun
No time to think
Underneath the sink
Pretty Mae had kept a pistol of her own
Yeah, shots were fired
Broken glass, a blown tire

But only the willow would know

They found a cruiser car
An empty trailer by the sandbar
And not another clue left behind
Yeah Deputy Ray
Young Dan and Pretty Mae
Somebody left, somebody most likely died

Hey hey hey hey hey yo
Hey hey hey hey lo
Hey hey hey hey hey yo
Hey hey hey hey lo

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