

# Ballad Of A Deadman

Steve Jansen

Oh honey take me out I'm a deadman  
Oh baby bake me something sweet  
Oh honey take me out I'm a deadman  
Oh baby give me bread to eat There are places in the damp Northwest where  
The bodies lie down head to feet  
There were losses in the California sunshine  
Tell you stories that you can't repeat In the winter when the valley's flooded  
Those were times where the rooms were cheap  
The summer dirt lines the corner's of your pockets  
I'm still buried there ten feet deep Papa don't place this curse on me  
Heaven knows I can't use it  
Papa don't place this stone on me  
Mama there's no future in it  
We travel on the back roads lightly  
Through Castle City and through the hills beyond  
Me and Joan on the Sacramento  
Me and Joan this is where we're from Oh honey take me out I'm a deadman  
Oh baby bake me something sweet  
Oh honey take me out I'm a deadman  
Oh baby give me bread to eat Papa don't place this curse on me  
Heaven knows I can't use it  
Papa don't place this curse on me  
Mama there's no future in it Oh honey take me out I'm a deadman  
Oh baby bake me something sweet  
Oh honey take me out I'm a deadman  
Oh baby give me bread to eat  
Oh honey where's the colours of the springtime?  
The pale green of an organdy dress  
Her shadow grows in the California sunshine  
But nothing else in the south south-west  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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