

Joan Baez, San Francisco Mabel Joy

Lord his Daddy was an honest man, just a red dirt Georgia farmer
And his momma lived her short life having kids and baling hay
He had fifteen years and he ached inside to wander
So he jumped a freight at Waycross and wound up in LA.

The cold nights had no pity on that Waycross, Georgia farm boy
Most days he went hungry, and then the summer came
He met a girl known on the strip as San Francisco's Mabel Joy
Destitution's child, born of an LA. street called 'Shame';

Growing up came quietly in the arms of Mabel Joy
Laughter found their mornings brought a meaning to his life
And the night before she left sleep came and left that Waycross, country boy
With dreams of Georgia cotton and a California wife

Sunday morning found him standing 'neath the red light at her door
When a right cross sent him reeling, put him face down on the floor
And in place of his Mabel Joy he found a merchant mad marine
Who growled, 'Your Georgia neck is red but Sonny you're still green';

He turned twenty-one in a grey rock federal prison
The old judge had no mercy on that Waycross, Georgia boy
Staring at those four grey walls, in silence he would listen
To the midnight freight he knew would take him back to Mabel Joy

Sunday morning found him lying 'neath the red light at her door
With a bullet in his side, he cried 'Have you seen Mabel Joy!'
Stunned and shaken someone said 'Son, she don't live here no more
She left this house four years today, they say she's looking for ...
Some Georgia farm boy