



BELLE of ST LOUIS

PART ONE

01 DEAD MAN'S BLUES

In a little house on a sad street, just about gentrified,
An old man with a guitar sits, picking till he's blind.
There's coffee on the table, reefer in the tin.
If you're not too bad a hippie, you can step right on in.

He said: I played my way through Boston, bummed in
New Orleans,
Busked in Colorado, and everywhere in between.
I met railroad men, gamblers, and once an oil tycoon,
Now I'm stuck here in this town with these dead man's
blues.

The cowboys on the T.V. and the blondes in the bars,
Singing Karaoke Christmas holiday and yarns about
their cars.
Is there not a man 'neath fifty, to bring me any news?
Who maybe knows the harmony to East Virginia Blues?

He said: I played my way through Boston, bummed in
New Orleans,
Busked in Colorado, and everywhere in between.
I met railroad men, gamblers, and once an oil tycoon,

Now I'm stuck here in this town with these dead man's
blues.

In the boneyard around the corner, the trees turn their
leaves,

To the sound of something special that stirs them in
their sleep.

There's no time like tomorrow, when the past is done,
But there's something about a guitar that keeps you
holding on.

He said: I played my way through Boston, bummed in
New Orleans,

Busked in Colorado, and everywhere in between.

I met railroad men, gamblers, and once an oil tycoon,
Now I'm stuck here in this town with these dead man's
blues.

02 BELLE OF ST. LOUIS

Alice was the belle of St. Louis with her long hair hang-
ing down,

And James was a minor league pitcher from a little
Oklahoma town.

They met in a barroom in Bellville when the team was
out on the road.

She knew she would trade all of St. Louis for a pawn
shop band of gold.

When the season was over at the end of October, she'll
wear a white wedding dress,

And out on the mound are the lights that shine down for
the belle of St. Louis and the angel of the west.

It's a long way from Lynchburg to St. Louis, and her
daddy gave her away.

Darling have you seen the prairie, where we live better
on minor league pay.

And that old frame house was cold in the winter but not
when you're in love and you're free.

She knew when the blooms would come to the redbuds
he would be back with the team.

And I know Oklahoma can sure be lonesome but us

Hillcats always give it our best,
And the bleachers up there I hear the prayers of the
belle of St. Louis and the angel of the west.

Five years now he's been in the minors and he knows
he'll never make it pay,
And Alice needs more than a telephone with a baby on
the way.

The last letter she sent him he opened in Milwaukee said
when you return I'll be gone.

My mamma has sent me a greyhound ticket, cause
nobody's there like your own.

Living on your dreams ain't what it seems and I ain't no
damsel in distress.

Maybe what you need is a life without me, said the belle
of St. Louis and the angel of the west.

Our baby will be born and he'll grow like the corn, don't
you bother with no return address.

Always stay true to the dreams of your youth, said the
belle of St. Louis and the angel of the west.

Said the girl from St. Louis, your darlin' Alice.



03 CHALK IT UP TO DEVILS

You can chalk it up to devils, chalk it up to thieves,
Chalk it up to angels, or disbelief.
There's no time to kill, your horse is pulling up lame.
Get you down, my girl, and pick up your chains.

I was talking to Miss Martha, talking to Miss Phee,
Talking to the boys and the Pharisees.
They know your ways, in the dark they've heard your
cries.
They say: no love for her lest she get it on the side.

You might as well tell me, your crimes are known,
Cause I heard you whispering on the telephone.

There's no need to quiver, or obfuscate your will.
Don't you worry about me, I never shoot to kill.

You might as well go, you might as well stay,
Me, I've got to be on my way.

And when I'm gone, they'll be no need to disguise
Your pitiless heart or your callous eyes.

You can chalk it up to devils, chalk it up to thieves,
Chalk it up to angels, or disbelief.

There's no time to kill, your horse is pulling up lame.
Get you down, my girl, and pick up your chains.

04 HANNAH

Me, I've come such a long old way, with a picture of you
on my mind,
And I'm blowing out of tune on this rusty old harp that's
as blue as the pines.

Hannah, I've been thinking about you lately.
Hannah, with your red hair hanging low.
Hannah, there's a million miles between us.
Hannah, there's a million miles to go.

Second chances come once in a lifetime, that's a lie
about the third one being charmed.
Old Romeo Joe said, as he wiped away a tear and
pointed at the tattoo on his arm.

Hannah, I've been thinking about you lately.
Hannah, with your red hair hanging low.
Hannah, there's a million miles between us.
Hannah, there's a million miles to go.

Us Oklahoma boys are just natural born rounders
And sometimes this thumb takes me away.
I've spent my last dime on this crooked old payphone
Just so you could hear me say:

Hannah, I've been thinking about you lately.
Hannah, with your red hair hanging low.
Hannah, there's a million miles between us.
Hannah, there's a million miles to go.



05 CUCKHOLD'S ADMONITION

What a pain in my head,
I lost the best gal I ever had.
She left me here, she went alone,
With nothing to keep the skin tied to my bones.

Lost my horse, I lost my plow.
Lost my cow, no milk now.
Lost my heart, I lost my will.
Yet I find I'm standing still.

Once I had dreams of sweet repose,
And a woman as fair as any rose.

Once I walked tall through wind and rain,
With nary a blemish on my name.

In the misty autumn night
My eyes fail to see the light.

The night it comes my bones to chill,
Yet I find I'm standing still.

In the morning rides a thief.
Your gold he'll steal, your watch he'll keep.
Slept in my bed where I belong.
Woke to find my good gal did me wrong.

06 MERLE HAGGARD T-SHIRT

Seasons are changing and the days are still cold,
And the winter hangs on like a bandit to gold.
These April rains always make me feel blue,
And I search this town over and there's no one like you.

It's the way you get to me with those eyes so green,
In your Merle Haggard t-shirt and your faded blue jeans.

The pay is too short and the road is too long.
We'll play in your dance halls,
We're here and we're gone.

Another one horse town with two stop signs,
And the wheels spinning round put you on my mind.

It's the way you get to me with those eyes so green,
In your Merle Haggard t-shirt and your faded blue jeans.

Old battered guitars and hearts full of rhyme,
And the newness of love always goes with time.
But a love worth building is worth building slow,
And I'm taking you with me wherever I go.



BELLE OF ST. LOUIS • PART ONE: ALBUM CREDITS

Buffalo Rogers: vocals, mandolin, acoustic guitar, accordion, harmonica

Fitz Jennings: vocals, acoustic guitar, percussion

Travis Linville: electric guitar, lap steel, baritone guitar, bass, percussion

Ben Arnett: violin

Chris Wiser: clarinet

All songs by Buffalofitz.

Tracks 1, 3, 5 by Fitz Jennings

Tracks 2, 4, 6 by Buffalo Rogers

Producer: Travis Linville

Executive Producer: John Noerdlinger

Recorded and mixed by Travis Linville at Dirtybird Studio in Norman, OK.

Mastered by Garrett Haines at Treelady Studios in Turtle Creek, PA.

Project Management: Paul Wilkes

Art Direction and Concept: Foundry Collective

Publicist: Blake Jackson

Release Director: Tom Bishop

Film Direction: Andrew Patterson





© 2010 BUFFALOPIE. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
WWW.BELLEOFSTLOUIS.COM