

BELLE STARR  
Woody Guthrie

Belle Starr, Belle Starr, tell me where you have gone  
Since old Oklahoma's sand hills you did roam?  
Is it Heaven's wide streets that you're tying the reins  
Or single footing somewheres 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 drewed the life line  
But I heard he was pardoned after twenty years time

Your Cherokee love, Blue Duck was his name  
He loved you in the sand hill before your great fame  
I heard he stopped a bullet in 1885  
And your Blue Duck's no longer alive

You took Jim Reed to your warm wedded 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 Mr. 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 whispered you might  
Have loved Frank James on a couple of nights  
He fought the Midland Railroad almost to death  
Then in 1915 Frank drewed 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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