

# San Francisco Mabel Joy

## John Denver

His daddy was a simple man, just a red dirt Georgia farmer  
And his momma spent her young life havin kids and balin hay  
He had fifteen years and an ache inside to wander  
So he hopped a freight in Waycross and wound up in L.A. Lord, the cold nights had no pity on a Waycross,  
Georgia farm boy  
Most days he went hungry, then the summer came  
He met a girl known on the strip as San Franciscos Mabel Joy  
Destitutions child born of an L.A. street called, Shame Growin up came quietly in the arms of Mabel Joy  
Laughter found their mornings brought meaning to his life  
Yes, the night before she left  
Sleep came and left that Waycross, Georgia boy  
With dreams of Georgia cotton and a California wife Sunday morning found him standin neath the red light at  
her door  
When a right cross sent him reelin, put him face down on the floor  
In place of Mabel Joy he found a merchant mad marine  
Who growled, Your Georgia neck is red but sonny, youre still green He turned twenty-one in a gray rock federal  
prison  
The old judge had no mercy for a Waycross, Georgia boy  
Starin at those four gray walls in silence he would listen  
To that midnight freight he knew would take him back to Mabel Joy Sunday mornin found him standin 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, Why, shes not here no more  
She left this house four years today  
They say shes lookin for some Georgia farm boy"

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>