

SM 6008

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LONG GONE

(From BOWLIN' GREEN)

Words by
CHRIS SMITH



Music by
W. C. HANDY

Piano

f

Voice

Till ready

1. Did you ev-er hear the sto-ry of
2. Long John— stood on the

p *mf*

long John Dean? A bold, bank rob-ber from
rail - road tie Wait - ing for a freight - train

Bowl - in' Green, Was sent to the jail - house
to come by, Freight train - came just

yes - ter - day, Late last night he made his get a - way._
 puff - in' and flyin', Ought a seen Long - John - grab - bin' that blind._

Chorus

He's Long - Gone from Ken - tuck - y Long - Gone

ain't he luck - y, Long Gone and what I mean, He's

Long - Gone from Bowl - in' Green. He's Bowl - in' Green.

Verses

3. They of - fered a re - ward to
 4. They caught him in Fris - co and to
 5. A gang of men tried to

p *mf*

bring him back E - ven put blood - hounds
 seal his fate at San Quen - tin they jailed him one
 cap - ture Dean, So they chas - ed him with a

on his track Dog - gone blood - hounds
 eye - ning late But out on the o - cean John
 sub - ma - rine Dean jumped o - ver - board grab - bed the

lost his scent Now no - bod - y knows where Long John went.
 did es - cape Cause the guard for - got to close the Gold - en Gate.
 sub - ma - rine And made that gang catch a fly - ing ma - chine.

Chorus

He's Long Gone from Ken - tuck - y
 John's Long Gone from San Quen - tin
 Now he's Long Gone and still a - swim - min'

p-f

Long - Gone Aint he luck - y Long Gone and
 Long - Gone and still a - sprint - in' Long Gone I'm
 Long - Gone with them mer - maid wom - en Long Gone just

what I mean He's Long - Gone from Bowl - in' Green.
 tell - ing you. Shut your mouth and shut mine too.
 like a fish My that boys got some am - bish.

6. A vamp thought she had Long John's goat,
 She took his watch and money right from his coat
 John stole all she had now she thinks he's a riddle
 He didn't leave her enough clothes to dust a fiddle.

Chorus: He's Long gone from Kentucky,
 Long gone that guy's some lucky,
 Long gone from this queen,
 Long gone from Bowlin' Green.

7. When prohibition said I'll lick John Barleycorn
 I never thought shed do any harm,
 But she's chased him strong, didn't stop to wait
 And blacked his eye in every state.

Chorus: Now John's gone and he left me weepin',
 Long gone but only sleepin',
 But from the drug we catch his breath,
 Long gone and scared to death.