



The Ballad of the Delta Lady

By Tom Farley

*They're puttin' the Delta Lady on the auction block tonight
Her paddlewheels no more to turn, no dancehall city lights
And the more that I remember, the more it don't seem right
To put the Cajun Delta Lady on the auction block tonight*

*It's been come nigh on eighty years since the Lady was introduced
To a wide-eyed Mississippi boy in the romance of his youth
From the moment that I saw her at the dock by Port a' Prince
Like a man who'd found his only woman I've loved her ever since*

*Many times I held her so closely I could feel
The way that she responded to the touching of her wheel
So beautiful a figure, like none that's ever been
It's sad to think I'll never know her warm embrace again*

*We passed our days by countin' one sunset at a time
And there wasn't a dock on the whole damn river that never seen her line*

Just a passing generation is all we've come to be

And the swift and mighty Delta Lady becomes a memory

They're puttin' the Delta Lady on the auction block tonight

Her paddlewheels no more to turn, no dancehall city lights

And the more that I remember, the more it don't seem right

To put the Cajun Delta Lady on the auction block tonight

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Mangy Dog Blues

By Tom Farley

Hey, Louise....How are you honey?

Speak up I find it hard to hear

It's been a while since we've talked

And I'm makin' my position clear

I've been courtin' you for a month babe

And we haven't had a moment alone

Seems like everywhere we go

You gotta bring your doggy along

We go walkin' on Sunday, Tuesday's the vet

A lick is all the lovin' I've been able to get

There are patches of grass growing crazy outside on my lawn

Chorus

I ain't askin' for the moon babe

I'd be happy just to be down home

So meet me at the corner

And leave your mangy dog at home

I've been savin' my money, been out on the take

Tryin' to afford the fancy moves you make

But it don't mean a damn when I call on the phone and you're gone

Chorus

I ain't askin' for the moon babe

I'd be happy just to be down home

So meet me at the corner

And leave your mangy dog at home

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Sixty-Nine Pimpmobile

By Tom Farley

I was hitchin' to D.C. from Norfolk VA, totin' everything that I owned

Expectin' to be truckin' with my hitchhikin' mama but I ended up travelin' alone

I was stuck outside of Newport News stranded in the freezin' rain

Prayin' if I ever saddled a driver I would promise never to complain

And the next set of lights pulled up on the right and I thought that it couldn't be real

'Cause I caught myself a ride with electroglide in a sixty-nine pimpmobile

It had a red leather roof and the bottom was black

And opera windows with the curtains in back

It had dice on the mirrors and rugs on the floor

Flag on the 'tenna of the radio

It has buckets in front and fins in the rear

And a straight transmission with seven different gears

Chorus

And I said "Oh my God, put down that number

I simply can't believe that it's true"

Crusin' down the interstate at ninety miles an hour

Don't give you time to take in the view....Oh Lord

The driver was in stitches....I was shittin' in my britches

I thought my hitchin' days were through

He said "Hang on, son, we'll get there on time

D.C.'s just a little farther down the line"

Well....the driver's name was Dave he was born and raised in Chattanooga, Tennessee

A NASCAR racer who was busted from the circuit because of his insaniy

He said "I got a raw deal"asked me how would I feel if this would have happened to me

And I told him I would lie and maybe try to salvage my dignity

And he said "You're right....I think that I might 'cause I'm the best damn driver alive"

And just to prove a point he lit up a joint and shoved it into overdrive

Chorus

And I said "Oh my God, put down that number

I simply can't believe that it's true"

Crusin' down the interstate at ninety miles an hour

Don't give you time to take in the view....Oh Lord

The driver was in stitches....I was shittin' in my britches

I thought my hitchin' days were through

He said "Hang on, son, we'll get there on time

D.C.'s just a little farther down the line"

Rollin' down the road in a sixty-nine pimpmobile

Rollin' down the road in a sixty-nine pimpmobile....alright....

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I Find Myself Wanting You

By Tom Farley

All alone in an empty room

Praying winter doesn't come too soon

Autumn breezes and a quarter moon

Wish you had your arms around me

Just an item for a lonely heart

That has wandered way too far

Feelin' funny from the very start

'Bout the way I really feel

But babe of my life....will I see you tonight

I'd be happy if you'd be so kind

When I have you to hold, it's so hard to control

The feelings running through my mind

Chorus

I find myself wanting you and everything will be alright

Just stay until the morning light comes shining down around you

I find myself wanting you and everything will be alright

Just stay until the morning light comes shining down around you

Ummm..Ummm...La Da Da...

Every lover has a secret side

Every vision far and wide

Hopin' that you'll always stay in stride

Every moment lasts forever

Tell the maestro turn it way down low

Catch her glancing from the mistletoe

Watch her nodding through a late night show

Seems so near and yet so far

Oh babe of my life....will I see you tonight

I'd be happy if you'd be so kind

When I have you to hold, it's so hard to control

The feelings running through my mind

Chorus

I find myself wanting you and everything will be alright

Just stay until the morning light comes shining down around you

I find myself wanting you and everything will be alright

Just stay until the morning light comes shining down around you

Ummm..Ummm...La Da Da...

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Norfolk Days

By Tom Farley

Good old Norfolk days....a downtown stroll at five

The people leaving buildings goin' home

Each one has his way....they come here to survive

And leave behind a world they've never known

Chorus

Old folks walk the streets alone remembering their lives

Passing sailors look for love among the bars and dives

Pseudo-intellectuals that never have arrived debate the plays.....lost in a maze

On Norfolk days....

Good old Norfolk days....a shoreline stroll at noon

The gentle waves come splashing from the bay

A bridge that spans the tide....the ships that sailed too soon

Are waiting out at anchor one more day

It used to be so nice to spend an afternoon

The sandy beach at clear blue Ocean View

But all of that has changed and no one seems to mind

They stay at home and read it in the news

Chorus

Old folks walk the streets alone remembering their lives

Passing sailors look for love among the bars and dives

Pseudo-intellectuals that never have arrived debate the plays.....lost in a maze

On Norfolk days....

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Jody Lee Carroll

By Tom Farley

Jody Lee Carroll sits in the window of the Monticello hotel

He thinks to himself there are no more tomorrows....no more stories to tell

He's a long-haired country boy living in the city....tired of paying the price

Trying to recall the moment in time when the blood in his veins turned to ice

He's calm and collected as he moves to the table

And holds a spike in his hand

Sever your relations with a smooth, easy motion

The potion will meet your demands....

With his mind in a daze he passes his way through the memory of things that have been

And like the unsung martyr he takes to the streets as the black of the night rushes in

The end is near....the handle is slipping....he knows that he's ready to die

And with his face to the ground he loses his grip as the roar of the wheels pass him by

Oh....pass him by....

And when I look back on my days in the city

I almost want to break down and cry

Through the razor eyes....in a canyon of lies

The better part of me died....

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Similar Features

by Melissa Etheridge

Chorus

Go on and close your eyes go on imagine me there
She's got similar features with longer hair
And if that's what it takes to get you through
Go on and close your eyes it shouldn't bother you

You never had to wait for nothing in your life
I guess wanting me must have been a steel blue knife
And when night after night the scent of passion would linger
You had to have the jewels wrapped around your finger
Now you keep running down the road in your midnight state of mind
Curiosity kills if you can't read the signs

Chorus

Dancing with the wall made you bitter and sweet
There ain't much you can do when they just lay it at your feet
But you could tell by the song I wanted to be the one
Did you listen again when the damage was done
Now the paint's still wet in your do-it-by-number dream
Are you gonna tell me how it felt, will you tell me what it means

Chorus

Was it want with no desire
Was it smoke with no fire
Did I say it doesn't rip me apart I lied
I'm sorry dear my hands are tied

Chorus



I'll Be Waiting

By Tom Farley

You say you want somebody near

I just want you to know that I'll be waiting

You say you have too much to fear

You feel you can't let go....I'll be waiting

Chorus

I'll be waiting here when you arrive

And I'll watch you go away....

So take the love you're giving

And keep it close inside you....I'll be waiting

When it comes out easily

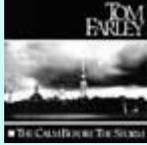
And makes you feel like smiling....I'll be waiting

Chorus

I'll be waiting here when you arrive

And I'll watch you go away....

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Promenade Blues

By Tom Farley

By the seashore....under the stars

Passing time....playing bars

Steamy lovers two0by-two

On the boardwalk with the promenade blues

Chorus

Seems life 'round here won't ever change....

Seems life 'round here won't ever change....

Wheeler-Dealers passing snow

Whiskey women everywhere I go

Keep an eye out....catch the news

On Atlantic with the promenade blues

Chorus

Seems life 'round here won't ever change....

Seems life 'round here won't ever change....

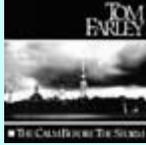
Streets a quiet....wind is slow

Lonely people everywhere I go

Late in the evening....shuffling shoes

Say goodbye to the promenade blues....

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Professional Backroads Man

By Tom Farley

Sometimes I feel like I want to lay down and die

I don't know why....I can't get no reply

Since I found the simple feelings of a barefoot country boy

I've found a place to stay....I'm moving right away

Chorus

And I feel...Lord I feel like a rolling set of wheels on the countryside

Oh my Oh my....

Behind those empty doorways and smoky basement lights

Lies a reflection....my whole life's direction

Ah, but if it isn't there then I don't really care

I really haven't got the time to stop and worry....Lord, I'm in a hurry

Chorus

And I feel...Lord I feel like a rolling set of wheels on the countryside

Oh my Oh my....

Sometimes, good God, I just feel like I want to lay down and die

I don't know why....I can't get no reply

Since I found the simple feelings of a barefoot country boy

I've found a place to stay....I'm moving right away

Chorus

And I feel...Lord I feel like a rolling set of wheels on the countryside

Oh my Oh my....

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