

# San Francisco Mabel Joy

Joan Baez

Lord his Daddy was an honest man  
Just a red dirt Georgia farmer  
And his momma lived her short life  
Having kids and baling hay  
He had fifteen years  
And he ached inside to wander  
So he jumped a freight at Waycross  
And wound up in LA

The cold nights had no pity  
On that Waycross, Georgia farm boy  
Most days he went hungry  
And then the summer came  
He met a girl known on the strip  
As San Francisco's Mabel Joy  
Destitution's child, born of an LA  
Street called "Shame"

Growing up came quietly  
In the arms of Mabel Joy  
Laughter found their mornings  
Brought a meaning to his life  
And the night before she left  
Sleep came and left that Waycross, country boy  
With dreams of Georgia cotton  
And a California wife

Sunday morning found him standing  
'neath the red light at her door  
When a right cross sent him reeling  
Put him face down on the floor  
And in place of his Mabel Joy  
He found a merchant mad marine  
Who growled, "Your Georgia neck is red  
But Sonny you're still green"

He turned twenty-one  
In a grey rock federal prison  
The old judge had no mercy  
On that Waycross, country boy  
Staring at those four grey walls  
In silence he would listen  
To the midnight freight he knew would take him  
Back to Mabel Joy

Sunday morning found him lying  
'neath the red light at her door  
With a bullet in his side  
He cried "Have you seen Mabel Joy!"  
"Stunned and shaken someone said  
Son, she don't live here no more  
No, she left this house four years today  
They say she's looking for...  
Some Georgia farm boy