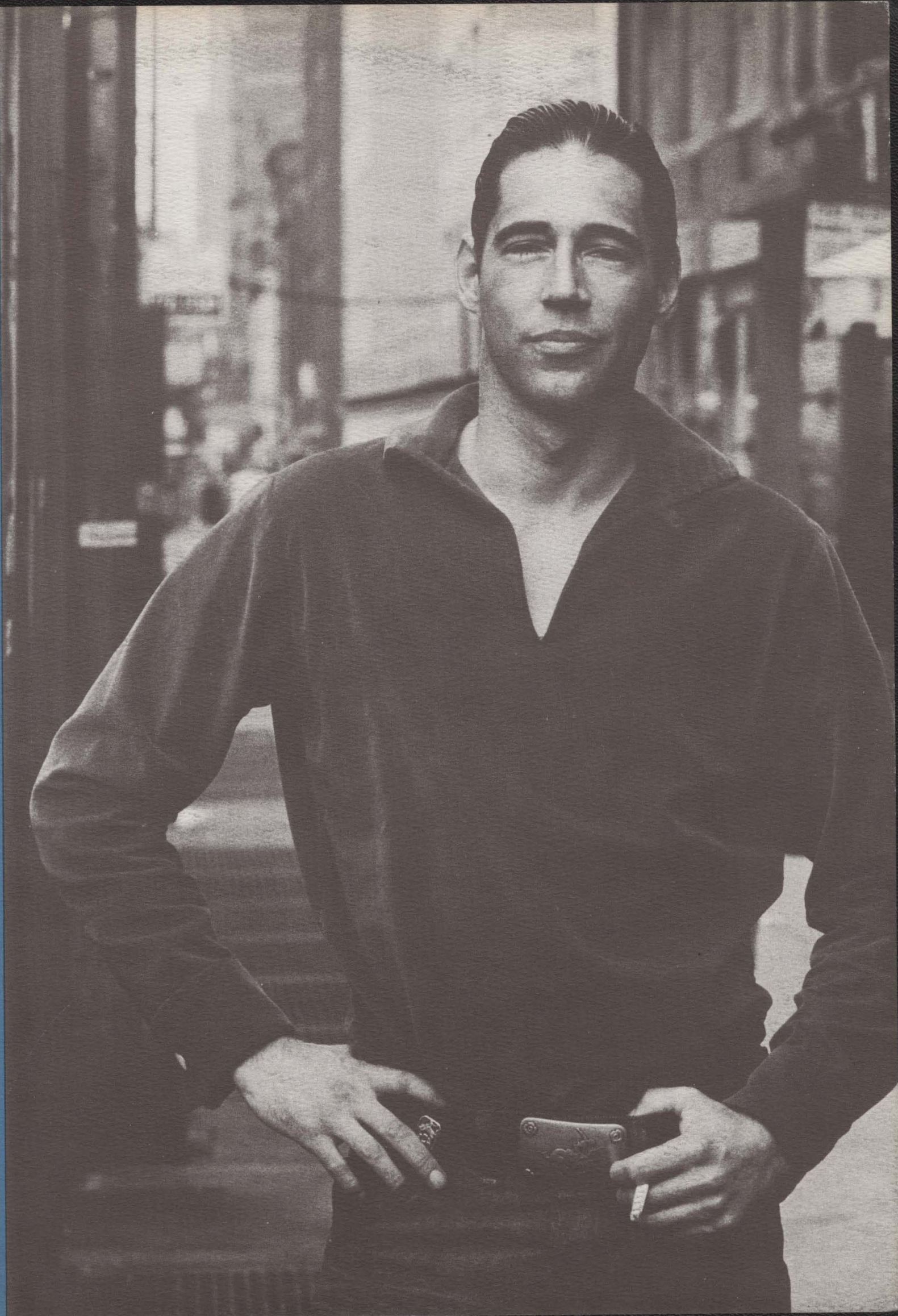


**IRON MOUNTAIN
and other songs**

Composed and Sung by

PETER LA FARGE

Folkways Records FN 2531



SIDE I
Band 1: STUMBLING
Band 2: POP REED
Band 3: PONY CALLED NELL
Band 4: MARIJUANA BLUES
Band 5: SNOW BIRD BLUES
Band 6: HUNGRY BLUES
Band 7: AVRIL BLUES

SIDE II
Band 1: SANTA FE
Band 2: ALASKA 49th STATE
Band 3: IRON MOUNTAIN
Band 4: FALLING STARS
Band 5: ABRAHAM LINCOLN
Band 6: CISCO HOUSTON

PROPERTY OF

FOLKLIFE PROGRAM

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

Folkways Records FN 2531

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE / PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID GAHR

IRON MOUNTAIN and other songs composed and sung by PETER LA FARGE

IRON MOUNTAIN and other songs

Composed and
Sung by
PETER LA FARGE

(All songs ©1962 by Stormking Music Inc.)



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID GAHR

About the songs

STUMBLING

I took my eyes off a bull at a rodeo once, and I got a ruined leg. God took his eyes off me once in Korea and it crooketed my mind. I've often stumbled walking this land. Every body who sings the blues has had some problem of this kind. The blues are like the rain, you don't know them till you've been out in them without a rain coat. Major was with me the night this song occurred. It was on a dark side walk after a radio show. The chorus happened with me still sitting there where I fell.

POP REED

Frank Reed was the father of my best friends, the Reed boys of Colorado Springs. He was a great singer and a fine poet. He was one of the last sheriffs. He had an armored car company. I saw him for a job once, his living room was filled with violins, mandolins, guitars. We walked a while, and then he called Gene in and said, "I think we'll hang a gun on this boy." I worked a while there and the Reeds became my family. I loved Pop Reed. Perhaps you can see it.

PONY CALLED NELL

I wrote this from a legend. Cisco helped me with it.

MARIJUANA BLUES

Yeah.

SNOW BIRD BLUES

This happened.

HUNGRY BLUES

Hungry blues.

AVRIL BLUES

Avril went to London. She was like a Yiddish Humming Bird.

SANTA FE

Well, I may go back. Someday.

ALASKA 49th STATE

My father, Oliver La Farge and I, are very concerned with this situation. That a new proud state should Jackel their native population, often to the extent of telling them how to vote, and making it a vogue, or letting them believe they have none, is a rat thing to do. One of the tribes, or villages has asked why the peace core shouldn't visit them. Another says they can't go hunting without bumping into a white man. As their vote is immense if organized, allow me to warn Alaska, that fire is playing with them.

IRON MOUNTAIN

A long time ago I rode quite a few of the big horses for what I rather precariously called a living. Bucking horses are just socio-paths who refuse, because they cannot, to obey mans laws. They're lovely people. I have a silver wrist, a crushed ankle etc. from them, but I like them. I ran into Iron Mountain, who had never been rode, when he had never had a reputation man on him. As to his name, these horses are named by the cowboys when they are first bucked. Chief Tyhee, big bear mountain, Pine Valley Roan, white collar, Kings X, (he was hard, you

couldn't spur him) others. You are judged in Rodeo by two men, one on each side. You must dance a choreography as rigid as balley. Cowboys, oddly enough are poets.

FALLING STARS

I was away in enforced circumstances.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

He is. I can Hear him now. Listen.

CISCO HOUSTON

SIDE I, Band 1: STUMBLING

My heart had,
The freezing blue sweats,
My soul was bored
And the moon had set:

Stop stumbling buddy,
No place left to fall,
We been stumbling so long,
We used them all:

Had the pain of tomorrow
In the roots of my hair,
My friends don't know me,
My mother doesn't care:

(CHORUS)

The houses are lonely
And the streets are black,
I ain't got a home,
And I can't go back

(CHORUS)

Gonna go up some alley
Where I ain't been before,
Gonna find me a woman
With an open door:

Someday buddy,
Down the road,
Gonna see by starlight,
Gonna ease my load.

Gonna hear by sunshine,
Gonna sing by rain,
Gonna tell the people,
I'm back again.

SIDE I, Band 2: POP REED

Pop Reed wrote this ballad just before he died
And when the cowboys got the news
They all broke down and cried
It was the passin of a cowboy
A father straight and true
It was the endin of an era
Somethin in the West is through
Now here's the words he wrote down
A copy was left to me
And I sing it in the honor
Of his memory
Here's to my old empty saddle
With an old fashioned tree;

It has seen too many hard winters,
Just like me.
Can't do no more ridin' or ropin';
Can't made a Hand,
So I guess I'll die a'hopin'
To meet you Boys in the Promised Land.

(Frank D. Reed)

SIDE I, Band 3: PONY CALLED NELL

The kid had only a pony
But faster than lightening she ran
He called her Nell and he loved her
As he could never love man.

His father was mean and a drunkard,
His mother was a long time dead,
His father gambled thru the prairie night,
So he said.

One morning they came and told him,
His father had bet the mare,
Bet her in poker and lost her
And they said the bet was fair;

He saddles Nell in an instant,
The kid stole his father's guns,
Rode down town to bank,
Robbed it and left on the run:

Now three towns lay in a row boys,
With only a mile in between,
And Nell was running the fastest
That he'd ever seen.

He held up the bank in the next town,
Then departed the same way he'd come,
And posses were confused for an hour,
As to the way he had run.

He went right on and circled,
And you can guess what he did,
He eased the bank in the third town,
It was quite a day for the kid.

SIDE I, Band 4: MARIJUANA BLUES

It's the national flower
Of our neighbor to the South
You can smoke it, you can bake it
Just put it in your mouth.

You don't use the roots
You don't use the seed
Dry it up and smoke it
It's the ethnic weed.

Some call it pot
It has other names
But if its good grass
The result is the same.

You can buy it by the ounce
You can buy it by the pound
It only costs a few cents
Where'so ever it is found.

It'll smooth your road
And hip your mind
It'll groove your heart
It's better than wine.

SIDE I, Band 5: SNOW BIRD BLUES

I went to see my baby,
And I'll tell you what she said,
I have to sell my body
Or I'll soon be dead,
I need bread bad baby,
I have to blast cocaine;
So if you won't pimp for me
Catch the midnight train.

That's all she told me
I couldn't stand the gaff,
Hell I couldn't speak boys,
Couldn't cry, couldn't laff
I would much rather be in hells own hole
Than to sell my sweet woman
And barter her soul.

I hit the freight tracks
At dark 12 o'clock
Heard a double end special
Make the steel rails rock
Let the D & R G
Roll me out of town
Let the hollerin whistle
Blow my blues around.

I'll tell you boys and buddys
Don't go with no snow birds
They'll promise to quit
But that's just words
Now I'll tell you woman
Drink your wines and rums
Cause you'll end up on the street
If you're a cocaine bum.

SIDE I, Band 6: HUNGRY BLUES

Baby, you're the reason,
Why it is I hang round this town,
Where the houses got me out numbered,
And the sidewalks push me around.

CHORUS:

I don't like the way you walk,
I don't dig you're shoes,
I can't stand the way you talk,
And you sure give me the blues
But baby etc.

You're limosine expensive,
I can't afford you're dues,
You're a trouble supermarket
Ginin plaid stamps with the blues.

(CHORUS)

I'd like to be a astronaut,
And flicker thru the stars,
But the only orbit I'm in
Is taken you to bars...

You want to get married,
But it ain't to me,
The man you've got you're aye on
Is President Kennedy.

I can't stand you're customs,
I don't like you're mind,
You think you smart,
But you're stupidity refined.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 7: AVRIL BLUES

Listen little lady going far away
You won't be back tomorrow
But you'll be back some day
Pass the world kid dance to other songs
I will remember tho you weren't by long
For meinlondon

Write me from France
Go teach the Greeks
How they should dance there dance

Think of me Avril some happy night
When your heart is red and right
Avril Avril as so you go along remember
That I wrote you this little song
Be kind to Squirrels and don't knock Graffs
And remember as you wander we had plenty laugh

Goodby Avril
Baby Farewell
Don't ever weaken
They can go hell

SIDE II, Band 1: SANTA FE

Santa Fe New Mexico is an adobe town
For a long time it was where I hung around
They've probably forgot me
It has been quite long but they may remember
When they hear this song
Ask the Plaza - ask ask the Square
Ask the Sangre De Cristos mountains
Whether I was there
Don't ask the people don't ask my friends
They're afraid I might come back again
For God's sake don't ask Policemen
Leave them all alone
I can't ever call it my home

I was free and willin, hopeful and strong
I had the tune, didn't have the song
I loved the city
I dug the place
I ran like hell but I was runnin the wrong race.

Now I've been swingin
In lots of towns
I've been in and out of bounds
I've done some in quite a few scenes
But man in Santa Fe the meadows were green.

They don't miss me but I feel the lack
It was my town but I had to roam
And a ramblin man don't deserve a home.

SIDE II, Band 2: ALASKA 49th STATE

Alaska got to be a State
It took a little time
And they made it late
But they messed it up
In lesser time
They have made their state
Something less than sublime
It didn't take them long
To be mean and low
To dispossess the Indian
They sure weren't slow
They have a reputation
And it rapidly comes forth
Alaska has become
The Georgia of the North.

The Indian isn't hired
They import white skins
The Indians can't hunt
Being there first was
Original sin

They can't hunt the moose
Without an expensive card
And when a town tries to dig a well
They find a white man owns the yard

The biggest State in the Union
It has the biggest shame
Mistreating it's minority
They've mistreated their name

Washington is thinking of giving it back
To the Indians who feel the lack

SIDE II, Band 3: IRON MOUNTAIN

It was on July 4, 1954
I come to rodeo
I hadn't been at before
I drew a horse that hadn't rode
The producer was worried
That I might make the load

Well he didn't look when he got in the chute
I saddled him easy I was smoking a cherry root
He had a mean eye
His ears were down
But I climb aboard
A smiling at the clown

I eased down upon him
Each stirrup well
I said to unchain him
He emerged from Hell
The chute gate opened
I spurred him in the neck
That was the commencement of an awful wreck

He turned back once
He turned back twice
He shook me in the saddle
He wasn't very nice
I had given him some reign
He took the rest
But I was a trying my best

He spun and he twisted
And took most of the reign
And I wished to God I'd never asked for him unchained

Ishanked when I found him
I spurred him quite enough
But it looked as if he had just started to get tough

He jumped up high and I look all around
Just a spurring and a praying and a crazing the group
He leaped once more and I took off high
Sure was surveying the length of the sky

I could see the folks in the stands
I figured we were thrilling most of the fans
But I wasn't enthusiastic, I foresaw a fall
Iron mountain was a-bucking and could out pitch them all

Just about 8 seconds had gone on
Iron mountain started one hell of a storm
He bucked left, he bucked right
I a-praying and a-hoping with all my might.

I thumped the earth with a terrible thump
I landed on my head instead of my rump
Now I hear it said he's bucking well today
But he was great that night no matter what they say
I was hot and was at my best
I hadn't fallen lately till he set me to rest

Let him go on bucking, let him fight them all
He's a great bucking pony and he might make you fall
He fights the human people
Cause he's an outlaw and a king
Let him go on fighting -
He's a rebel, that's the thing.

SIDE II, Band 4: FALLING STARS

Pull down the sun babe
Hang up the evening stars
I'm getting out babe
There down the bars
I'm coming home babe
I'm coming back
If you want to meet me watch the railroad track
I don't like the river
I can't stand the bay
But I'm coming home babe
I'll be home today
Tell all the pigeons

Tell the crows
I'm coming right back
And anything goes
Pull down the sun babe
I don't like the light
I like to operate
In the darkest night

SIDE I, Band 5: ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Someone's walkin in the alley light

CHORUS:
Abraham Lincoln is a-walkin

Just an awkward gent who's shoes ain't right

(CHORUS)

Look in the shadows on your street

(CHORUS)

His suit is shabby and his boots ain't neat

(CHORUS)

He's lookin at whites, lookin at darks

(CHORUS)

He can't tell the two apart

(CHORUS)

He's thin and gaunt, clumsy and tall

(CHORUS)

He's restless and he ain't dressed good

(CHORUS)

He gives a damn if you don't do what you should

(CHORUS)

Stovepipe hat and the hounds of hell

(CHORUS)

They might be from Heaven, who can tell.

(CHORUS)

He's gonna let them loose before it's too late

(CHORUS)

But he strides along to even us all

(CHORUS)

I've seen him in Georgia. They made a fuss.

(CHORUS)

I've heard he got there ahead of the bus

(CHORUS)

Look under the shadows, under the cans

(CHORUS)

He ain't got much but the common man

SIDE II, Band 6: CISCO HOUSTON

Cisco Houston passed this way
Sang a song and was gone next day
We loved and we mourned him
But he's gone away
And the morning rises
On the people who stay.