

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Harvey Logan

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On one Saturday evenin', just around the hour of two
Harvey Logan and his partner was playing a game of pool
Oh my babe, my honey babe.

They was playin' for money and the money wouldn't go right
And that's when old Harvey Logan got into a fight
Oh my babe, my honey babe.

The police heard the racket and the billets they did break
Harvey Logan gave 'em a contest with a smokin' .38
Oh...

They took him down to Knoxville and they locked him in the jail
Because he was a stranger, no one would go his bail

Put the guards before him and marched him down the stairs
Said, "All I want in this wide world is the jailers big fine mare."

"Harvey, now Harvey, you know you're doing me wrong."
Says, "Hush up your crying boy, and put that saddle on."

He rode across the bridge an' he rode down through the gate
He said, "I'd better be making time, the night is growing late."

He rode across the bridge and he looked up at the sky
He said, "I'd better be making time, the night is drawin' nigh."

He rode down the lane and he rode right through the gate
He said, "Good-bye old Tennessee, I'm heading for another state."

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Laws E21

From Lomax, Our Singing Country

Collected from Jimmie Morris of Hazard, KY in 1937

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