Trudy

Dan Bern

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

Send her 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 behindSo 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
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 behindSo call up Trudy on the telephone
Send her a letter in the mail

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/