

Woody Guthrie, Belle Starr

Belle Starr, Belle Starr, tell me where you have gone
Since old Oklahoma's sandhills you did roam?
Is it Heaven's wide streets that you're tying your reins
Or singlefooting somewhere below?

Eight lovers they say combed your waving black hair
Eight men knew the feel of your dark velvet waist
Eight men heard the sounds of your tan leather skirt
Eight men heard the bark of the guns that you wore.

Cole Younger was your first and the father of your girl
And the name that you picked for your daughter was Pearl
Cole robbed a bank and he drew the life line
But I heard he was pardoned after Twenty Years time.

Your Cherokee lover, Blue Duck was his name
He loved you in the sand hills before your great fame
I heard he stopped a bullet in Eighteen Eighty Five
And your Blue Duck's no longer alive.

You took Jim Reed to your warm wedding bed
And from out of your love was born the boy, Ed
A pal killed Jim Reed by the dark of the moon
And your son Ed was blowed down in a drunken saloon.

Then there was Bob Younger you loved him well
He rode with the James boys out down the long trail
They caught him in Minnesota along with the gang
He died down in jail in the cell or the chain.

You loved Mister William Clarke Quantrill
And his Civil War guerrillas in the Missouri hills
He hit Lawrence Kansas and fought them still
And when he rode out Two Hundred lay killed.

They say could have, they whisper you might
Have loved Frank James on a couple of nights
He fought the Midland Railroad almost to death
Then in Nineteen Fifteen Frank drew his last breath.

They say it could be, they say maybe so,
That you loved Jesse James that desperado,
Jesse got married, had a wife and a son,
Was shot down at home by the Ford brothers guns.

Belle Starr, Belle Starr, your time's getting late,
But how is Jim Younger, did you hear his fate? He was jailed and then pardoned for all he had done
And he blowed his own brains out in Nineteen and One.

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