

BALLAD OF WILLIE JOE

and THE TALKIN' WOMAN

Alney Norell

When I first come to Piney Ridge,
A young feller . . . to work on the bridge
I boarded with a widder-woman
Name of Sally Ann Lowman.

She set a good table, but lord how she talked!
She could talk fastern she walked!
She'd had three husbands, folks all said
Good ones too . . . but ever' one dead!

Talked 'em to death, the story went round,
Gabbin' put 'em under . . . six feet in the ground.
Her words flowing like a river
Sure stirred-up a man's liver.

She jawed, she prattled . . .
She gossiped, she tattled.
She nagged, she scolded . . . givin-out
From a never-endin' fount.

Now old Mr. Neely, he took me aside:
"Sally Ann's got a notion to agin be a bride!
Folks figger you're elected . . . to be number FOUR,
Well now son, need I say more???"

Light out fer home! Don't look back . . . jest GO!
A Talkin' Woman don't improve with AGE, Willie Joe!"
So that's what I done . . . I taken his advice . . .
(Not havin' to think about it twice!!)

There in the graveyard, now rests number FOUR!
Sally Ann's a widder, as she was before.
I feel mighty lucky, I want you to know . . .
Since the name on the tombstone, **AIN'T** Willie Joe!!