

Kenny Price, San Francisco Mabel Joy

His daddy was a simple man just a red dirt Georgia farmer
And his mama spent her young life havin' kids and bailin' hay
He had fifteen years and an ache inside to wander
So he hopped a freight in Waycross and wound up in LA
Lord the cold nights had no pity on a 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
Growin' up came quietly in the arms of Mabel Joy
Laughter found the mornings brought meaning to his life
Yes the night before she left sleep came and left that Waycross Georgia boy
With dreams of Georgia cotton and a California wife
Sunday morning found him standin' neath the red light at her door
When a right cross sent him reelin' put him face down on the floor
In place of Mabel Joy he found a merchant mad marine
Who groaned 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 for a Waycross Georgia boy
Starin' at those four grey walls in silnce he would listen
To that midnight freight he knew would take him back to Mabel Joy
Sunday morning found him lyin' 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 why son she don't live here anymore
She left this house four years today and they say she's lookin' for
Some Georgia farm boy