

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Ballad of Jamie Bee

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Jamie ran aground out in Ohio  
Wife left for the great unknown  
He says he's gonna take to the high road  
And she will find a place alone

He said he just could not make her happy  
That he never tried so hard before  
He'd wake up first and make the coffee  
Now the mornings were like war

There's a barroom for every way the wind blows  
And a harness for every mother's son  
You pull your own weight or else it pulls you  
It gets harder the longer that you run

Jamie's from the last great breed of roadmen  
Woody, Jack, and Kerouac and such  
But here was a woman he would die for  
Beauty no road could ever touch

The town was nearly famous for the glassworks  
The factory where they made hoods for the Klan  
There's a football hall -of-famer in the phonebook  
There's only trouble for an empty man

There's a barroom for every way the wind blows  
And temptation in every substance known  
You pull your own weight or else it pulls you  
It gets harder the older that you've grown

At home in the Harley ridden poolhalls  
I guess it's best they never had those kids  
Closer to the outlaws than the inlaws  
They said Jamie's heart don't break but I know it did  
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He will find some refuge in his music  
And the long shot that they will reconcile  
But the meantime is a mean time and he knows it  
Till the day he's back up on the pile

Now there's headlights heading from Ohio

And there's teardrops saltier than rain  
There's taillights to tell a tale still tender  
And a cold wind blowing through the night  
There's a cold wind blowing through the night

It's on the album "Jack's Crows."

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