

Johnny Cash

American Recordings

Lyrics to Vol. I – VI

Collected, corrected and arranged by Dieter Friedl, April 2010

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American Recordings

Recorded May 17, 1993–December 7, 1993, released April 26, 1994

Delia's gone

(Karl Silbersdorf, Dick Toops)

Originally recorded by Cash for The Sound of Johnny Cash (1962)

Delia, oh, Delia
Delia all my life
If I hadn't have shot poor Delia
I'd have had her for my wife
Delia's gone, one more round
Delia's gone

I went up to Memphis
And I met Delia there
Found her in her parlor
And I tied to her chair
Delia's gone, one more round
Delia's gone

She was low down and trifling
And she was cold and mean
Kind of evil make me want to
Grab my sub machine
Delia's gone, one more round
Delia's gone

First time I shot her
I shot her in the side
Hard to watch her suffer
But with the second shot she died
Delia's gone, one more round
Delia's gone

But jailer, oh, jailer
Jailer, I can't sleep
'Cause all around my bedside
I hear the patter of Delia's feet
Delia's gone, one more round
Delia's gone

So if you woman's devilish
You can let her run
Or you can bring her down and do her
Like Delia got done
Delia's gone, one more round
Delia's gone

Let the train blow the whistle

(John R. Cash)

I don't want no aggravation
When my train has left the station
If you're there or not, I may not even know
Have a round and remember
Things we did that weren't so tender
Let the train blow the whistle when I go

On my guitar sell tickets
So someone can finally pick it
And tell the girls down at the Ritz I said hello
Tell the gossipers and liars
I will see them in the fire
Let the train blow the whistle when I go

Let her blow, let her blow
Long and loud and hard and happy
Let her blow
No regrets, all my debts will be paid
When I get laid
Let her blow, let her blow, let her blow

You'll be left without excuses
For the evils and abuses
Down to today from years and years ago
And have yourself another toke
From my basket full of smoke
And let the train blow the whistle when I go

Let her blow, let her blow
Long and loud and hard and happy
Let her blow
No regrets, all my debts will be paid
When I get laid
Let her blow, let her blow, let her blow

The beast in me

(Nick Lowe)

Originally recorded by Lowe for The Impossible Bird (1994)

The beast in me
Is caged by frail and fragile bars
Restless by day
And by night rants and rages at the stars
God help the beast in me

The beast in me
Has had to learn to live with pain
And how to shelter from the rain
And in the twinkling of an eye
Might have to be restrained
God help the beast in me

Sometimes it tries to kid me
That it's just a teddy bear
And even somehow manage to vanish in the air
And that is when I must beware
Of the beast in me that everybody knows
They've seen him out dressed in my clothes
Patently unclear
It it's New York or New Year
God help the beast in me

The beast in me

Drive on

(John R. Cash)

I got a friend named Whiskey Sam
He was my boonierat buddy for a year in Nam
He said is my country just a little off track
Took 'em twenty-five years to welcome me back
But, it's better than not coming back at all
Many a good man I saw fall
And even now, every time I dream
I hear the men and the monkeys in the jungle scream

Drive on, you don't mean nothin'
My children love me , but they don't understand
And I got a woman who knows her man
Drive on, you don't mean nothin',
It don't mean nothin'

I remember one night, Tex and me
Rappelled in on a hot L.Z.
We had our 16's on rock and roll
But, with all that fire, I was scared and cold
I was crazy and I was wild
And I have seen the tiger smile
I spit in a bamboo viper's face
And I'd be dead , but by God's grace

Drive on, you don't mean nothin'
My children love me, but they don't understand
And I got a woman who knows her man
Drive on, you don't mean nothin',
It don't mean nothin'
Drive on

It was a slow walk in a sad rain
And nobody tried to be John Wayne
I came home, but Tex did not
And I can't talk about the hit he got
But I got a little limp now when I walk
Got a little tremolo when I talk
But my letter read from Whiskey Sam
You're a walkin' talkin' miracle from Vietnam

Drive on, don't mean nothin'
My children love me, but they don't understand
And I got a woman who knows her man
Drive on, you don't mean nothin',
It don't mean nothin'
Drive on

Why me Lord?

(Kris Kristofferson)

Originally recorded by Kristofferson for Jesus Was a Capricorn (1972)

Why me Lord, what have I ever done
To deserve even one
Of the pleasures I've known

Tell me Lord, what did I ever do
That was worth loving you
Or the kindness you've shown.

Lord help me Jesus, I've wasted it so
Help me Jesus I know what I am
Now that I know that I've need you so
Help me Jesus, my soul's in your hand.

Tell me Lord, if you think there's a way
I can try to repay
All I've taken from you
Maybe Lord, I can show someone else
What I've been through myself
On my way back to you.

Lord help me Jesus, I've wasted it so
Help me Jesus I know what I am
Now that I know that I've need you so
Help me Jesus, my soul's in your hand.

Thirteen

(Glenn Danzig)

Written by Danzig for Cash. Later recorded by Danzig for Danzig 6:66 Satan's Child (1999)

Bad luck wind been blowing at my back
I was born to bring trouble to wherever I'm at
Got the number thirteen tattooed on my neck
When the ink starts to itch, then the black will turn to red

I was born in the soul of misery
Never had me a name
They just gave me the number when I was young

Got a long line of heartache I carry it well
The list of lives I've broken reach from here to hell
Back luck been blowing at my back
I pray you don't look at me, I pray I don't look back

I was born in the soul of misery
Never had me a name
They just gave me the number when I was young

I was born in the soul of misery
Never had me a name
They just gave me the number when I was young
They just gave me the number when I was young

Oh, bury me not (Introduction: A Cowboy's Prayer)
(John Lomax, Alan Lomax, Roy Rogers, Tim Spencer)
Originally recorded by Cash for Sings the Ballads of the True West (1965)

Lord, I've never lived where churches grow
I loved creation better as it stood
That day you finished it so long ago
And looked upon your work and called it good
I know that others find you in the light
That sifted down through tinted window panes
And yet I seem to feel you near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains

I thank you, Lord, that I'm placed so well
That you've made my freedom so complete
That I'm no slave to whistle, clock or bell
Nor weak eyed prisoner of Waller Street
Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky
Make me a partner of the wind and sun
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high
Let me be easy on the man that's down
Let me be square and generous with all
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town
But never let them say I'm mean or small
Make me as big and open as the plains
And honest as the horse between my knees
Clean as a wind that blows behind the rains
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze
Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget
You know about the reasons that are hid
You understand the things that gall or fret
Well, you knew me better than my mother did
Just keep an eye on all that's done or said
And right me sometimes when I turn aside
And guide me on that long, dim trail ahead
That stretched upward toward the great divide

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day

Oh, bury me not and his voice failed there
But we took no heed to his dying prayer
In a shallow grave just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

Bird on a wire

(Leonard Cohen)

Originally recorded by Cohen for Songs from a Room (1969)

Like a bird on a wire
Like a drunk in a midnight choir
I have tried in my way to be free

Like a fish on a hook
Like a knight in some old fashioned book
I have saved all my ribbons with thee

And if I, if I have been unkind
I just hope you, will let it go by
And if I, if I have been untrue
I hope you know it was never to you

Like a baby still born
Like a beast with his horn
I have torn everyone who reached out for me

But I swear by this song
And by all that I have done wrong
I'll make it all up to thee

I saw a young man leaning on his wooden crutch
He called out to me „Don't ask for so much”
And a young woman leaning in her darkened door
She cried out to me „Why not ask for more”

Like a bird on a wire
Like a drunk in a midnight choir
I have tried in my way to be free

Tennessee stud (live)
(Jimmy Driftwood)
Originally a hit single for Eddy Arnold (1959)

Back about eighteen and twenty-five
I left Tennessee very much alive
I never would've made it through the Arkansas mud
If I hadn't been riding on the Tennessee Stud

Had some trouble with my sweetheart's Pa
One of her brothers was a bad outlaw
I wrote a letter to my Uncle Spud
And I rode away on the Tennessee Stud

The Tennessee Stud was long and lean
The color of the sun and his eyes were green
He had the nerve and he had the blood
There never was a horse like Tennessee Stud

Drifted on down into no man's land
Across the river called the Rio Grande
Raced my horse with the Spaniard's foe
Til I got me a skin full of silver and gold

Me and the gambler, we couldn't agree
We got in a fight over Tennessee
Pulled our guns and he fell with a thud
And I rode away on a Tennessee Stud

The Tennessee Stud was long and lean
The color of the sun and his eyes were green
He had the nerve and he had the blood
There was never a horse like the Tennessee Stud

I rode right back across Arkansas
I whipped her brother and I whipped her Pa
I found that girl with the golden hair
She was riding on a Tennessee Mare

Pretty little baby on the cabin floor
Little horse colt playing round the door
I loved the girl with the golden hair
And the Tennessee Stud loves the Tennessee Mare

The Tennessee Stud was long and lean
The color of the sun and his eyes were green
He had the nerve and he had the blood
There was never a horse like the Tennessee Stud

Down there by the train

(Tom Waits)

Written by Waits for Cash. Later released by Waits on his Orphans: Brawlers, Bawlers & Bastards rarities collection.

There's a place I know where the train goes slow
Where the sinner can be washed in the blood of the lamb
There's a river by the trestle down by sinner's grove
Down where the willow and the dogwood grow

You can hear the whistle, you can hear the bell
From the halls of heaven to the gates of hell
And there's room for the forsaken if you're there on time
You'll be washed of all your sins and all of your crimes
If you're down there by the train
Down there by the train
Down there by the train
Down there by the train
Down there where the train goes slow

There's a golden moon that shines up through the mist
And I know that your name can be on that list
There's no eye for an eye, there's no tooth for a tooth
I saw Judas Iscariot carrying John Wilkes Booth
He was down there by the train
Down there by the train
Down there by the train
Down there by the train
He was down there where the train goes slow

If you've lost all your hope, if you've lost all your faith
I know you can be cared for and I know you can be safe
And all the shamefuls and all of the whores
And even the soldier who pierced the side of the Lord
Is down there by the train
Down there by the train
Down there by the train
Down there by the train
Down there where the train goes slow

Well, I've never asked forgiveness and I've never said a prayer
Never given of myself, never truly cared
I've left the ones who loved me and I'm still raising Cain
I've taken the low road and if you've done the same
Meet me down there by the train
Down there by the train
Down there by the train
Down there by the train
Down there where the train goes slow

Redemption

(John R. Cash)

From the hands it came down
From the side it came down
From the feet it came down
And ran to the ground
Between heaven and hell
A teardrop fell
In the deep crimson dew
The tree of life grew

Chorus:

And the blood gave life
To the branches of the tree
And the blood was the price
That set the captives free
And the numbers that came
Through the fire and the flood
Clung to the tree
And were redeemed by the blood

From the tree streamed a light
That started the fight
'Round the tree grew a vine
On whose fruit I could dine
My old friend Lucifer came
Fought to keep me in chains
But I saw through the tricks
Of six-sixty-six

Chorus

From his hands it came down
From his side it came down
From his feet it came down
And ran to the ground
And a small inner voice
Said „You do have a choice.”
The vine engrafted me
And I clung to the tree

Chorus

Like a soldier

(John R. Cash)

With the twilight colours falling
And the evening laying shadows
Hidden memories come stealing from my mind
And I feel my own heart beating out
The simple joy of living
And I wonder how I ever was that kind

But the wild road I was rambling
Was always out there calling
And you said a hundred times
I should have died
Then you reached down and touched me
And lifted me up with you
So, I believe it was a road I was meant to ride

I'm like a soldier getting over the war
I'm like a young man getting over his crazy days
Like a bandit getting over his lawless ways
I don't have to do that anymore
I'm like a soldier getting over the war

There were nights I don't remember
And pain it's been forgotten
And a lot of things I choose not to recall
There are faces that come to me
In my darkest secret memories
Faces that I wish would not come back at all
But in my dreams parade of lovers
From the other times and places
There's not one that matters now, no matter who
I'm just thankful for the journey
And that I've survived the battles
And that my spoils of victory is you

I'm like a soldier getting over the war
I'm like a young man getting over his crazy days
Like a bandit getting over his lawless ways
Every day gets better than the day before
I'm like a soldier getting over the war

The man who couldn't cry (live)
(Loudon Wainwright)

There once was a man who just couldn't cry
He hadn't cried for years and for years
Napalmed babies and the movie love story
For instance could not produce tears
As a child he had cried as all children will
Then at some point his tear ducts ran dry
He grew to be a man, it all hit the fan
Things got bad, but he couldn't cry

His dog getrun over, his wife up and left him
And after that he got sacked from his job
Lost his arm in the war, was laughed at by a whore
Ah, but sill not a snuffle or sob
His novel was refused, his movie was panned
And His big Broadway show was a flop
He got sent off to jail; you guessed it, no bail
Oh, but still not a dribble or drop

In jail he was beaten, bullied and buggered
And made to make license plates
Water and bread was all he was fed
But not once did a tear stain his face

Doctors were called in, scientists, too
Theologians were last and practically least

They all agreed sure enough; this is no cream puff
Oh, but in fact an insensitive beast

He was taken from jail and placed in a place
For the insensitive and the insane
He made a lot of friends and he played a lot of chess
And he cried every time it would rain
Once it rained forty days and it rained forty nights
And he cried and he cried and he cried and he cried

On the forty-first day, he passed away
He just dehydrated and died

He went up to heaven, located his dog
After that he rejoined his arm
Below all the critics, they took it all back
Cancer robbed the whore of her charm

His ex-wife died of stretch marks, his ex-employer went broke
The theologians were finally found out

Right down to the ground, the jail house burned down
The earth suffered perpetual drought

American II – Unchained

Recorded 1995 – 1996; released on November 5, 1996

Rowboat

(„Beck” Hansen, born as Bek David Campbell)

Originally recorded by Beck for Stereopathic Soulmanure (1994)

Rowboat

Row me to the shore

She don't

Wanna be my friend no more

She dug a hole

In the bottom of my soul

She don't

Wanna be my friend no more

Pick me up

Gimme some food to eat

In your truck

Goin' no place

I'll be home

Talkin' to nobody

You'll be strange

You'll be far away

Big fat moon

And my body's out of tune

With my burnin' ways

She's a billion years away

Dog food on the floor

And I've been like this before

She is all

And everything else is small

Pick me up

Gimme some alcohol

In your truck

Playin' the radio

I'll be home

With the gasoline

You'll be stoned

You'll be far away

Rowboat

Row me to the shore

She don't

Wanna be my friend no more

She dug a hole

In the bottom of my soul

She is all

And everything else is small

Sea of heartbreak – with Tom Petty

(Hal David/Paul Hampton)

Originally a hit single for Don Gibson (1961)

The lights
In the harbour
Don't shine for me
I'm like a lost ship
Adrift on the sea

The Sea of heartbreak
Lost love and loneliness
Memories of your caress
So divine how I wish
You were mine again my dear
I am on this sea of tears
Sea of heartbreak

Oh how did I lose you
Oh where did I fail
Why did you leave me
Always to sail

Chorus

Oh what I'd give just to sail back to shore
Back to your arms once more
Come to my rescue
Oh come here to me
Take me and keep me
Away from the sea

Sea of heartbreak
Lost love and loneliness
Memories of your caress
So divine how I wish
You were mine Again my dear
I am on this sea of tears
Sea of heartbreak

Rusty cage

(Chris Cornell)

Originally recorded by Soundgarden for Badmotorfinger (1991)

You wired me awake and hit me with a hand of broken nails
You tied my lead and pulled my chain To watch my blood begin to boil

2 times

But I'm gonna break
I'm gonna break my
Gonna break my rusty cage and run

Too cold to start a fire I'm burning diesel, burning dinosaur bones
I'll take the river down to still water and ride a pack of dogs

I'm gonna break
I'm gonna break my
Gonna break my rusty cage and run

When the forest burns along the road
Like God's eyes in my headlights
When the dogs are looking for their bones
And it's raining icepicks on your steel shore

I'm gonna break
I'm gonna break my
I'm gonna break my rusty cage and run

The one rose (that's left in my heart)

(Del Lyon / Lani McIntire)

Originally published in 1936, also recorded by George Morgan and Hank Snow

So blue
Lonesome too
But still true

Rosie
Haunts me
Makes me think of you

You're the one rose that's left in my heart, dear
I love you, adore you, I do

Each night in dreamland we wander along
Telling love stories anew
When from a blue sky a black cloud came rolling
Breaking my heart in two
Oh we ought not to part
I have said from the start
You're the one rose that's left in my heart

Oh we ought not to part
I have said from the start
You're the one rose that's left in my heart

Country boy

(John R. Cash)

Originally recorded by Cash for Sun, appears on *With His Hot and Blue Guitar* (1957)

Country boy, ain't got no shoes
Country boy, ain't got no blues
Well, you work all day while you're waitin' to play
In the sun and the sand, with a face that's tan
But at the end of the day, when your work is done
You ain't got nothin' but fun

Country boy, ain't got no ills
Country boy, don't owe no bills
You get a wiggly worm and then you watch him squirm
While you put him on a hook and you drop him in a brook
If everything's gonna turn out right, you're gonna fry fish tonight

Country boy, you got a lot to lose
Country boy, how I wish I was in your shoes

Country boy, you got a shaggy dog
Country boy, up a hollow log
Well, he comes in a run, when you pick up your gun
And with a shell or two, and your dog and you
When you get your rabbit, you'll skin his hide
He's gonna be good fried

Country boy, you got a lot to lose
Country boy, how I wish I was in your shoes

Country boy, you got work to do
Country boy, in the morning dew
You gotta plant the seed, you gotta cut the weeds
There's many a row you know you gotta hoe
When it's quittin' time, and your work is through
There's a lot of life in you

Country boy, you lucky thing
Country boy, I wish I was you, and you was me

Memories are made of this

(Richard Dehr / Terry Gilkyson / Frank Miller)

Originally a hit single by Dean Martin and The Easy Riders (1956)

Take one fresh and tender kiss
Add one stolen night of bliss
One girl, one boy,
Some grief, some joy
Memories are made of this.

Don't forget a small moonbeam
Fold it lightly with a dream
Your lips and mine
To sip the wine
Memories are made of this

Then at the wedding bells
One house where lovers dwell
Three little kids for the flavour
Stir carefully through the day
See how the flavor stays
These are the dreams that we must savor

With His blessings from above
Serve it generously with love
One man, one wife,
One love for life
Memories are made of this

Spiritual

(Josh Haden)

Originally recorded by Spain for The Blue Moods of Spain (1995)

Jesus
I don't wanna die alone
Jesus, oh Jesus,
I don't wanna die alone
My love wasn't true
Now all I have is you
Jesus, oh Jesus
I don't wanna die alone

Jesus
If you hear my last breath
Don't leave me here
Left to die a lonely death
I know I have sinned
But Lord I'm suffering
Jesus, oh Jesus
If you hear my last breath

Jesus
I don't wanna die alone
Jesus, oh Jesus
I don't wanna die alone
My love wasn't true
Now all I have is you
Jesus, oh Jesus
I don't wanna die alone

Jesus,
Jesus
All my troubles
All my pain
Will leave me
Once again
All my troubles
All my pain
It's gonna leave me once again

All my troubles
All my pain
It's gonna leave me once again
Once again
Gonna leave me once again

The kneeling drunkard's plea

(Maybelle Carter / Anita Carter / Helen Carter Jones / June Carter Cash)
Originally recorded by The Louvin Brothers for Satan Is Real (1960)

Lord have mercy on me
Was the kneeling drunkard's plea
And as he knelt there on the ground
I know that God in heaven looked down

I went down by an old country church
I saw the drunkard stagger and lurch
And as he reached his mother's grave
I saw that drunkard kneel and pray

Lord have mercy on me
Was the kneeling drunkard's plea
And as he knelt there on the ground
I know that God in heaven looked down

Bring my darling boy to me
Was his mother's dying plea
And as he staggered through the gate
A lassie came just one day too late

Three years have passed since she went away
Her son is sleeping beside her today
And I know that in heaven his mother he'll see
For God has heard that drunkard's plea

Lord have mercy on me
Was the kneeling drunkard's plea
And as he knelt there on the ground
I know that God in heaven looked down

Southern accents

(Tom Petty)

Originally recorded by Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers for Southern Accents (1985)

There's a southern accent,
Where I come from
The young'uns call it country
The Yankees call it dumb
I got my own way of talkin'
But everything is done,
With a southern accent
Where I come from

Now that drunk tank in Atlanta's
Was just a motel room to me
I think I might go work Orlando
If them orange groves don't freeze
I got my own way of workin'
But everything is run,
With a southern accent
Where I come from

For just a minute there I was dreaming
For just a minute it was all so real
For just a minute she was standing there, with me

There's a dream that I keep having
Where my mama comes to me
And she kneels down over by the window
And says a prayer for me
I got my own way of prayin'
And everyone's begun
With a southern accent
Where I come from

We have our own way of livin'
And everything is done
With a southern accent
Where I come from

Mean eyed cat

(John R. Cash)

Originally recorded by Cash for Sun, appears on Sings Hank Williams (1960)

I gave my woman half my money at the general store,
I said, „Now buy a little groceries and don't spend no more.”
But she paid ten dollars for a ten cent hat,
And bought some store-bought cat food for that mean-eyed cat.

When I woke up this mornin' and I turned my head,
There wasn't a cotton pickin' thing on her side of the bed.
I found a little ol' note, where her head belonged.
It said, „Dear John, honey, baby, I'm long gone.”

When I heard a whistle blowin' and the big wheels a-turnin',
I was scared as I could be.
I put on my overalls and I headed to town.
Gonna bring her back with me.

I asked the man down at the station if he'd seen her there.
I told him all about her pretty eyes and long, blonde hair.
He spit his tobacco, said, „I'll be dad blamed,
I believe I did see her leavin' on the east-bound train.”

I bought a round-trip ticket on the east bound train,
I was broke as I could be,
But when I come back, I gotta buy another ticket,
Gonna bring her back with me.

Well, I got off the train somewhere in Arkansas,
And I worked up the guts to call my mother-in-law,
She said, „I'll tell you where she is, if you act right.
She's workin' four-to-twelve at Trucker's World tonight.”

Well, when I walked in she saw me and she took off her apron,
And she grabbed her goin'-home hat
She bought a ticket with her tips.
Now we're curled up on the sofa,
Me and her and that mean-eyed cat.

Meet me in heaven

(John R. Cash)

We saw houses falling from the sky
Where the mountains lean down to the sand
We saw blackbirds circling 'round an old castle keep
And I stood on the cliff and held your hand

We walked troubles brooding wind swept hills
And we loved and we laughed the pain away
At the end of the journey, when our last song is sung
Will you meet me in Heaven someday

Chorus

Can't be sure of how's it's going to be
When we walk into the light across the bar
But I'll know you and you'll know me
Out there beyond the stars

We've seen the secret things revealed by God
And we heard what the angels had to say
Should you go first, or if you follow me
Will you meet me in Heaven someday

Living in a mansion on the streets of gold
At the corner of Grace and Rapture Way
In sweet ecstasy while the ages roll
Will you meet me in Heaven someday

In sweet ecstasy while the ages roll
Will you meet in Heaven someday

I never picked cotton

(Bobby George / Charles Williams)

Originally recorded by Roy Clark for I Never Picked Cotton (1970)

Chorus

I never picked cotton
Like my mother did
And my brother did
And my sister did
And my daddy died young
Workin' in a coal mine

When I was just a baby
Too little for a cotton sack
I played in the dirt
While the others worked
'Til they couldn't straighten up their backs
And I made myself a promise
When I was old enough to run
That I'd never stay a single day
In that Oklahoma sun

Chorus

Folks said that I grew up early
And that the farm couldn't hold me then
So I stole ten bucks and a pickup truck
And I never went back again
And it was fast cars and whiskey
Long haired girls and fun
I had everything that money could bring
And I took it all with a gun

Chorus

It was Saturday night in Memphis
When a redneck grabbed my shirt
And he said go back to your cotton sack
I left him dying in the dirt
They'll take me in the morning
To the gallows just outside
And in the time I got
There ain't a hell of a lot
I can look back on with pride

Chorus

Unchained

(Jude Johnstone)

Later recorded by Johnstone for Coming of Age (2002)

I have been ungrateful,
I've been unwise.
Restless from the cradle,
Now I realize,
It's so hard to see the rainbow,
Through glasses dark as these.
Maybe I'll be able,
From now on, on my knees.

Oh, I am weak.
Oh, I know I am vain.
Take this weight from me,
Let my spirit be
Unchained.

Old man swearin' at the sidewalk,
I'm overcome.
Seems that we've both forgotten,
Forgotten to go home.
Oh, have I seen an angel?
Oh, have I seen a ghost?
Where's that rock of ages,
When I need it most?

Oh, I am weak.
Oh, I know I am vain.
Take this weight from me,
Let my spirit be
Unchained.

I've been everywhere

(Geoff Mack)

Originally a hit single by Lucky Starr (1959) and Hank Snow (1962)

I was totin' my pack along the long dusty Winnemucca road,
When along came a semi with a high an' canvas-covered load.
"If you're goin' to Winnemucca, Mack, with me you can ride."
And so I climbed into the cab and then I settled down inside.
He asked me if I'd seen a road with so much dust and sand.
And I said, "Listen, I've traveled every road in this here land!"

Chorus:

I've been everywhere, man.
I've been everywhere, man.
Crossed the desert's bare, man.
I've breathed the mountain air, man.
Of travel I've had my share, man.
I've been everywhere.

I've been to:

Reno, Chicago, Fargo, Minnesota,
Buffalo, Toronto, Winslow, Sarasota,
Wichita, Tulsa, Ottawa, Oklahoma,
Tampa, Panama, Mattawa, La Paloma,
Bangor, Baltimore, Salvador, Amarillo,
Tocapillo, Baranquilla, and Perdilla, I'm a killer.

Chorus

I've been to:

Boston, Charleston, Dayton, Louisiana,
Washington, Houston, Kingston, Texarkana,
Monterey, Faraday, Santa Fe, Tallapoosa,
Glen Rock, Black Rock, Little Rock, Oskaloosa,
Tennessee, Hennessey, Chicopee, Spirit Lake,
Grand Lake, Devils Lake, Crater Lake, for Pete's sake.

Chorus

I've been to:

Louisville, Nashville, Knoxville, Ombabika,
Schefferville, Jacksonville, Waterville, Costa Rica,
Pittsfield, Springfield, Bakersfield, Shreveport,
Hackensack, Cadillac, Fond du Lac, Davenport,
Idaho, Jellico, Argentina, Diamantina,
Pasadena, Catalina, see what I mean-a.

Chorus

I've been to:

Pittsburgh, Parkersburg, Gravelbourg, Colorado,
Ellisburg, Rexburg, Vicksburg, Eldorado,
Larimore, Admore, Haverstraw, Chatanika,
Chaska, Nebraska, Alaska, Opelika,
Baraboo, Waterloo, Kalamazoo, Kansas City,
Sioux City, Cedar City, Dodge City, what a pity.

Chorus

American III – Solitary man

Released on October 17, 2000

I won't back down - with Tom Petty

(Tom Petty / Jeff Lynne)

Originally recorded by Petty for the Full Moon Fever (1989).

Well I won't back down, no I won't back down

You can stand me up at the gates of hell
But I won't back down

Gonna stand my ground, won't be turned around
And I'll keep this world from draggin' me down
Gonna stand my ground and I won't back down

Hey baby, there ain't no easy way out
Hey I will stand my ground and I won't back down

Well I know what's right, I got just one life
In a world that keeps on pushin' me around
But I stand my ground and I won't back down

Hey baby, there ain't no easy way out
Hey I will stand my ground and I won't back down
No I won't back down

Solitary Man - with Tom Petty

(Neil Diamond)

Originally recorded by Neil Diamond as a single (1966).

Belinda was mine 'til the time that I found her
Holdin' Jim and lovin' him
Then Sue came along, loved me strong, that's what I thought
Me and Sue, but that died, too.

Don't know that I will but until I can find me
A girl who'll stay and won't play games behind me
I'll be what I am, a solitary man, a solitary man

I've had it to here - being where love's a small word
A part time thing, a paper ring
I know it's been done havin' one girl who loved me
Right or wrong, weak or strong

That lucky old sun (just rolls around heaven all day)

(Haven Gillespie / Beasley Smith)
Originally a hit for Frankie Laine in 1949

Up in the mornin', out on a job,
Work like the devil for my pay.
But that lucky old sun got nothin' to do,
But roll around heaven all day.

Fuss with my woman, toil for my kids,
Wheat till I'm wrinkled and gray.
While that lucky old sun got nothin' to do,
But roll around heaven all day.

Good Lord up above, can't you hear me cryin'?
Tears all in my eyes.
Send in a cloud with your silvery linin',
Lift me to paradise.

Oh, show me that river, take me across,
Wash all my troubles away.
Like that lucky old sun, gimme nothin' to do,
But roll around heaven all day.

Like that lucky old sun, gimme nothin' to do,
But roll around heaven all day.

One

(Adam Clayton / David Evans / Paul Hewson / Lawrence Mullen)
Originally recorded by U2 for Achtung Baby. Cash appeared on U2's Zooropa album singing the lead on the Wanderer.

Is it getting better or do you feel the same
Will it make it easier on you now
If you've got someone to blame

You said one love
One life
When its one need
In the night
One love we get to share it
It leaves you baby if you don't care for it

Did I disappoint you
Or leave a bad taste in your mouth
You act like you never had love
And you want me to go without

Well it's too late
Tonight
To drag the past out
Into the light
We're one but we're not the same
We get to carry each other
Carry each other
One

Have you come here for forgiveness?
Have you come to raise the dead?
Have you come here to play Jesus?
To the lepers in your head?

Did I ask too much?
More than a lot
You gave me nothing now
It's all I got
We're one but we're not the same
Well we hurt each other and we're doin' it again

You said love is a temple
Love the higher law
Love is a temple
Love the higher law

You ask me to enter
But then you make me crawl
I can't be holdin on
To what you've got
When all you've got is hurt

One love
One blood
One life
You've got to do what you should
One life with each other
Sister
Brothers
One life but we're not the same
We get to carry each other
Carry each other
One

Nobody

(Egbert Williams)

When life seems full of clouds and rain
And I'm full of nothin' but pain
Who soothes my thumpin', bumpin' brain?
Nobody

When Wintertime comes with its snow and sleet
And me with hunger and cold feet
Who says „Here's two bits, go and eat?”
Nobody

Well, I ain't never done nothin' to nobody
I ain't never got nothin' from nobody, no time
And until I get something from somebody, sometime
I don't intend to do nothin' for nobody, no time

When Summertime comes, all warm and clear
And my friends see me drawin' near
Who says „come on in and have a beer?”
Nobody

Well one time when things was lookin' bright
I started to whittlin' on a stick one night
Who said „Hey! That's dynamite!”?
Nobody

Mmmm, I ain't never done nothin' to nobody
I ain't never got nothin' from nobody, no time
And until I get something from somebody, sometime
I don't intend to do nothin' for nobody, no time

I ain't never done nothin' to nobody
I ain't never got nothin' from nobody, no time
And until I get something from somebody, sometime
I don't intend to do nothin' for nobody, no time

I see a darkness - with Will Oldham

(Will Oldham)

Originally recorded by William Oldham for I See a Darkness (1999)

Well, you're my friend and can you see,
Many times we've been out drinkin',
Many times we've shared our thoughts,
But did you ever, ever notice, the kind of thoughts I got?

Well, you know I have a love, a love for everyone I know.
And you know I have a drive to live, I won't let go.
But can you see this opposition comes rising up sometimes?
That it's dreadful imposition, comes blacking in my mind.

And that I see a darkness.
And that I see a darkness.
And that I see a darkness.
Did you know how much I love you?
Is a hope that somehow you,
Can save me from this darkness.

Well, I hope that someday, buddy, we have peace in our lives.
Together or apart, alone or with our wives.
And we can stop our whoring and pull the smiles inside.
And light it up forever and never go to sleep.
My best unbeaten brother, this isn't all I see.

Oh, no, I see a darkness.
Oh, no, I see a darkness.
Oh, no, I see a darkness.
Oh, no, I see a darkness.
Did you know how much I love you?
Is a hope that somehow you,
Can save me from this darkness.

The mercy seat

(Nick Cave / Mick Harvey)

Originally recorded by Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds for Tender Prey (1988)

It all began when they took me from my home
And put me on Death Row,
a crime for which I am totally innocent, you know.

I began to warm and chill
To objects and their fields,
A ragged cup, a twisted mop
The face of Jesus in my soup
Those sinister dinner deals
The meal trolley's wicked wheels
A hooked bone rising from my food
All things either good or ungood.

And the mercy seat is waiting
And I think my head is burning
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this weighing of the truth.
An eye for an eye
And a tooth for a tooth
And anyway I told the truth
And I'm not afraid to die.

I hear stories from the chamber
Christ was born into a manger
And like some ragged stranger
He died upon the cross
Might I say, it seems so fitting in its way
He was a carpenter by trade
Or at least that's what I'm told

My kill-hand's tattooed E.V.I.L. across it's brother's fist
That filthy five! They did nothing to challenge or resist.

In Heaven His throne is made of gold
The ark of his Testament is stowed
A throne from which I'm told
All history does unfold.
It's made of wood and wire
And my body is on fire
And God is never far away.

Into the mercy seat I climb
My head is shaved, my head is wired
And like a moth that tries
To enter the bright eye
I go shuffling out of life
Just to hide in death awhile
And anyway I never lied.

And the mercy seat is waiting
And I think my head is burning
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this weighing of the truth.
An eye for an eye
And a tooth for a tooth
And anyway I told the truth
And I'm not afraid to die

And the mercy seat is burning
And I think my head is glowing
And in a way I'm hopin'
To be done with all this twistin' of the truth.
An eye for an eye
And a tooth for a tooth
And any way there was no proof
And I'm not afraid to die

And the mercy seat is glowing
And I think my head is smoking
And in a way I'm hopin'
To be done with all these looks of disbelief.
A life for a life
And a truth for a truth
And I've got nothin' left to loose.
And I'm not afraid to die

And the mercy seat is smoking
And I think my head is melting
And in a way that's helpin'
To be done with all this twistin' of the truth
An eye for an eye
And a tooth for a tooth
And any way I told the truth
But I'm afraid I told a lie.

Would you lay with me (in a field of stone)

(David Alan Coe)

Originally recorded by Tanya Tucker for the album of the same name (1974)

Would you lay with me in a field of stone
If my needs were strong, would you lay with me?
Should my lips grow dry, would you wet them dear,
In the midnight hour if my lips were dry?

Would you go away to another land?
Walk a thousand miles through the burning sand?
Wipe the blood away from my dying hand,
If I give myself to you?

Will you bathe me with me in the stream of life?
When the moon is full will you bathe with me?
Will you still love me when I'm down and out?
In my time of trial, will you stand by me?

Would you go away to another land?
Walk a thousand miles through the burning sand?
Wipe the blood away from my dying hand,
If I give myself to you?

Would you lay with me in a field of stone?
If my lips grow dry, would you wet them dear?
Would you bathe with me in the stream of life?
Will you still love me when I'm down and out?

Would you lay with me in a field of stone?
When the moon is full, will you lay with me?

Field of diamonds - with June Carter Cash & Sheryl Crow

(John R. Cash / Jack W. Routh)

Originally recorded by Cash and Waylon Jennings for Heroes (1986). Jennings and Cash famously teamed up with Kris Kristofferson for the Highway men albums.

Field of diamonds in the sky,
Worlds are whirling right on by.
Are you wondering who am I?
Fields of diamonds in the sky.

Am I just a star in some crown?
Or someone's life sun going down, down, down?

Field of diamonds in the sky,
Silent beauty shining high.
Are you tears the angels cry?
Field of diamonds in the sky

Field of diamonds in the sky,
Like the night you pass me by.
I could touch you if I tried,
Fields of diamonds in the sky.

Am I just a star in some crown?
Or someone's life sun going down, down, down?

Field of diamonds in the sky,
Silent beauty shining high.
Are you tears the angels cry?
Field of diamonds in the sky.

Before my time

(John R. Cash)

Originally recorded by Cash for Any Old Wind That Blows (1973)

I know that hearts were loving
Long before I was here
And I'm not the first to ever cry
In my bed or in my beer
There were songs before there was radio
Of love that stays and love that goes
They were writing melancholy tunes
And tearful words that rhyme
Before my time, before my time

There were songs in old dusty books
Of love that's always been
Sweet lovers in their glory
Who are now gone with the wind
Old fashion love words spoken then
Keep coming back around again
Nothing's changed except the names
Their love burns just like mine
Before my time, before my time

And in the dim of yesterday
I can clearly see
That flesh and blood cried out to someone
As it does in me
And there was some old song that said
I love you 'til I die
Before my time, before my time

But what the old time masters had
Is what I feel for you
Love is love and doesn't change
In a century or two
If someday they had seen and knew
How it would be for me and you
They'd wish for love like yours
And they would wish for love like mine
Before my time, before my time

Country trash

(John R. Cash)

Originally recorded by Cash for Any Old Wind That Blows (1973)

I got a crib full of corn and a turnin' plow,
But the ground's too wet for the hopper now.
Got a cultivator and a doubletree
A leather line for the haw and gee.
Let the thunder roll and the lightin' flash,
I'm doin' alright for country trash.

I'm saving up dimes for a rainy day,
I got about a dollar laid away.
The wind's from the south and the fishing's good,
Got a potbelly stove a cord of wood.
Mama turns the left-overs into hash,
I'm doin' alright for country trash.

I got a mackinaw and a huntin' dog.
A cap I ordered from the catalogue.
A big tall tree that shades the yard,
A big fat sow for the winter's lard.
Let the thunder roll and the lightin' flash,
I'm doin' alright for country trash.

Well there's not much new ground left to plow,
And crops need fertilizin' now.
My hands don't earn me too much gold,
For security when I grow old.
But we'll all be equal under the grass,
And God's got a heaven for country trash.
And God's got a heaven for country trash.
I'll be doin' alright for country trash.

Mary of the wild moor

(Dennis Turner)

Originally recorded by The Louvin Brothers for Tragic Songs of Life (1956)

It was on one cold winter night,
When the wind blew across the wild moor.
When Mary came wandering home with a child,
Till she came to her own father's door.

„Father, dear father,” she cried,
„Come down and open the door,
Or the child in my arms will perish and die,
From the winds that blow across the wild moor.”

But her father was deaf to her cry.
Not a sound of a voice did he hear.
So the watchdog did howl and the village bells tolled,
And the wind blew across the wild moor.

Oh, how the old man must have felt,
When he came to the door the next morn',
And he found Mary dead but the child still alive,
Closely grasping its dead mother's arms.

In grief, the old man passed away,
And the child, to its mother, went soon.
And no one, they say, lives there to this day,
And the cottage, to ruin, has gone.

But the villagers point out the spot,
Where the willows grew over the door.
Saying, „There Mary died, once the gay village bride,
From the wind that blow across the wild moor.”

I'm leavin' now – with Merle Haggard

(John R. Cash)

Originally recorded by Cash for the Rainbow album (1985).

Hold on honey I'd like to say
I'm bustin' out and breakin' away
I'm letin' you go like a hot horse shoe
I can't take another heart ache from you

Think about how it's gonna be
When you start back to needin' me
When ya dancin' shoes have lost their shine,
I'm gonna be gone and mine

I'm leavin' now, I'm leavin', now
Get out of my face get out of my place
I'm leavin' now, adios', I'm leavin now

At the time ya come to trim the fat
Feed the chicken scraps to the front seat cat,
Bye bye baby when the bills come due
You might have to give up a jewel or two

Eat ya heart out anyway
It's harder to hit and it's cold as clay
It's all over now ya won't have me
Ya shugger daddy or ya money tree

I'm leavin' now, I'm leavin', now
Get out of my space, get out of my face
I'm leavin' now, hey, hey, I'm leavin now

Pull up the collar on my traveling coat
Sell that miserable pleasure boat
I wouldn't give a nickel for another buck
I'm living on muscle, guts and luck

If anybody asks where did I go
Tell 'em I went where the wild goose goes
I wouldn't even have me an area code
Don't have a number, don't need a row

I'm leaving now, me to, I'm leaving now
Get out of my face, get out of my space
I'm leaving now, adios, I'm leaving now

I'm leaving now, I'm leaving now
Get out of my space, get out of my face
I'm leaving now, adios, I'm leaving now

Wayfaring stranger

(Traditional arrangement)

I'm just a poor wayfarin' stranger,
Travelin' through this world below.
There is no sickness, no toil, nor danger,
In that bright land to which I go.

I'm goin' there to see my Father.
And all my loved ones, who've gone on.
I'm just goin' over Jordan.
I'm just goin' over home.

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me,
I know my way is hard and steep.
But beauteous fields arise before me,
Where God's redeemed, their vigils keep.

I'm goin' there to see my Mother.
She said she'd meet me when I come.
So, I'm just goin' over Jordan.
I'm just goin' over home.

I'm just goin' over Jordan.
I'm just goin' over home.

American IV – The man comes around

Released on November 5, 2002

The man comes around

(John R. Cash)

And I heard, as it were, the noise of thunder:
One of the four beasts saying: „Come and see.”
And I saw. And behold, a white horse.
There’s a man goin’ ‘round takin’ names.
An’ he decides who to free and who to blame.
Everybody won’t be treated all the same.
There’ll be a golden ladder reaching down.
When the man comes around.

The hairs on your arm will stand up.
At the terror in each sip and in each sup.
For you partake of that last offered cup,
Or disappear into the potter’s ground.
When the man comes around.

Hear the trumpets, hear the pipers.
One hundred million angels singin’.
Multitudes are marching to the big kettle drum.
Voices callin’, voices cryin’.
Some are born an’ some are dyin’.
It’s Alpha’s and Omega’s Kingdom come.

And the whirlwind is in the thorn tree.
The virgins are all trimming their wicks.
The whirlwind is in the thorn tree.
It’s hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

Till Armageddon, no Shalam, no Shalom.
Then the father hen will call his chickens home.
The wise men will bow down before the throne.
And at his feet they’ll cast their golden crown.
When the man comes around.

Whoever is unjust, let him be unjust still.
Whoever is righteous, let him be righteous still.
Whoever is filthy, let him be filthy still.
Listen to the words long written down,
When the man comes around.

Hear the trumpets, hear the pipers.
One hundred million angels singin’.
Multitudes are marchin’ to the big kettle drum.
Voices callin’, voices cryin’.
Some are born an’ some are dyin’.
It’s Alpha’s and Omega’s Kingdom come.

And the whirlwind is in the thorn tree.
The virgins are all trimming their wicks.
The whirlwind is in the thorn tree.
It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks.

In measured hundredweight and penny pound.
When the man comes around.

And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts,
And I looked and behold: a pale horse.
And his name, that sat on him, was Death.
And Hell followed with him.

Hurt

(Trent Reznor)

Originally recorded by Nine Inch Nails for The Downward Spiral (1994)

I hurt myself today to see if I still feel
I focus on the pain the only thing that's real
The needle tears a hole, the old familiar sting
Try to kill it all away, but I remember everything

What have I become? My sweetest friend
Everyone I know goes away in the end
And you could have it all my empire of dirt

I will let you down, I will make you hurt

I wear this crown of thorns upon my liar's chair
Full of broken thoughts I cannot repair
Beneath the stains of time, the feelings disappear
You are someone else, I am still right here

What have I become? My sweetest friend
Everyone I know goes away in the end
And you could have it all my empire of dirt

I will let you down, I will make you hurt

If I could start again, a million miles away
I would keep myself, I would find a way

Give my love to Rose

(John R. Cash)

Originally recorded by Cash for Sun, appears on Sings Hank Williams (1960), also appears on At Folsom Prison (1968)

I found him by the railroad track this morning
I could see that he was nearly dead
I knelt down beside him and I listened
Just to hear the words the dying fellow said

He said they let me out of prison down in Frisco
For ten long years I've paid for what I've done
I was trying to get back to Louisiana
To see my Rose and get to know my son

Give my love to Rose please won't you mister
Take her all my money, tell her to buy some pretty clothes
Tell my boy his daddy's so proud of him
And don't forget to give my love to Rose

Tell them I said thanks for waiting for me
Tell my boy to help his mom at home
Tell my Rose to try to find another
For it ain't right that she should live alone

Mister here's a bag with all my money
It won't last them long the way it goes
God bless you for finding me this morning
And don't forget to give my love to Rose

Give my love to Rose please won't you mister
Take her all my money, tell her to buy some pretty clothes
Tell my boy his daddy's so proud of him
And don't forget to give my love to Rose

Bridge over troubled water – with Fiona Apple

(Paul Simon)

Originally recorded by Simon and Garfunkel for the Bridge over Troubled Water album (1970)

When you're weary, feeling small,
When tears are in your eyes, I will dry them all;
I'm on your side. When times get rough
And friends just can't be found,
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.

When you're down and out,
When you're on the street,
When evening falls so hard
I will comfort you.
I'll take your part.
When darkness comes
And pain is all around,
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will lay me down.

Sail on silvergirl,
Sail on by.
Your time has come to shine.
All your dreams are on their way.
See how they shine.
If you need a friend
I'm sailing right behind.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind.
Like a bridge over troubled water
I will ease your mind

I hung my head

(Sting)

Originally recorded by Sting for Mercury Falling (1996)

Early one morning with time to kill
I borrowed Jebb's rifle and sat on a hill
I saw a lone rider crossing the plain
I drew a bead on him to practice my aim

My brother's rifle went off in my hand
A shot rang out across the land
The horse, he kept running, the rider was dead
I hung my head, I hung my head

I set off running, to wake from the dream
My brother's rifle went into the sheen
I kept on running into the south lands
That's where they found me, my head and my hands

The sheriff he asked me, why had I run
And then it came to me just what I had done
And all for no reason, just one piece of lead
I hung my head, I hung my head

Here in the court house, the whole town was there
I see the judge high up in the chair
Explain to the court room what went through your mind
And we'll ask the jury what verdict they find

I felt the power of death over life
I orphaned his children, I widowed his wife
I begged their forgiveness, I wish I was dead
I hung my head, I hung my head

I hung my head, I hung my head

Early one morning with time to kill
I see the gallows up on a hill
And out in the distance a trick of the brain
I see a lone rider crossing the plain

And he'd come to fetch me to see what they'd done
And we'd ride together to kingdom come
I prayed for god's mercy, for soon I'd be dead
I hung my head, I hung my head

I hung my head, I hung my head

The first time ever I saw your face

(Ewan MacColl)

Was a number one hit for Roberta Flack.

The first time ever I saw your face,
I thought the sun rose in your eyes.
And the moon and stars were the gifts you gave,
To the dark and the endless sky, my love.

And the first time ever I kissed your mouth,
I felt the earth move through my hands.
Like the trembling heart of a captive bird
That was there at my command.

And the first time ever I lay with you,
I felt your heart so close to mine.
And I know our joy would fill the earth,
And last till the end of time, my love.

The first time ever I saw your face.

Personal Jesus

(Martin L. Gore)

Originally recorded by Depeche Mode for Violator (1990)

Your own, personal, Jesus
Someone to hear your prayers,
Someone who cares

Your own, personal, Jesus
Someone to hear your prayers,
Someone who's there

Feeling unknown and you're all alone,
Flesh and bone, by the telephone,
Lift up the receiver, I'll make you a believer

Take second best, put me to the test,
Things on your chest, you need to confess,
I will deliver, you know I'm a forgiver

Reach out and touch faith
Reach out and touch faith

Your own, personal, Jesus
Someone to hear your prayers,
Someone who cares

Your own, personal, Jesus
Someone to hear your prayers,
Someone to care

Feeling unknown and you're all alone,
Flesh and bone, by the telephone,
Lift up the receiver, I'll make you a believer
I will deliver, you know I'm a forgiver

Reach out and touch faith

In my life

(John Lennon / Paul McCartney)

Originally recorded by The Beatles for Rubber Soul (1965)

There are places I'll remember
All my life though some have changed
Some forever, not for better
Some have gone and some remain
All these places have their moments
With lovers and friends, I still can recall
Some are dead and some are living
In my life, I've loved them all

But if all these friends and lovers
There is no one compares with you
And these memories lose their meaning
When I think of love as something new

Though I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before
I know I'll often stop and think about them
In my life, I love you more

Though I know I'll never lose affection
For people and things that went before
I know I'll often stop and think about them
In my life, I love you more
In my life, I love you more

Sam Hall

(Tex Ritter)

Originally recorded by Cash for the double album, *Sings the Ballads of the True West* (1965)

Yes, my name it is Sam Hall; it is Sam Hall.
My name it is Sam Hall an' I hate you, one and all.
An' I hate you, one and all: Damn your eyes.

I killed a man, they said; so they said.
I killed a man, they said; so they said.
I killed a man, they said an' I smashed in his head.
An' I left him layin' dead, damn his eyes.

But a-swingin', I must go; I must go.
A-swingin', I must go; I must go.
A-swingin', I must go while you critters down below,
Yell up: „Sam, I told you so.” Well, damn your eyes!

instrumental break

I saw Molly in the crowd; in the crowd.
I saw Molly in the crowd; in the crowd.
I saw Molly in the crowd an' I hollered, right out loud:
„Hey there Molly, ain't you proud? Damn your eyes. ”

Then the Sherriff, he came to; he came to.
Ah, yeah, the Sherriff, he came to; he came to.
The Sherriff, he come to an he said: „Sam, how are you?"
And I said: "Well, Sherriff, how are you, Damn your eyes. ”

My name is Samuel, Samuel.
My name is Samuel, Samuel.
My name is Samuel, an' I'll see you all in hell.
An' I'll see you all in hell, damn your eyes.

Danny boy

(Frederic Edward Weatherly)

First published in 1910, previously recorded by Cash for Orange Blossom Special (1965)

Oh, Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling,
From glen to glen and down the mountain side;
The summer's gone, and all the roses falling;
It's you, it's you must go, and I must bide.

But come ye back when summer's in the meadow,
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow;
I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow;
Danny boy, Oh Danny boy, I love you so.

But if you come and all the flowers are dying,
If I am dead, as dead I well may be.
You'll come and find the place where I am lying,
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.

And I will know, 'though soft ye tread around me,
And then my grave shall richer sweeter be,
Then you'll bend down and tell me that you love me,
And I shall rest in peace until you come to me.

Desperado – with Don Henley

(Glenn Frey / Don Henley)

Originally recorded by The Eagles for Desperado (1973)

Desperado, why don't you come to your senses?
You been out ridin' fences for so long now.
Oh, you're a hard one,
But I know that you've got your reasons.
These things that are pleasin' you,
Can hurt you somehow.

Don't you draw the queen of diamonds, boy,
She'll beat you if she's able.
Know the queen of hearts is always your best bet.
Now it seems to me, some fine things,
Have been laid upon your table.
But you only want the things that you can't get.

Desperado, oh, you ain't gettin' no younger:
Your pain and your hunger, they're drivin' you home.
And freedom, oh freedom,
Well, that's just some people talkin'
Your prison is walking,
Through this world all alone.

And don't your feet get cold in the winter time?
The sky won't snow, the sun won't shine
It's hard to tell the night time from the day
You're loosin' all your highs and lows
Ain't it funny how the feeling,
Goes away?

Desperado, why don't you come to your senses?
Come down from your fences, and open the gate
It may be rainin', but there's a rainbow above you,
You better let somebody love you,
You better let somebody love you,
You better let somebody love you,
Before it's too late.

I'm so lonesome I could cry – with Nick Cave

(Hank Williams)

Originally recorded by Hank Williams; previously recorded by Cash for Now, There Was a Song! (1960)

Hear that lonesome whippoorwill?
He sounds too blue to fly.
The midnight train is whining low:
I'm so lonesome I could cry.

I've never seen a night so long,
When time goes crawling by.
The moon just went behind a cloud,
To hide its face and cry.

Did you ever see a Robin weep,
When leaves begin to die?
That means he's lost his will to live.
I'm so lonesome I could cry.

The silence of a falling star,
Lights up a purple sky.
And as I wonder where you are,
I'm so lonesome I could cry.
I'm so lonesome I could cry.

Tear stained letter

(John R. Cash)

Originally recorded by Cash for A Thing Called Love (1972)

I'm gonna write a tear stained letter,
I'm gonna mail it straight to you.
I'm gonna bring back to your mind,
What you said about always bein' true.
Bout our secret hidin' places;
Bein' daily satisfied.
I can see you sittin' and readin' it,
While you hang you head and cry.
I just hope you're not so sad,
You're gonna go down suicide.

I'm gonna write a tear stained letter:
Put it special delivery.
'Cause it's gonna be full of stuff,
That's only known to you and me.
'Bout how every time I get turned on,
You turn me off and bring me down.
It'll be about the darkest news,
That ever did arrive in your hometown.
It'll be about the saddest thing,
Your mailman ever did bring around.

I'm gonna write a tear stained letter,
I'm gonna tell you one more time.
That you still could reconsider,
And come back to bein' mine.
An' if you think about what I'm sayin',
It'd be hard to refuse.
Just be sure you think a long time,
On the answer that you choose.
It will be a most important piece,
Of personal, private news.

I'm gonna write a tear stained letter:
Mark it "Personal Private News."
An' I hope you'll keep it to yourself,
An' don't go 'round cryin' the blues.
Givin' off a bad impression,
As to what went really wrong.
When what it was was that suddenly,
The music was all gone.
And this man and this woman got cut off,
In the middle of our song.

I'm gonna write a tear stained letter:
I'm gonna put it to a tune.
So I'll be sendin' with it,
A sweet melody for you.
And not some red-hot, upbeat zinger,
That'll set your body on fire.
But a hunk of love included,
Meant to take you a little higher.
And to settle on your sweet, sweet mind,
At night when you retire.

I'm gonna write a tear stained letter.

Streets of Laredo

(Traditional)

Previously recorded by Cash for Sings the Ballads of the True West (1965)

As I walked out on the streets of Laredo.
As I walked out on Laredo one day,
I spied a poor cowboy wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

„I can see by your outfit that you are a cowboy.”
These words he did say as I boldly walked by.
„Come an’ sit down beside me an’ hear my sad story.
I’m shot in the breast an’ I know I must die.”

„It was once in the saddle, I used to go dashing.
Once in the saddle, I used to go gay.
First to the card-house and then down to Rose’s.
But I’m shot in the breast and I’m dying today.”

„Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin.
Six dance-hall maidens to bear up my pall.
Throw bunches of roses all over my coffin.
Roses to deaden the clods as they fall.”

„Then beat the drum slowly, play the Fife lowly.
Play the dead march as you carry me along.
Take me to the green valley, lay the sod o’er me,
I’m a young cowboy and I know I’ve done wrong.”

„Then go write a letter to my grey-haired mother,
An’ tell her the cowboy that she loved has gone.
But please not one word of the man who had killed me.
Don’t mention his name and his name will pass on.”

When thus he had spoken, the hot sun was setting.
The streets of Laredo grew cold as the clay.
We took the young cowboy down to the green valley,
And there stands his marker, we made, to this day.

We beat the drum slowly and played the Fife lowly,
Played the dead march as we carried him along.
Down in the green valley, laid the sod o’er him.
He was a young cowboy and he said he’d done wrong.

We'll meet again – with The Whole Cash Gang

(Ross Parker / Hugh Charles)

Most famously a hit for Vera Lynn (1939)

We'll meet again
Don't know where,
Don't know when
But I know
We'll meet again
Some sunny day

Keep smilin' thru
Just like you
Always do
'Til the blue skies drive
The dark clouds
Far away

And will you please say hello
To the folks that i know
Tell'em that I won't be long
And they'll be happy to know
That when you saw me go
I was singing this song

We'll meet again
Don't know where
Don't know when
But I know
We'll meet again
Some sunny day

spoken
Yeah we'll meet again
I don't know where
And I don't know when
But I do know
That we'll meet again
Some sunny day

spoken
So Honey
Keep on smilin' thru
Just like you always do
'Til the blue skies
Drive the dark clouds
Far away

And would you please say hello
To all the folks that I know
And tell'em I won't be long
They'll be happy to know
That when you saw me go
I was singing this song

with choir
We'll meet again
Don't know where
Don't know when
But I know
We'll meet again
Some sunny day

American V - A hundred highways

recorded May 2003–September 2003 / released on July 4, 2006

Help me

(Larry Gatlin)

Previously recorded by Kris Kristofferson for Jesus Was a Capricorn (1972)

Oh, Lord, help me walk
Another mile, just one more mile;
I'm tired of walkin' all alone.

And Lord, help me to smile
Another smile, just one more smile;
Don't think I can do things on my own.

I never thought I needed help before;
Thought that I could get by - by myself.
But now I know I just can't take it any more.
And with a humble heart, on bended knee,
I'm beggin' You please for help

Oh come down from Your golden throne to me, to lowly me;
I need to feel the touch of Your tender hand.
Release the chains of darkness
Let me see, Lord let me see;
Just where I fit into your master plan.

I never thought I needed help before;
Thought that I could get by - by myself.
Now I know I just can't take it any more.
And with a humble heart, on bended knee,
I'm beggin' You please for help
With a humble heart, on bended knee,
I'm beggin' You please for help

God's gonna cut you down

(Traditional version)

Previously recorded by Odetta for *Sings Ballads and Blues* (1956), by Elvis Presley for *How Great Thou Art* (1967), and by The Blind Boys Of Alabama (as "Run On For A Long Time") for *Spirit Of The Century* (2001)

Chorus:

You can run on for a long time
Run on for a long time
Run on for a long time
Sooner or later God'll cut you down
Sooner or later God'll cut you down

Go tell that long tongue liar
Go and tell that midnight rider
Tell the rambler, the gambler, the back biter
Tell 'em that God's gonna cut 'em down
Tell 'em that God's gonna cut 'em down

Well my goodness gracious let me tell you the news
My head's been wet with the midnight dew
I've been down on bended knee talkin' to the man from Galilee
He spoke to me in the voice so sweet
I thought I heard the shuffle of the angel's feet
He called my name and my heart stood still
When he said, "John go do My will!"

Go tell that long tongue liar
Go and tell that midnight rider
Tell the rambler, the gambler, the back biter
Tell 'em that God's gonna cut 'em down
Tell 'em that God's gonna cut 'em down

Chorus

Well you may throw your rock and hide your hand
Workin' in the dark against your fellow man
But as sure as God made black and white
What's done in the dark will be brought to the light

Chorus

Go tell that long tongue liar
Go and tell that midnight rider
Tell the rambler, the gambler, the back biter
Tell 'em that God's gonna cut you down
Tell 'em that God's gonna cut you down
Tell 'em that God's gonna cut you down

Like the 309

(John R. Cash)

It should be a while before I see Dr. Death
So it would sure be nice if I could get my breath
Well I'm not the crying nor the whining kind
'Till I hear the whistle of the 309

Of the 309, of the 309
Put me in my box on the 309

Take me to the depot, put me to bed
Blow an electric fan on my gnarly old head
Everybody take a look, see I'm doing fine
Then load my box on the 309

On the 309, on the 309
Put me in my box on the 309

Hey sweet baby, kiss me hard
Draw my bath water, sweep my yard
Give a drink of my wine to my Jersey cow
I wouldn't give a hootin' hell for my journey now

On the 309, on the 309

I hear the sound of a railroad train
The whistle blows and I'm gone again
It will take me higher than a Georgia pine
Stand back children, it's a 309

It's a 309, it's a 309
Put me in my box on the 309

A chicken in the pot and turkey in the corn
Ain't felt this good since jubilee morn
Talk about luck, well I got mine
As me comin' down like a 309

Write me a letter, sing me a song
Tell me all about it, what I did wrong
Meanwhile I will be doing fine
Then load my box on the 309

On the 309, on the 309
Goin' to get out of here on the 309

If you could read my mind

(Gordon Lightfoot)

Originally recorded by Lightfoot for Sit Down Young Stranger (1970)

If you could read my mind, love,
What a tale my thoughts could tell.
Just like an old time movie,
'Bout a ghost from a wishing well.
In a castle dark or a fortress strong,
With chains upon my feet.
You know that ghost is me.
And I will never be set free
As long as I'm a ghost that you can't see.

If I could read your mind, love,
What a tale your thoughts could tell.
Just like a paperback novel,
The kind the drugstores sell.
When you reached the part where the heartaches come,
The hero would be me.
But heroes often fail,
And you won't read that book again
Because the ending's just too hard to take!

I'd walk away like a movie star
Who gets burned in a three way script.
Enter number two:
A movie queen to play the scene
Of bringing all the good things out in me.
But for now, love, let's be real;
I never thought I could act this way
And I've got to say that I just don't get it.
I don't know where we went wrong,
But the feeling's gone
And I just can't get it back.

If you could read my mind, love,
What a tale my thoughts could tell.
Just like an old time movie,
'Bout a ghost from a wishing well.
In a castle dark or a fortress strong.
With chains upon my feet.
But stories always end,
And if you read between the lines,
You'll know that I'm just tryin' to understand
The feelin's that you lack.
I never thought I could feel this way
And I've got to say that I just don't get it.
I don't know where we went wrong,
But the feelin's gone
And I just can't get it back!

Further on up the road

(Bruce Springsteen)

Originally recorded by Springsteen for The Rising (2002)

Where the road is dark and the seed is sowed
Where the gun is cocked and the bullet's cold
Where the miles are marked in the blood and gold
I'll meet you further on up the road

Got on my dead man's suit and my smilin' skull ring
My lucky graveyard boots and a song to sing
I got a song to sing, it keeps me out of the cold
And I'll meet you further on up the road.

Further on up the road
Further on up the road
Where the way is dark and the night is cold
One sunny mornin' we'll rise I know
And I'll meet you further on up the road.

Now I been out in the desert, just doin' my time
Searchin' through the dust, lookin' for a sign
If there's a light up ahead, well brother I don't know
But I got this fever burnin' in my soul

Further on up the road
Further on up the road
Further on up the road
Further on up the road

One sunny mornin' we'll rise I know
And I'll meet you further on up the road
One sunny mornin' we'll rise I know
And I'll meet you further on up the road.

On the evening train

(Hank Williams)

I heard the laughter at the depot
But my tears fell like the rain
When I saw them place that long white casket
In the baggage coach of the evening train

The baby's eyes are red from weeping
Its little heart is filled with pain
Oh Daddy cried they're taking Mama
Away from us on the evening train

As I turned to walk away from the depot
It seemed I heard her call my name
Take care of my baby and tell him darling
That I'm going home on the evening train

I pray that God will give me courage
To carry on 'til we meet again
It's hard to know she's gone forever
They're carrying her home on the evening train

I came to believe

(John R. Cash)

Cash originally wrote this song prior to the sessions for this album

I couldn't manage the problems I laid on myself
And it just made it worse when I laid them on somebody else
So I finally surrendered it all brought down in despair
I cried out for help and I felt a warm comforter there

Chorus:

And I came to believe in a power much higher than I
I came to believe that I needed help to get by
In childlike faith I gave in and gave him a try
And I came to believe in a power much higher than I

Nothing worked out when I handled it all on my own
And each time I failed it made me feel twice as alone
Then I cried, "Lord there must be a sure and easier way
For it just cannot be that a man should lose hope every day."

Chorus

Yes, I came to believe in a power much higher than I

Love's been good to me

(Rod McKuen)

Originally recorded by Frank Sinatra for A Man Alone & Other Songs of Rod McKuen (1969)

I have been a rover
I have walked alone
Hiked a hundred highways
Never found a home
Still in all I'm happy
The reason is, you see
Once in a while along the way
Love's been good to me

There was a girl in Denver
Before the summer storm
Oh, her eyes were tender
Oh, her arms were warm
And she could smile away the thunder
Kiss away the rain
Even though she's gone away
You won't hear me complain

I have been a rover
I have walked alone
Hiked a hundred highways
Never found a home
Still in all I'm happy
The reason is, you see
Once in a while along the way
Love's been good to me

There was a girl in Portland
Before the winter chill
We used to go a-courtin'
Along October hill
And she could laugh away the dark clouds
Cry away the snow
It seems like only yesterday
As down the road I go

I've been a rover
I have walked alone
Hiked a hundred highways
Never found a home
Still in all I'm happy
The reason is, you see
Once in a while along the way
Love's been good to me

A legend in my time

(Don Gibson)

Originally recorded by Gibson for Sweet Dreams and Roy Orbison for Lonely and Blue (both 1960)

If heartaches brought fame in love's crazy game,
I'd be a legend in my time.
If they gave gold statuettes for tears and regrets,
I'd be a legend in my time.

But they don't give awards, and there's no praise or fame
For hearts that are broken for love that's in vain.

If loneliness meant world acclaim,
Everyone would know my name
I'd be a legend in my time.

Rose of my heart

(Hugh Moffatt)

Written in 1981 or 1982 and recorded by many artists, including Moffat for Troubadour (1989)

We're the best partners this world's ever seen,
Together as close as can be.
But sometimes it's hard to find time in between,
To tell you what you mean to me.

You are the rose of my heart,
You are the love of my life.
A flower not fading nor falling apart,
If you're tired, rest your head on my arm.
Rose of my heart.

When sorrow holds you in its arms of clay,
It's rain drops that fall from your eyes.
Your smile's like the sun come to earth for a day,
You brighten my blackest of skies.

You are the rose of my heart,
You are the love of my life.
A flower not fading nor falling apart,
If you're cold, let my love make you warm.
Rose of my heart.

So hard times or easy times, what do I care,
There's nothing I'd change if I could.
The tears and the laughter are things that we share,
Your hand in mine makes it good.

You are the rose of my heart,
You are the love of my life.
A flower not fading nor falling apart,
If you're cold, let my love make you warm.
Rose of my heart.

You are the rose of my heart,
You are the love of my life.
A flower not fading nor falling apart,
If you're cold, let my love make you warm.
Rose of my heart.

Four strong winds

(Ian Tyson)

Previously recorded by Ian and Sylvia and Neil Young

Chorus:

Four strong winds that blow lonely, seven seas that run high,
All these things that won't change, come what may.
Well our good times are all gone, and I'm bound for moving on.
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way.

Think I'll go out to Alberta, weather's good there in the fall.
Got some friends that I can go to workin' for.
Yet I wish you'd change your mind, if I asked you one more time
But we've been through this a hundred times or more.

Chorus

If I get there before the snow flies, and if things are looking good.
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare,
But by then it would be winter, not much for you to do.
And the winds can sure blow cold way up there.

Chorus

I'm free from the chain gang now

(Lou Herscher, Saul Klein)

Originally recorded by Cash for The Sound of Johnny Cash (1962)

I got rid of the shackles that bound me and the guards that were always around me
There were tears on the mail mother sent me in jail
But I'm free from the chain gang now
Back home I was known and respected then one day I was wrongly suspected
So they put me in chains in a cold freezin' rain but I'm free from the chain gang now

Guitar

All the years I was known by a number how I kept my mind is a wonder
And the bare prison cell that was one step from hell
But I'm free from the chain gang now
I prayed that the gossip will spare me when I return to the one I will marry
Like a bird in a tree I got my liberty and I'm free from the chain gang now

American VI - Ain't no grave

recorded May 2003–September 2003 / released February 23, 2010

Ain't no grave

(traditional)

There ain't no grave can hold my body down
There ain't no grave can hold my body down
When I hear that trumpet sound
I'm gonna rise right out of the ground
Ain't no grave can hold my body down

Well, look way down the river,
What do you think I see?
I see a band of angels
And they're coming after me
Ain't no grave can hold my body down
There ain't no grave can hold my body down

Well, look down yonder Gabriel,
Put your feet on the land and see
But Gabriel don't you blow your trumpet
'Til you hear it from me
There ain't no grave can hold my body down
Ain't no grave can hold my body down

Well, meet me Jesus, meet me.
Meet me in the middle of the air
And if these wings don't fail me
I will meet you anywhere
Ain't no grave can hold my body down
There ain't no grave can hold my body down

Well, meet me mother and father,
Meet me down the river road
And mamma you know that I'll be there
When I check in my load
Ain't no grave can hold my body down
There ain't no grave can hold my body down
There ain't no grave can hold my body down

Redemption day

(Sheryl Crow)

I've wept for those who suffer long
But how I weep for those who've gone
In rooms of grief and questioned wrong
But keep on killing
It's in the soul to feel such things
But weak to watch without speaking
Oh what mercy sadness brings
If God be willing

Chorus:

There is a train that's heading straight
To heaven's gate, to heaven's gate
And on the way, child and man,
And woman wait, watch and wait
For redemption day

Fire rages in the streets
And swallows everything it meets
It's just an image often seen
On television
Come leaders, come you men of great
Let us hear you pontificate
Your many virtues laid to waste
And we aren't listening

Chorus

What do you have for us today
Throw us a bone but save the plate
Oh why we waited til so late
Was there no oil to excavate
No riches in trade for the fate
Of every person who died in hate
Throw us a bone, you men of great

Chorus

It's buried in the countryside
It's exploding in the shells at night
It's everywhere a baby cries
Freedom
Freedom
Freedom

For the good times

(Kris Kristofferson)

Don't look so sad, I know it's over.
But life goes on, and this old world will keep on turning.
Let's just be glad we had some time to spend together.
There's no need to watch the bridges that we're burning.

Lay your head upon my pillow.
Hold your warm and tender body close to mine.
Hear the whisper of the raindrops,
Blowin' soft against the window,
And make believe you love me one more time,
For the good times.

I'll get along; you'll find another,
And I'll be here if you should find you ever need me.
Don't say a word about tomorrow or forever,
There'll be time enough for sadness when you leave me.

Lay your head upon my pillow.
Hold your warm and tender body close to mine.
Hear the whisper of the raindrops,
Blowin' soft against the window,
And make believe you love me one more time,
For the good times.

1st Corinthians 15:55

(John .R. Cash)

The opening lines are derived from the titular bible verse: „Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory?“ Cash made many references to religion over the years, this song and „Ain't no grave“ are heavily weighed down with them as Cash contemplated the end of his life, and others close to him.

Chorus:

Oh death, where is thy sting?
Oh grave, where is thy victory?
Oh life, you are a shining path
And hope springs eternal just over the rise
When I see my Redeemer beckoning me

Oh roll my ship over the waves of Your sea
Let me find a safe port now and then
Don't let the Dark One in Your sanctuary
Until it's time to pack it in

Oh roll my ship with the fire of Your breath
And don't lay a broadside on Your ship as yet
Blow your warm winds when it's chilly and wet
And don't come too soon for collecting my debt

Chorus

Oh let me sail on with my ships to the East
And keep my eye on the North Star
When the journey is no good for men or for beast
I'll be safe wherever You are

Just let me sail into Your harbour of lights
And there and forever to cast out my line
Give me my task and let me do it right
And do it with all of my might

Chorus

Wonder where I'm bound

(Tom Paxton)

It's a long and a dusty road
A hot and a heavy load
And the folks that I meet ain't always kind
Some are bad some are good some have done the best they could,
And some have tried to ease my troubled mind

And I cant help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound
Can't help but wonder where I'm bound

I been wandering thru this land
Just doing the best I can
Trying to find what I was meant to do
And the people that I see
Look as worried as can be
And it looks like they are wanderin' too

And I cant help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound
Can't help but wonder where I'm bound

Well I had a little girl one time
She had lips like sherry wine
And she loved me till my head went plum insane
But I was to blind to see
She was driftin' away from me
And my good gal went off on a mornin' train

And I cant help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound
Can't help but wonder where I'm bound

If you see me passing by
And you sit and you wonder why
And you wish that you were ramblin' too
Nail your shoes to the kitchen floor
Lace them up and bar the door
Thank your stars for the roof that's over you

And I cant help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound
Can't help but wonder where I'm bound

I cant help but wonder where I'm bound, where I'm bound
Can't help but wonder where I'm bound

Satisfied mind

(Joe 'Red' Hayes, Jack Rhodes)

How many times have you heard someone say,
„If I had his money I could do things my way.”
But little they know that it's so hard to find
One rich man in ten with a satisfied mind.

Once I was winning in fortune and fame;
Everything that I dreamed for to get a start in lifes game.
Then suddenly it happened, I lost every dime,
But I'm richer by far with a satisfied mind.

Money can't buy back your youth when you're old
Or a friend when you're lonely or a love that's grown cold;
The wealthiest person is a pauper at times
Compared to the man with a satisfied mind.

When life has ended, and my time has run out,
My friends and my loved ones I'll leave, there's no doubt.
But one thing for certain, when it comes my time,
I'll leave this old world with a satisfied mind.

How many times have you heard someone say,
„If I had his money I could do things my way.”
But little they know that it's so hard to find
One rich man in ten with a satisfied mind.

I don't hurt anymore

(Don Robertson, Jack Rollins)

I don't hurt anymore
All my teardrops're dried
No more walking the floor
With that burning inside.

Just to think it could be
Time has opened the door
And at last I am free
I don't hurt anymore.

No use to deny I wanted to die
The day you said we were through
But now that I find you're out of my mind
I can't believe that it's true.

I've forgotten somehow
That I cared so before
And it's wonderful now
I don't hurt anymore.

No use to deny I wanted to die
The day you said we were through
But now that I find you're out of my mind
I can't believe that it's true.

I've forgotten somehow
That I cared so before
And it's wonderful now
I don't hurt anymore.

Cool water

(Bob Nolan)

All day I've faced a barren waste
Without the taste of water, cool water
Old Dan and I with throats burnt dry
And souls that cry for water
Cool, clear, water

Keep a-movin, Dan, don'tcha listen to him, Dan
He's a devil, not a man
And he spreads the burning sand with water
Dan, can ya see that big, green tree?
Where the water's runnin' free
And it's waitin' there for me and you?
It's water, cool, clear water.

The nights are cool and I'm a fool
Each star's a pool of water
Cool water
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn
And carry on to water
Cool, clear, water

Keep a-movin, Dan, don'tcha listen to him, Dan
He's a devil, not a man
And he spreads the burning sand with water
Dan, can ya see that big, green tree?
Where the water's runnin' free
And it's waitin' there for me and you?

It's water, cool, clear, water
Cool, clear, water
Cool, clear, water

Last night I had the strangest dream

(Ed McCurdy)

Last night I had the strangest dream
I ever dreamed before
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war

I dreamed I saw a mighty room
The room was filled with men
And the paper they were signing said
They'd never fight again

And when the papers all were signed
And a million copies made
They all joined hands and bowed their heads
And grateful prayers were prayed

And the people in the streets below
Were dancing round and round
And guns and swords and uniforms
Were scattered on the ground

Last night I had the strangest dream
I ever dreamed before
I dreamed the world had all agreed
To put an end to war

Aloha Oe

(Queen Lili'uokalani)

Haaheo e ka ua i na pali
Proudly sweeps the rain cloud by the cliffs
Ke nihi ae la i kanahale
As onward it glides thru the trees
E uhai ana paha i ka liko
It seems to be following the liko
Pua a hihi lehua o u
The a hihi lehua of the vale

Aloha oe, aloha oe,
Aloha oe, farewell to thee,
E ke onaona noho i ka lipo
Thou charming one who dwells among the bowers
One fond embrace, a hoi ae au
One fond embrace, before I now depart
Until we meet again, until we meet again
Until we meet again, until we meet again

O ka halia aloha kai hihi mai
Thus sweet memories come back to me
Ke hone ae nei i kuu manawa.
Bringing fresh remembrance of the past
O oe no ka'u ipo aloha
Dearest one, yes, thou art mine own

A loko e hana nei.
From the true love shall ne'er depart

Maopopo kuu iki i ka nani,
I have seen and watched the loveliness
Na pua rose o Maunawili,
Thou sweet rose of Maunawili
Ilaila hiaai ai na manu,
And 'tis there the birds oft love to dwell
Mikiala i ka nani o ka liko
And sip the honey from thy lips

<http://americanrecordingslyricsjohnnycash.blogspot.com/2010/01/redemption-day-lyrics-johnny-cash.html>

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