

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### Twenty-One Years

Twenty-One Years  
(Bob Miller)

The judge says, "Stand up, boy, and dry up your tears,  
You're sentenced to Nashville for twenty-one years."  
So dry up your eyes, babe, and say you'll be mine,  
For twenty-one years, babe, is a mighty long time.

I hear the train whistling, it'll be here on time,  
To take me to Nashville to serve out my time;  
The steam from the whistle, the smoke from the stack,  
I know you'll be true blue, until I get back.

Go the governor, upon your sweet soul,  
If you can't get a pardon, try to get a parole;  
If I had the governor where the governor's got me  
Before Tuesday morning the governor'd be free.

Six months have gone by, babe, I wish I was dead  
This dirty old jailhouse, the floor for a bed;  
It's raining, it's hailing, stars give me no light  
Darlin', please tell me why you never write.

I've counted the days, babe, I've counted the nights  
I've counted the footsteps, I've counted the lights;  
I've counted the minutes, I've counted the stars,  
I've counted a million of these prison bars.

I've counted on you, babe, to get me a break  
I guess you've forgot, babe, I'm here for your sake  
You know who is guilty, you know it too well  
But I'll rot in this jailhouse before I will tell.

Come all you young fellows, with a heart brave and true  
Don't believe any woman, you're doomed if you do;  
Don't trust any woman, no matter what kind,  
For twenty-one years, boys, is a mighty long time.

From Ozark Folksongs, Randolph  
Collected from Lillian Short, MO 1942

Composed by Bob Miller in 1930, this was much-recorded (Miller,  
McFarland & Gardner, Renfro Valley Boys, Robertson, Puckett,

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Robison, Roberts, Luther)

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