

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 me
I 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 back
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 back
My sweetheart, my sweetheart
I 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 this
She got inside
And waved goodbye
I watched the tail lights
They danced like candle light and then, they went out
Goodbye, my sweetheart
Goodbye, my sweetheart
Anybody, has anybody seen my little girl around?
I last saw her in New Orleans
I can't find her now

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