Trudy

The Cleftones

Call up Trudy on the telephone Send a letter in the mail Tell her, I'm hung up in Dallas And they won't let me outta this jail And if she asks you how I'm fairing Tell her, I'm just about to lose my mind Worried about old Johnny Lee Walker And the girl I left behindNow Johnny Lee Walker was a card mechanic Had a hand for trouble and a eye for cash Luckiest man in Dallas County He had a gold watch chain and a black mustacheAnd he loved his whiskey and he loved his women Drove a big long Cadillac limousine Kept a big fine fancy townhouse in Dallas And a hotel suite in New OrleansCarried a switchblade knife in his left hip pocket And a 44 hog leg up under his coat Cut you down in a New York minute If he catch you cheating that was all she wroteSo call up Trudy on the telephone Send her a letter in the mail Tell her, I'm hung up in Dallas And they won't let me outta this jail If she asks you how I'm fairing Tell her, I'm just about to lose my mind Worried about old Johnny Lee Walker And the girl I left behindI just got to town last Friday evening Sure as hell didn't mean to stay I was on my way back to Louisiana Had a powerful thirst and six months payI met a peroxide blonde in a bar on D-ville I was flying high and feeling mean Poured down a bottle and a half of red eye I dropped 35 dollars in the slot machineAnd the boys in the back was dealing 7 card I set down and won me a 110 I was raking in chips like Grant took Richmond Till big Johnny Lee come a strolling inHe ripped off the bar like a 707 Pretty soon he done won all of my bread I accused him of cheating he reached for a pistol I grabbed a chair and went upside of his headThen I took off a running like a motorcycle Heard the bullets whining and sirens wail But it took half the cops in Dallas County Just to put one coon ass boy in jailSo call up Trudy on the telephone

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