



# PHIL VASSAR

## THE BALLAD

### OF PRETTY

### MAE

The wind is high, you can hear it cry  
All the way to the cold, cold moon  
And I hurt inside, in my heart tonight  
I feel like cryin' too

Eleven months and a day  
Was all the judge had to say  
They took young Dan and locked him away  
Yeah, weed was his crime  
And young Dan did his time  
Thinkin' 'bout his pretty girl Mae  
When they gave back his clothes  
And put him out on the road  
Pretty Mae was waitin' in her car  
There's all kinds of free  
But the best had to be  
That first night back in Pretty Mae's arms

Well, they shackled up in a trailer backed up  
To the sandbar and Weeping Willow Creek  
The creek ran low, the summer passed slow  
There's never been a love so deep

Hey hey hey hey hey yo  
Hey hey hey hey lo  
Hey hey hey hey hey yo  
Hey hey hey hey lo

Now Deputy Ray  
He had it bad for Pretty Mae  
Couldn't stand to see her with that ex-con  
Half a bottle of Scotch  
Cradled in his crotch  
He headed out there with his blue lights on  
Thirty-aught-six  
Thinkin' that would do the trick  
He run the bastard off down the road

Ray'd have his way  
Get it on with Pretty Mae  
But first that ex-con had to go

Hey hey hey hey hey yo  
Hey hey hey hey lo  
Hey hey hey hey hey yo  
Hey hey hey hey lo

Well Dan said, "Ray,  
What brings you out this way?  
Pretty Mae is just fixin' up some grub"  
But Ray was on a tear  
And Pretty Mae could hear him swear  
Just kept shoutin', and wavin' that gun  
No time to think  
Underneath the sink  
Pretty Mae had kept a pistol of her own  
Yeah, shots were fired  
Broken glass, a blown tire  
But only the willow would know

They found a cruiser car  
An empty trailer by the sandbar  
And not another clue left behind  
Yeah Deputy Ray  
Young Dan and Pretty Mae  
Somebody left, somebody most likely died

Hey hey hey hey hey yo  
Hey hey hey hey lo  
Hey hey hey hey hey yo  
Hey hey hey hey lo

The wind is high, you can hear it cry  
All the way to the cold cold moon