

Longhair Blues

(Revision of my song "Jennings," 1976)

April 30, 2010

Dollar in my pocket, mud on my heels	E E	(12 bar in E)
Looking for a ticket on some leaving town wheels	E E	
Don't go down.	A	
Don't go down to Louisiana on your own	A E	
There's a man with wrap-around shades there	B	
Will hang you out to dry just for fun	A E	

Minding my own business, sipping on a beer
Showed up on the radar of Mr. Joe LaVere
Don't go down
Unless you plan to stay there for a while
There's a man in a fat old limousine
Will hand your ass a summons with a smile

Longhair hippie pinko fag, says Mr. Joe LaVere
This is a God-fearing town, we don't want you here
Don't go down
Don't you show your face when the sun is low
We got ways to deal with trouble
You and your kind don't want to know

Down at the Trailways, two bits in my shoe
Asked the station master where it would get me to
Not too far
Maybe to the Mississippi line
I said Tuscaloosa, Texarkana,
Any old place but here will be just fine

Joe LaVere is gone now, I don't wish him ill
Maybe he had a lousy childhood or big shoes to fill
Long gone
Long enough for a wise man to forget
I'm working on that wisdom
But I haven't found the answer just yet

A sad little vignette from a time when folks who looked like Andrée and I did in 1976 were sometimes welcomed in the Deep South with less than southern hospitality.