

CAMPFIRE
SONGS AND
HILLCOUNTRY
BALLADS

WORDS & CHORDS TO SONGS BY
FRANK HILL

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Friends and Neighbors —

For a number of years now, we have been sharing this Kerrville experience. I believe that those of you who have been to other Folk Festivals around the country will agree that there is a unique quality in the atmosphere that Rod and Nancy Lee have instilled in the spirit of Kerrville.

For myself, that spirit is one of inspiration. At the Ballad Tree and around the campfires I have found not only an enthusiastic reception for these songs, but also many of the original ideas for them. Largely, they are songs of my own personal dreams woven with the thread of old time country living when life, if not easier, was certainly less complicated.

Many of you have asked when I am going to put out an album. Well, I don't know. The music business today is one of high technology. Not so my songs. Besides which, everyone knows that technology is the most expensive way to go. Hopefully, however, your support through this effort will someday also make that dream possible.

Much obliged,

 Rod Hill

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AIN'T NO ROCK 'N' ROLL

by FRANK C. HILL
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1

^C Jez luv dem ol' Greezy & Asleep
Are the kind o' wheels that keep
On truckin' down the backroads of my ^{G7} mind
^C Commander's lost in space
Planet ^F Earth is losin' the race
And soon there won't be room for our kind ^C

Ain't no rock 'n' roll

At the Armadillo

World Headquarters of Texas music sound

Hardly nothin' left

But sweet dreams of Jerry Jeff

And ghosts of our Lost Gonzos haunting ground

You could not write them all

On the bricks of City Hall

The names of the pickers who played your favorite songs

They took the deepest part

Of my Lone Star Texas heart

And every Cosmic Cowboy knows that's wrong

But we had ten good strong years

Now there's nothin' left to fear

Makes no difference if you lose or if you win

Our time is yet to come

It won't matter where you're from

Together, we'll all be found in the ozone, again

CALL HIM A MAN by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

2

^G You can call him a cowboy, ^C sod-buster or plowboy
^G Any handle that fits when you work on the land
^G Cash crops 'n' cattle 'n' ^C homesteads 'n' ^D saddles
^G He's the ^G last of his kind, so just ^D call him a ^G man

In nineteen and seven when the range was still heaven
Grasses so deep and horizons so wide
A man built his dreams on his visions of springtime
A home in the valley for himself and his bride

^{Em} Through ^{Am} sunsets 'n' cactus 'n' ^{Am} lifetimes o' practice
^D He'd ride through the ^C pages of ^G time
^{Em} Rich in ^{Am} tradition with a poor man's condition
^D Lucky if he owns a ^C dime ^G

The years of depression left a blazing impression
River banks 'n' bankers both ran dry
The dust got all his dreams and the summer sun screams
You're too young to be old; too proud to wonder why

His pickup replaces dirt road ruts 'n' traces
Buck boards and singletree wagons
But he still keeps his horses, 'cause they help him o' course
Whenever he goes to braggin'

His autumn years find him all alone and behind him
Are the dreams that he'll never fulfill
But he always enjoys a beer with the boys
Their lies re-enforce each others' free will

His body is sun burnt; he's bawdy 'n' unlearned
His wisdom is that of the sage
He wears chaps on his legs, but his thoughts never beg
To undo the losses of age

His whoopie ti-yi-yo, it's a gettin' kind-a slow
As it blends with the wrinkles and the grey
But his visions of freedom, and the outlaws who cheat 'em
Are still clear as the crystals on his winter's day

With spirit unbroken, heard but unspoken
Like the winds that come from the cold
With smoke from ol' chimneys, 'n' shadows of memories
Blowin' south toward Old Mexico

So just call him a cowboy...

DIRGE

by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

3

Since Waylon 'n' Willie sang that song
It's so hard to get along
With the ways Hondo's town have become

If Hondo were alive
He could hardly recognize
Half the things that's lately goin' on

Oh, the tourists, they still come
Only God knows where they're from
Seekin' where they been told it's really at

They write upon the walls
Hardly no old signs left at all
And the new ones all say don't do this or that

Still, there ain't no one to blame
Mis Compadres, it's the same
Old bullshit that's always haunted us

Now, I must apologize
But I just can't keep my eyes
From tellin' my heart what to sing

I'm so sorry for you, Marge
Your heart is just as large
He should-a left the whole damn thing to you

Gonna find some other place
Maybe no one will know my face
But the dream that was Luckenbach is dead

DRIFTERS' FAREWELL by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

4

^E Driftin' down the road of life not knowin' your own mind ^A
^E Y' stumble down on some small town an' the people there are kind ^{B7}
^E They don't ask you where you're from, you're free to settle down ^A
But drifters ain't like normal folks, we need our own kind around ^{B7}

^E I'll drift on down to Buda ^A
^E I'll be there time after time ^{B7}
^E I'll drift on down to Buda ^A
When times are hard, I'll be here ^E
In Buda, on my mind ^{B7}

Situations of circumstance, relationships of fate and chance
Contemplate the miracle of our togetherness
It's somethin' more than just the human spirit; listen close,
maybe you can hear it
Human love is the next of kin to our holiness

Driftin' in an' driftin' out 'til you come to know what it's all about
But it ain't easy to define; look out babe, it'll rob you blind
'Cause freedom ain't the final word; no, you can't fly like a bird
And even birds must depend on the driftin' currents of the wind

As the river cuts its canyon and scars the face of earth
A man must needs abandon his state of home and birth
Though nothing is forsaken as the rapids flow downstream
The drifter's life is taken on a journey unforeseen

So here I stand with lifelong friends, before my very eyes
Some of them with babes in arms too young to realize
That life goes on just as it should, but I'd a-wishin' they could know
That big ol' house where life was good, and the Buda in my soul

You know it's sad, so shed a tear; what's real is real, as real as fear
An' drifters ain't the kind o' folks who cannot deal with how
they feel

So pack the deck an' pull up stakes; drifters make their own damn
breaks
Nobody ever promised you a pillow for your bed

But there'll still be days when our crazy ways 'll come a-rushin'
like a flood

'N' we'll gather round in some other town, 'cause there's Buda in
our blood

Cowboys, hippies, til the soil; this ol' guitar is vic'try's spoil
And what more could you ask than a song for your head.

FADED LOVE LETTER

by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

5

You wrote^B me a love letter
Promised^E you'd be mine forever
You even^B quoted certain reasons^{F#} why
Now your^B love for me has faded
Broken^E promises you stated
Are the^B reasons^{F#} why I sit alone^B 'n' cry

It's^B been a year or better
Since you wrote that faded^E love letter
Devlin', I still^B miss you every^{F#} day
Though my^B life goes on without you
I love^E every thing about you
And count^B the hours^{F#} 'til you come home to stay^B

Southwest o' Witchita Falls
Coyotes cry when the full moon calls
Early blue northerns near springtime will be mild
Roustabout, cowboy 'n' roughneck
Jack o' three trades 'n' love's a stacked deck
Ain't no jokers when the Queen o' Hearts is wild

Ridin' them high west Texas plains
Competin' with high flyin' jet planes
My freedom's not compatible with your success
Red River south to the Rio Grande
Open Range is where I'll take my stand
But in my dreams, you're the one I remember best

... and I'll count the stars 'til you come back again

GALVESTON SEAWALL BLUES

By FRANK C. HILL
© 1982

6

Lord, I woke up this mornin'
between a quarter and a half-past five
Said I woke up this mornin'
between a quarter and a half-past five
Feelin' so heavy, between a quarter and a half alive

Oh, my baby, she fix'd me coffee
but she didn't fix no sugar or no cream
Said my baby, she fix'd me coffee
but she didn't fix no sugar or no cream
Didn't even ask 'bout no eggs or no sausage
'cause my baby's name is Judy
an' you know that Judy, she's so Goddamn mean

Got them early in the mornin' Galveston Seawall blues
Got them early in the mornin'
walkin' on the boulevard Galveston Seawall blues
People there sure are funky
they won't even take no causeway dues

If you're born on that island
you're raised to treat strangers kind o' strange
Said if you're born on Galveston Island, oh
your Mama an' your Pappa an' your grand parents too
aunts n' uncles, brothers, sisters, nieces an'
all your nephews
Gonna raise you right, boy, teach you how to
treat them strangers an' other mainlanders kind o' strange
People there act like they don't want you,
treat you like the hurricane wind an' rains

Lord, I went down to Galveston, worked on Mr. Moody's farm
Said I went down to Galveston, worked on Mr. Moody's farm
I used to take care of all the horses
in his brand new 22 story white barn

Mr. Moody was a rich man, he tried to buy the Gulf Of Mexico
Mr. Moody was a rich man, he tried to buy the Gulf Of Mexico
But they didn't let him do it, so instead he built the seawall
'Cause he didn't like the crabs and the fishes and them
gentle southeast sea breezes made the tides and the waves
do that mean ol' rock n' roll.

So don't you cross that causeway if you're lookin' for a place to stay
Don't you cross that high causeway bridge comin' south on
number 45 highway out o' Houston, Texas if you've
lookin' for a place to find a pretty girl, settle down,
get a steady job, maybe raise a couple kids n' stay
'Cause you're gonna wake up early in the mornin' walkin' on
the boulevard baby jus' waitin' for the break o' day

Lord I got em, got them early in the mornin' ...

Sea breeze blowin', humidity's growin'
Fish won't bite, land lord raised the rent
Out of site.

GOIN' TO SISTERDALE by FRANK C. HILL ©1982

7

^G
There's a catfish swimmin' on the Guadalupe
And I'm fishin' 'round the bend^D
If I don't catch him, you can bet your boots
I'm goin' fishin' again^G

^G
Goin' on down to the hill country
Got the world by the tail^D
Goin' on home to see my babe
I'm goin' to Sisterdale^G

Ol' tom turkey just a-standin' in the field
Contemplatin' the weather
If he don't watch out, my new straw hat's
Gonna get a brand new turkey tail feather

There's an ol' cowpoke, he's sore n' broke
He ain't got no money
But he'll mosey on down to the Sisterdale Store
Try an' find hisself a honey

Eat my breakfast in Comfort town
Drink my whiskey in Kendalia
Goin' down the road, maybe 90 miles an hour
N' there ain't nobody to jail ya

GRANDDADDY'S BIBLE by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

8

^E There's a book on the shelf gatherin' dust
^A Been so wrapped-up in myself, I never ^E read it enough
^A Though I've known every page from a young and tender age
When I ^{B7} sat on Granddad's knee and he ^A read those stories to me ^{B7} ^E

^E Now I'm goin' back to my Granddaddy's Bible
^A Gonna start a brand new old time Christian revival
^A Gonna live my life by God's Holy Word
Sweet ^{B7} Jesus, won't you help me
^A This sinner's fin'ly ^{B7} heard ^E

On page number three is my family tree
All those rakes 'n' saints 'n' sinners who procreated me
Granddad always told me how each one had been saved
By the Holy Ghost of Jesus and the narrow path he paved

When I met my nemesis, I knew that my salvation
Was between the book of Genesis and the
Book of Revelation

Abraham and Moses, lead me to that Promised Land
Of milk 'n' honey 'n' roses; Jesus take my hand

HEAVY LOAD by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

^{Cm} I don't know where you are tonight
^F I don't know if you are alright
^{Dm} And that's a heavy load on my mind ^C ^G * ^G

9

^{Cm} You walked into my life, said you need to have a friend ^F
^{Dm} I thought it'd be alright, it don't matter where you been ^C ^G * ^G
^{Cm} 'N' that simple magic touch of acceptance from the start ^F
^{Dm} Has come to mean so much
^C In the mem'ry that my heart keeps of you ^G * ^G
^{Dm} In the mem'ry that my heart keeps of you ^C ^G * ^G

^C Love is so impossible, I can't be responsible ^G
^{Dm} For the ways that you feel about me ^C ^G * ^G
^C But if we'll give it time enough
^G Perhaps it won't be quite so rough
^{Dm} To find a place where life will let our love be free ^C ^G *
^{Dm} To find a place where life will let our love be free ^C ^G * ^G

Freedom's such a holy word, I can't be always ridin' herd
On those who only seek security

Some things a man can't compromise

My soul, my pride 'n' your lovin' eyes 'n'

These times that separate you from me (2)



I once heard a wise man say life is like a baseball game
I guess you are the shortstop in my all-time hall of fame
If I were a carpenter or a mason from old time
I'd put my hero face on
And all the bells would chime just for you (2)

HIGH SHERIFF OF LUCKENBACH

by FRANK C. HILL
© 1982

The ^EHigh Sheriff Of Luckenbach, she's lookin' back at me ^{E7} 10
The ^AHigh Sheriff Of Luckenbach, she's lookin' back at me ^E
The High Sheriff Of Luckenbach, she's lookin' back at me
And I'm a ^{B7}lookin' just as guilty as I can ^Ebe

From Luckenbach south to Sisterdale is 16 lonely miles (3)
Along each mile, I'm thinkin' all about my trail

From Luckenbach north to Fredricksberg
is a mighty pretty trail (3)
At the end of that trail is the Fredricksberg jail

From Luckenbach east to Blanco town
the hills go up an' down (3)
And my head, oh it's spinnin' 'round and 'round

So I'm headed west from Luckenbach
for them high west Texas plains (3)
Can't go back 'n' wear that ball 'n' chain

HOBOS DON'T RIDE FREIGHT TRAINS, ANYMORE by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

11

The ^E Orange Blossom Special no longer roars
^{E7} Down the ^A Seaboard Line to Miami's shores
^E Hobos don't ride freight trains any more ^{B7}
The ^E Wabash Cannonball is gone
There ain't nothin' left but that sad ol' song ^{E7} ^A
^E Hobos don't ride freight trains any more ^{B7} ^E

Out on Interstate 10 there's a panhandler thumbin'
Wishin' for the days when he was railroad bummin'
To catch an empty boxcar comin' 'round the curve
He rode the L & N, Southern, and the Santa Fe
But you can't hop a freight on the freeway today
An' this ol' man is losin' all his nerve

Singin' that ol' song 'bout Hobo Billy
While the rain drives hard and the wind blows chilly
Looks like he's gonna have to sleep out on the road
But now he hears that lonesome whistle blow
See's them drivers churnin' and the headlight's glow
And that Old Conductor takes him from the cold

Daddy Claxton and Casey Jones
Wrap a blanket 'round the hobo's bones
Takin' that train to the mountain they gotta climb
Ain't no side tracks for this mainliner
'Cause they come back for that ol' timer
An' pull into the station night on time

Way out west in an old ghost town
There's a water tank, but it's all broke down
Ain't no yodellin' brakeman hangin' 'round
A forgotten ol' baggage cart is waitin'
For yesterday's mail down by the station
W' hobo's don't ride freight trains anymore

No, no, no
Hobos don't ride freight trains anymore

HUS'LIN'

by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

12

^E
Eight ball in the side pocket

Three rails on the bank shot ^{B7}

^E
Cue stick an' I'm gonna chalk it

^G ^A ^{Bb} ^C ^E
Break an' run if I get hot

^A ^G
Play it straight or play it eight

^{F#m} ^D
Nine ball or rotation

^G ^A
Hustle up a buck if I get lucky

^{Bb} ^B ^C ^B ^E
With my karoms 'n' combinations

Three dollars in my jeans pocket

I'll spend it likely as not

On a beer and a pool table

Shootin' stripes an' drillin' spots

Hustle up a sucker and suck him dry

Make him know the reason why

I gotta have everything he owns

If you don't win, you'll be diggin' bones

LASH LA RUE GOT BUSTED

by FRANK C. HILL
© 1982

^C Lash La Rue got busted by the ^F Highway Patrol ^C
 Cracked his whip an' he shot from the hip
 But he ^D couldn't keep it under control ^{G7}
 When they searched his car, they found ^C pot ^{C7}
 Said, "Lash, you n' your stash been caught!" ^F ^{F7}
 An' that's how ^C Lash La Rue got busted by the ^{G7} Highway Patrol ^C

13

Lash La Rue was an ol' time cowboy hero o' mine
 I used to watch him in the picture show
 Back when it only cost a dime
 With Tex n' Gene n' The Cisco Kid
 I used to get off on the things they did
 Before Lash La Rue got busted by the Highway Patrol

Lash La Rue said to the judge, "Please hear my alibi."
 "Your Honor, I don't smoke marijuana;
 "I've never even been high!"
 "But, I picked up a hitchhiker on the road;"
 "Never asked her bag, never checked her load."
 "And that's why Lash La Rue got busted by the Highway Patrol!"

Last Chance Sue was a-talkin' to herself as she hung out her thumb
 She was scared ol' Lash would flash
 But leavin' that stash was dumb
 The ol' fart's eyes got wet n' blinky
 But the trip with the whip was too damn kinky
 So Lash La Rue got busted by the Highway Patrol

When ^{D9} Lash La Rue got busted, he sort o' lost control ^{F#m}
 His ^D pride no longer trusted, he ^{**} stared into his ^B soul
 Was ^C it marijuana that almost did him in? ^F ^{F7}
 Or did he only wanna get his kicks again? ^{D9} ^{C7} ^{D9} ^G ^{G7} ^C



* slide *



Lash La Rue's last movie was in 1946
The black hat he wore was groovy
But his horse didn't do tricks
With his trusty side-kick, Fuzzy St. John
They could really get it on
Chasin' bad guys to the settin' sun
Like Buster Crabbe an' Tom Mix

Yeah, Lash La Rue got busted, but the judge let him go
An Last Chance Sue hitched another ride
With 2 bikers down to Mexico
When they set him free, he showed 'em trick-shots
Made that bullwhip crack an' pop
After Lash La Rue got busted by the Highway Patrol

Lash La Rue Got Busted

by FRANK C. HILL
© 1982

LEGACY

by FRANK C. HILL ©1982

14

^G
My Granddaddy was a cowboy
^{Am}
He rode that western range
^C
Drove cattle north on the Chisholm Trail
^D 'Til the comin' of the trains ^G
Fenced in the plains and the prairies
^{Am}
'N' took the land away from men
^C
Now there's freeways, towns, 'n' cities
^D Everywhere he's been ^G

He was born in Hannibal, Missouri
In 1849
Grew up on the Mississippi River
In them compromisin' times
Fought for the South in the Civil War
In the years o' his early teens
Then blew that steamboat whistle
Right on down to New Orleans

I heard tales o' nights in jail
He was a rounder in those days
'N' it's been said that a man is dead
'Cause o' his rough 'n' rowdy ways
So he lit out west for Texas
T' try an' find hisself that claim
But he never would-a made it if he hadn't got a stake
From Frank 'n' Jesse James

Hooked-up with them longhorn ranchers
Punchin' cattle for his keep
Bustin' ponies 'n' breakin' phonies
Never losin' a wink o' sleep
Rode from Texas clear to ol' Cheyenne
'Least that's how the story goes
Said since Custer fell, zint' nothin' for a man
'Cept t' plow them furrowed rows

He was already old when I come along
In the deep years of depression
But the songs that he sang and the stories he told
Etched lifelines of impression
Showed me that rifle that he won in Dodge
An' made me a rubber gun
He'd go vis'tin' some ol' Indian lodge
While I played with Lonewolf's grandson

We'd ride all day 'n' camp all night
Catch a big catfish for breakfast
He'd tell me 'bout them Cajun Queens down in New Orleans
Who used to get him arrested
He played dominoes 'n' picked guitar
Pitched horseshoes 'n' nearly always won
But sometimes the look in his eye asked why
Is everyone on the run?

'Course he's been gone a long time now
Since the summer I was 'leven
One day it jus' come his time, almost ninety-nine
In 1947
W' through the years as I recollect
All the memories and the dreams
I gotta follow that trail where a man must fail
With his high-falootin' schemes

My Granddaddy was a cowboy
He always thought he'd win
Now there's freeways town's 'n' cities
Everywhere he's been

Legacy by FRANK C. HILL
© 1982

light rain 'n' blue

by FRANK C. Hill © 1982

15

^D
light rain's a-fallin'
here i am ^{A7} all alone
'n' ^G callin' out your name in the ^D night
my mind keeps a-crawlin'
back to the ^{A7} time when you called me darlin'
in the ^G game of love
that you used to ^D play

with my ^G heart 'n' soul i promised
all those things ^D i thought would last
^{E7} until the end of ^{A7} time
but from the ^G start you never wanted
all the ^D love that i could promise
now there's ^{A7} nothin' that you miss
'n' i'm ^G left here alone with this
^D
light rain a-fallin'
^{A7} callin' out your ^G name
in the ^D night

OLD BANDIT TIME

by Judy A. Hill ©1982

16

G7 C C7
Old time is a bandit
F
Time is a thief
C Am
Of the years, he will rob you
G7
And your moments, he'll cheat
C C7
Stop the world on its axis
F
Just for one special smile
C Am G7
For the glance of a lover
C G7
On the laugh of a child

If I had a genie
In a lantern of gold
I would not ask for pleasure
Nor for fortune untold
Please don't give me power
Or the sweet gift of rhyme
If you'll grant me three wishes
Make each one of them time

Please Mom, tell me a story
Not now - go play with your friends
I must mind our business
So that we can meet ends
When the long road is ending
And the day's work is done
Time to rock-a-bye baby
Turn around and he's gone

Beauty's so fleeting
And love is so rare
Twixt the crib and the coffin
There's no moment to spare
So let's savor the living
And let each hour shine
To glow as a beacon
For that old rascal, time

PICKIN' FOR PLAIN FOLKS

by FRANK C. HILL ©1982

^C
Somebody's gotta pick for the plain folks
^F
On banjo or guitar^C

17

Somebody's gotta pick for the plain folks
^D
So y'all'll know you're the star^{G7}

An' we don't need no fancy melody
^F
Hot licks don't make the song^C

If somebody will pick for the plain folks
^{G7}
Everybody can sing along^C

Life is like a circle
An' there's two sides to every line
If you ain't nothin' but jus' plain folks
You're welcome inside o' mine
I don't give a damn 'bout the color of a man
Your politics or the length o' your hair
It's your heart n' your ear n' your voice risin' clear
That puts music in the air

Everybody enjoys a festival
Of music, crafts and fun
And Texas is the original
Home of the sun of a gun
So break out the fiddles an' bar-b-que
N' your big hat for shade from the sun
The opening act has been introduced
And the music has just begun

Oh, there'll be plenty of brand new tunes
Whether rain or a bright silver moon
An ice cold beer or a coffee cup
When you wake up about noon
Armadillos n' red necks
As we sway to and fro
Generations of Texas gathered
For a family show

So come on down to Kerrville
The last weekend in May
We'll gather 'round the old campground
And pick 'til the break of day
And it's a great big thanks to Rod and Nancy Lee
And we'll remember Antler Dave
Down on Quiet Valley Ranch
On Memorial Day

PLUMB 'N' LEVEL by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

^G
When you go truckin' with a gambler
Don't you fret about the blues
'Cause you know that takin' chances
Means that ^{Em} maybe you won't lose
This time you might get lucky
An' draw those even odds
A fifty-fifty proposition
In your dealin's with the ^D gods

18

The open road is a devil
And he beckons to my soul
Babe, I'll keep it plumb 'n' level
In my ^{Am} quest for life and gold
Y' know that I can't settle down
With a single row to hoe
'Cause that open road keeps callin'
And, babe I gotta go

The odds on findin' happiness
Fall short of security
Middle roads and middle classes
Would break a rake like me
So I'll keep my options open
On a life that's wild and free
And you can bet your bottom dollar
On the love I hold for thee

They say a fool and his money
Are soon in sep'rate hands
But some people can't stop running
From that hour glass that stands
Between their chance for livin'
And that last grim reapers grin
So, babe I'm only givin' you
The reasons I gotta win

The odds on findin' emptiness
Run high on lonely nights
All the riddles and the mysteries
Won't make it wrong or right
I could not ask for more than this
I'm singing and I'm free
And I'd bet my bottom dollar
On the love you hold for me

Plumb 'N' Level by FRANK C. HILL
©1982

RATTLESNAKE

by Frank C. Hill
© 1982

^E
There's a Rattlesnake slippin' through the weeds and the grass

Gonna coil up 'n' strike 'n' bite you in the ^{E7} ass

^A
Fill you full o' poison 'n' you're gonna die

^{B7}
I won't even miss you or kiss you good-bye ^{E7}

^A
Rattlesnake, you done struck agzin

^E
In the game o' love you play let's pretend

^{B7}
Coil your arms around me and you strike so fast

Then go slippin' and a-slidin' through the weeds and the grass ^E

I ain't nothin' but an armadillo

None too bright 'n' I'm kind-a slow

Pretty ol' fashioned like a Stauley steamer

Runnin' scared 'n' soundin' like a vacuum cleaner

Rattlesnake, you leave me alone

You got a reputation, I can't take you home

Diamonds flashin' all over your back

But the only place you want me is in the sack

I need lots o' lovin' babe but not from you

A tiger or a teddy bear will do

Smothered to death or eaten alive

Just like honey from the ol' bee hive

Rattlesnake, don't you wiggle your tail

Your kind o' poisons gonna land me in jail

Everytime you speak, I see the fork in your tongue

And you wouldn't give a damn if I got hung

SATURDAY MORNIN' CARTOONS

by FRANK C. HILL
AND
BILLY TALBOT
© 1982

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^C
I love the ^{G?}Saturday mornin' cartoons^C
They c'm-on ^Fbright 'n' early until noon^C
Richie Rich 'n' all his money
The Roadrunner^C and Bugs Bunny
I love the ^{G?}Saturday mornin' cartoons^C

Every channel on network TV
Shows Saturday mornin' cartoons for you and for me
Flintstones, Popeye, 'n' Scooby Doo
Daffy Duck 'n' Pepe Le Pew
I love the Saturday mornin' cartoons

^F
Saturday mornin' cartoons are lots o' fun^C
If you're old at four or young at forty-one^C
Y' get up ^Fbright 'n' early^C
Eat Fruit Loops with Laverne 'n' Shirley
I love the ^{G?}Saturday mornin' cartoons^C

It's off to school Monday through Friday
But Saturday mornin' is my day
For the Superfriends and Superman
The Lone Ranger, Tonto, and Tarzan
I love the Saturday mornin' cartoons

The Saturday sports all begin at noon
And it's another week 'til I can watch cartoons
Spiderman 'n' Tom 'n' Jerry
Sylvester, Granny 'n' her canary
'Cause I love the Saturday mornin' cartoons

SATURDAY NIGHT IN AUSTIN

by FRANK C. HILL
©1982

^C Every night is Saturday night in ^F Austin
^C Kickers and the pickers packin' all the ^{G7} bars
^C Women are all so pretty down in ^F Austin
^C N' every cosmic ^{G7} cowboy is a ^C star

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^G The busboys don't speak English
^F In the Mexican ^C cafes
But you don't have to be distinguished
Just to ^D dance the night ^{G7} away
And the ^C night life is the sweetest down in ^F Austin
That's why I dream of ^{G7} Texas every ^C day

The music is the hottest in Austin
That swingin' Texas two-step or ethnic new wave
N' the homegrown is the greenest down in Austin
There's a new crop 'cross the river almost everyday

STUCKEY'S

by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

I'm the kind o' guy who rambles the freeways of the land
Wherever I goes I gambles, I'm a ramblin' gamblin' man
I don't spend my money on wine, women or song
I eats cheap an' I sleeps in my jeep
When the mornin' comes, I'm gone

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So honey, don't get your hopes up too high
I don't really think that I'm your kind o' guy, and besides
You look an' awful like my first wife
'N' you're just another Stuckey's
On the freeway of my life

Now, Stuckey's never promised no culinary delight
The eggs 're old, the bacon's cold, 'n' the coffee was made
last night
Burgers taste like cardboard, milkshakes 're mighty thin
I usually lose when I eat or I snooze
But when I gambles, I always win

It's Interstate 40 to Vegas from that Font Worth, Texas town
Been savin' up my wages, gotta lay my money down
I don't need no Lady Luck to fill that inside straight
I may be dumb, half a bubble off plumb
But I'll leave you at the gate

You can't trust your car to the man who wears the star
'N' you can't trust your body to a girl y' just met in a bar
Here's one more piece of friendly advice I'll leave before
I part
You been told, to keep the beer real cold
Put it next to my first wife's hezat

^G
You're just another Stuckey's
You're just another McDonald's, Jack In The Box
You're just another Exxon, Nixon, election,
Ahyatolla, I don't know, I told you so, Mexico...
Mexico?
Why you're just another condominium
You're just another parkin' lot
You're just another shoppin' mall, Ma Bell, Taco Bell,
what the hell
You're just another road side stand
You're just another one night stand
You're just another Stuckey's
^G
You're just another Stuckey's on the ^Dfreeway of my ^Glife

Stuckey's by FRANK C. HILL
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SWEET 'N' MELLOW

by FRANK C. HILL ©1982

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^DLaid back 'n' feelin' mellow
^GBlue skies up above
^DHigh 'n' wide o'er the meadow
^{E7}With the one I love ^{A7}
^GGot no plans, no responsibility ^D
^{A7}Goin' it alone, workin' to keep it free ^D
^DGettin' back to the country, livin' slow ^D
^{A7}Sweet 'n' mellow feelin' down in my soul ^G ^D

Red sunsets, glowin' yellow
Colors of my dreams
Down beside the weeping willow
Shadows all in greens
Warm and real are the good times we have found
Takin' it easy, both feet on the ground

Golden days 'n' country livin'
Keep me goin' strong
No black clouds, no evil sinnin'
I know I can't go wrong
Down to earth, all my ramblin' days are o'er
It ain't perfect, but you know it's peaceful, Lord

TEXAS IN THE SPRINGTIME

by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

^C
It's Texas in the springtime

^F
Days are warm 'n' nights 're cool

^F ^C ^{Am}
I'm in love 'n' love's a fool

^F ^G ^C
Now I can't get you off of my mind

Relationships ain't worth a dime

I never meant to make you cry

I paid the rent 'n' you said good bye

Now I can't get you off of my mind

^G
It ain't a manly thing to see

^F
What this broken love has done to me

^D ^{F#m} ^{Dm}
I guess it's 'cause you never were unkind

^C ^F ^G ^C
That keeps you hangin' 'round inside my mind

It's Texas in the springtime

Bluebonnets all in bloom

Open range ain't got room

For this sorrow hangin' 'round inside my mind

THIS CITY LIVIN'

by FRANK C. HILL ©1982

You can't put your roots down in condos 'n' concrete bricks 25
'N' you can't bet your boots on asphalt 'n' porno flicks
'N' you can't go skinny dippin' in polluted lakes 'n' streams
'N' you can't make a dollar on some politicians schemes
You can't get education chasin' some Ph.D.
'N' you can't find salvation watchin' Jesus on TV
'N' you can't hear country music in Nashville, Tennessee
'N' there ain't no satisfaction comin' from Washington, D.C.

The hens don't lay for Kentucky Fried like they laid in ol'
y' lost your guts 'n' y' lost your pride 'n' y' ain't got shit
for brains
'N' you can't ride the freeway like you can ride the range
'N' this city livin' sucks hind tit; 'n' all the rules 're strange

y' drink lite beer 'n' lo-cal pop, but still you're gainin' weight
Your airline flights 're all non-stop, but y' know you're
runnin' late
'N' you complain that the passenger trains don't stop here anymore
While your satellites approach the speed o' light, but you still
don't know what for

The carpenters an' the roofin' crews protect you from the rain
While you complain that the interest rate 're drivin' you insane
Your neighborhoods have gone to pot 'n' freed your childrens'
brains
But they can't relate to their fate without your fear 'n' pain.

The business man, he cheats 'n' lies; nobody is surprised
Like Pavlov's dog, you will accept the fruits of enterprise
Y' traded-in everything you own on Ronald Reagan's lies
Pay dollar tips for the poet's song, but you won't be deputized

The lawyers and the bureaucrats, they really got it made
A rule for ev'ry this 'n' that, and a backyard full o' shade
The bankers and the landlords own ev'ry dime you've paid
Still, you campaign 'n' cast your vote like trombones on parade

TICK PICKIN' TIME IN TEXAS

by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

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When it's tick pickin' time in Texas^{G7}

Ticks pickin' all over me^C

One even had the gall^{G7}

To bite the ball o' my foot^F

An' that's an awful hard place to scratch^C

They'll crawl up the leg o' your blue jeans

'N' bite you on the cheek

They'll nest in your hair

Raise a family there

An' leave you with the heartbreak of psoriasis

Yippee ti yi ticky^C

Yippee ti yo picky^F

Pickin' them ticks off of me^C

Two got in my baby's brassiere

Put the bite on my love life

So I sprinkled her bust

With Sevin Dust

Now everything's back to normal

You say the only good tick's a dead one

But it ain't necessarily so

'Cause I got a notion

Stock in Calamine Lotion's

Gonna put them little suckers to work for me

TRUCK DRIVIN' SON by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

Lord, I z^Gin't no brakeman, I don't ride no trains^{G?}
I z^Cin't no brakeman, I don't ride no trains^G
But ev'ry mile I drive this semi
There's a yodellin' in my brains^D

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My Granddaddy sang them mule skinner's blues
My Daddy paid railroad engineers' dues
They hauled freight cross the forty-eight
In the days before them freeway crews

(Lord, y'know that makes)
me a truck drivin' son of a railroad man
I'm a truck drivin' son, son of a railroad man
Haulin' that freight down the interstate
In a forty foot twenty ton van

Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas
Sweet Dallas Texas, Oklahoma
Colorado and Utah
Nevada, California, baby I've seen them all

Well, I drive 90 when the limit is 55
I drive 90 miles an hour, speed limit's just 55
Out runnin' that ol' Smokey Bear
Lord, I jus' can't take his jive

I pulled out o' Frisco, headin' down that interstate
(Highway, hey babe, y' goin' my way?)
Said I pulled out o' Frisco, headin' down that interstate
(Number 5, number 8, number 10 'n' home agoin)
I'm goin' home to Georgia, baby I won't be late.

Don't y' call me on your CB if y' got no freight t' haul
Don't y' call me on your CB radio if y' got no freight t' haul
'Cause I'm a high-ballin' red neck trucker
And I sure do hate to stall

YOU TAKE A NICKLE

by FRANK C. HILL © 1982

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^C
My Granddaddy taught me all about life
^F
And how to handle the trouble and strife
^G
Said you can pretty much tell 'bout what a man knows
^F ^G ^C
By the way he handles his dominoes
He taught me to shuffle them bones face-down
So you don't know what you're drawin' this round
'N' all your hustle don't make a damn
You gotta win or lose by the play o' your hand

You take a nickle, I'll take a dime
My down's comin' up next time
You play the spinner, I'll be the winner
In this game of dominoes

Now, your double-five gets you ten to begin
But my blank-five makes it even again
The double-blank makes you look like a winner
But my five-four starts to cut-off the spinner

I've got the blank-six, five-six in my hand
'N' you gotta try 'n' score if you can
But it's gonna be increasingly hard
'Cause you gotta keep goin' to that ol' bone yard

You were thirty-five ahead when I dominoed
But my Granddaddy taught me somethin' you never knowed
Said don't try to be the fastest gun in the west
Jus' hang-in 'n' out-last 'em 'n' you'll be the best

'N' when I laid that last bone down
Why the spots in your hand weighed forty pounds
Double-six, double-four, six-four 'n' ten more
Count 'em all up 'n' write down my score