

# Rebecca DeVille

## Mason Jennings

Last night the willows stopped weeping  
And everything sat hushed and still  
While my body lay sleeping  
I dreamt of Rebecca Deville Now, I wonder if she was a real girl  
Did she die when I woke  
Well, I'll sleep straight through to tomorrow  
And look for her till I go broke I found myself by the highway  
That I ride in all my dreams  
I met her while I was hitch-hiking  
From England to New Orleans She rode shotgun but stayed facing me  
And I laid down in the back  
I fell in love somewhere near Illinois  
She said, she loved me right back Anybody, has anybody seen my little girl around?  
I last saw her in New Orleans  
I can't find her now I stepped into the nearest twilight bar  
To ask if anyone knew  
The whereabouts of my Rebecca Deville  
The bartender said that he knew He said that just a few weeks ago  
She hitched a ride out west  
With a man who said he'd show her the big time  
Said, he would show her the best But he stopped the car, two miles down the road  
And he put a gun to her head  
Raped her of all that she ever had  
Rebecca was found, she was dead Anybody, has anybody seen my little girl around  
I last saw her in New Orleans  
I can't find her now Anybody, has anybody seen my little girl around  
I last saw her in New Orleans  
I can't find her now No, it doesn't even begin  
To describe the shape that I am in  
But you can dream in both directions  
Bring the past back again So maybe, I can find her  
Before Heaven goes and hides her  
Hopin' to keep her from going away Well, I saw her again  
It was a Sunday evenin'  
She had flagged a ride  
It was a Lincoln Continental She was on the passenger side  
She had a hold of the handle  
I said, Rebecca, don't go, he's not what he seems  
I said, Rebecca, don't go, he's not what he seems Take my word, darling, and drop out of this dream

She said, he's going to the big city  
And I'm going too  
You know how that is with meI said, stop, don't you get in the car  
Don't you get in the car  
'Cause I won't be coming back, if you get in the backDon't you get in the car  
Don't you get in the car  
'Cause I won't be coming back, if you get in the back  
My sweetheart, my sweetheartI will just stay away  
Six years or maybe eight  
Till I lose your memory  
And all that you've meant to me'Cause I can't stand to see this  
I can't stand to see this  
I can't stand to see thisShe got inside  
And waved goodbye  
I watched the tail lights  
They danced like candle light and then, they went outGoodbye, my sweetheart  
Goodbye, my sweetheartAnybody, has anybody seen my little girl around?  
I last saw her in New Orleans  
I can't find her now

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