

## Richfield whistle

My name is James Lucas  
I was born in Remington  
And paroled from Richfield Prison  
In the winter of '81  
I was free and on the streets of Indiana  
I'd just turned 32  
Same man with nowhere left to run  
No different, sir, than you

Me and Pat, we married in the spring  
Moved in with her Ma and Pa  
On our wedding night she sighed, "Jimmy,  
We can have anything we want."  
It was for those things we wanted  
We worked as hard as two people could  
But somehow in the end, mister,  
This didn't do no good

The prison got me drivin' delivery  
For Mr. Wills over in Ridgeside  
Well, I started loadin' a little extra  
And I'd sell it on the side  
I didn't like what I was doin'  
I didn't lose no sleep at night  
Mr. Wills, he was a rich man  
He'd been a rich man all his life

I was on the loadin' dock one evening  
When I heard the warehouse phone  
The dispatcher said, "Jim, they wanna see you  
In the front office 'fore you go home."  
All Mr. Wills said was, "I don't understand.  
I could send you back to Richfield fast.  
If you needed some extra money, Jim,  
All you had to do was ask."

Well, that night me and Pat, we had a fight  
I was out drivin' 'round in the rain  
With a fifth of gin and a half-tank of gas  
And ten dollars to my name  
I passed a deserted liquor store  
Way out on Highway One  
I turned and pulled into that parking lot  
Got out but I let my motor run

Well, I stood lookin' in the window  
For a long, long while  
When I walked in the man behind the register  
He looked at me and smiled  
"That's some weather we're havin' out there.  
Can I help you find somethin', friend?"  
I didn't answer, I just stood there  
Then I turned and went away

I don't know how long I sat in my driveway  
My shirt was covered in sweat  
The house was dark when I went in  
Pat was lyin' awake in bed  
She hit the light, I was standin' in the doorway  
She said, "I was worried, where you been so long?"  
I felt her arms around me  
She said, "Jimmy, I'm so glad you're home."

Richfield Prison stands on a high hill  
Where the county line runs out

And there's a whistle that blows every time a man comes in  
Or a man gets out  
At night we lay wrapped in each other's arms  
Listenin' to the rain  
I heard that Richfield whistle blowin'  
Just blowin' in my dreams