

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FD 5250 STEREO

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mandolin and electric guitar: alan senauke; electric guitar:  
bob norman; bass: jerry mitnick; guitar: jeff ampolsk.

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god  
guts  
& guns  
jeff  
ampolsk

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FD 5250 STEREO

GOD, GUTS & GUNS / JEFF AMPOLSK

FOLKWAYS FD 5250

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FD 5250 STEREO

god  
guts  
& guns  
jeff  
ampolsk





# god guts & guns

## Songs by Jeff Ampolsk

this album is for gorden and sis the most selfless  
people I know

cover design, gorden friesen  
produced by gorden friesen and alan senauke  
mandolin and electric guitar, alan senauke  
electric guitar, bob norman  
bass, jerry mitnick  
guitar, jeff ampolsk  
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by jeff ampolsk and Low Lite Music

### SALLY SELLS HER CHARMS FOR MONEY THESE DAYS

well the sun was on the slide  
the moon was on the rise  
she walked the quarter lookin for a man  
but she weren't the painted lady  
that you've often heard about  
she was just another pretty girl  
whose money had run out

#### Refrain

Sally sells her charms for money these days  
ain't that an awful way to pass the time  
sally sells her charms for money these days  
but i can't help believin that she was so much happier  
when she didn't have a dime

well she stands out on the corner  
down at bourbon and toulouse  
waitin for a catcall or a smile  
knowin if she stays there  
hanging half out of her clothes  
she'll make that other fifty in a while

#### Refrain

She was tired of all the lovers  
tired of all the lies  
tired of all the lines she'd heard before  
tired of all the housechores  
tired of so much more  
but mainly she was tired of bein poor

#### Refrain

### BASKETBALL HERO

First two names was george washington  
his last name was brown  
great big basketball player  
from a little bitty louisiana town

and his daddy was just a farm worker  
and his momma was only a maid  
but everyone knew deep down in their hearts  
That george'd be a big star one day

So george went to school in new orleans  
and he played for st. augustine  
and he lived with his good uncle william  
and also his pretty aunt jean  
deep down in the depths of the ghetto  
but not to be there for too long  
cause georgie had won him a scholarship  
for him to play basketball on

now george was a star at the college  
by himself he saved every game  
yea george was so good  
on the basketball wood  
that all the white folks knew him by name  
as the years run by he run harder  
down the road to basketball fame  
when a bad run of luck and a big diesel truck  
made george paraplegically lame

so now there's no cheers for the hero  
white folks call him jungle bunny instead  
and the doctor who got him addicted  
says "just thank the lord you're not dead"  
yea it's back to the ghetto for georgie  
back to welfare and dreams that can't wait  
ain't it weird ain't it weird  
how a flip of the coin  
can change the niggers we love into the niggers we hate

I was fixin' to ship out when an old sailor told me this.

### STARTED OFF LONESOME

well i started off lonesome  
but i ended up blue  
for the life of a sailor  
it will do that to you

yea you'll cling to the bottle  
and you'll forsake your friends  
and you'll marry the ocean  
and you'll drink to the end

seen a many young writer  
lose his talent to wine  
for a pen don't move easy  
in a burgandy mind

and a many young singer  
lose all of his songs  
to singing how sailin  
set his life off all wrong



yea they started off lonesome  
but they ended up blue  
for the life of a sailor  
finally got to them too

and they clung to the bottle  
and they forsook their friends  
and they married the ocean  
and they'll drink til the end

so to all you young ramblers  
with adventure in mind  
if ya sail toward sailin  
then you'll sail out your time

yea you might start off happy  
but you'll end up all gray  
and serve time on the ocean  
till the end of your days

cause i started off lonesome  
but i ended up blue  
for the life of a sailor  
finally got to me too

and i clung to the bottle  
and i forsook my friends  
and i married the ocean  
and i'll drink till the end

When I first got to New York City, I tried my hand  
playin' on street corners. One day I figured I'd go and  
play by the fancy hotels near Central Park. Couldn't get a  
nickel for all the noise. Packed up my guitar. Walked on  
down the street. Two winos stopped me and I played 'em  
this. They gave me a buck and a couple of hits of wine,  
which was more than I could say for all the rich folks at  
the fancy hotel. This is for my two favorite winos, Tom  
Waits and Mo back home in New Orleans.

#### ALCOHOL HEAVEN

Lock me up in a padded cell  
bring me a bottle of your alcoholic pills  
do me a favor before i go in  
get me a suitcase and fill it full of gin

I'm gonna get straight baby one of these days  
I'll get a lifetime membership down at A.A.  
Just give me a triple before i go home  
cause i gotta get drunk just to face myself alone

Lock me up in a padded cell  
strap me up and wrap me up until I'm well  
but do me a favor before i die  
Feed me intravenously with water and rye

you say i'm a wino babe; you know that ain't true  
cause i never drunk nothin till i met you  
when was i sober? what the hell do you care?  
In alcoholic heaven honey you won't be there

rack me and retrain me in a rubber room  
you know i'm dyin dyin dyin in this dead end saloon  
do me a favor before i'm done  
ship my casket down to puerto rico and fill it full of rum

you started me drinkin honey but don't apologize  
i've found happiness in cirrhosis and bloodshot eyes  
i got new firends i don't need you no more  
i like makin out with barstools and talkin to the floor

used to like my fridays for gettin loose  
now it's everyday a one a day and antibuse  
when i die please bury me deep  
it takes half the scotch in scotland just to put me to sleep

yea you say i'm a wino babe you know that ain't true  
cause i never drank a damned thing till i met you  
well when was i sober? what the hell do you care?  
in alcoholic heaven honey you won't be there.

Between 1966 and 1972 thousands and thousands of young  
men from all over the country came to Mexico and south-  
ern Texas to get in on the marijuana trade. With a lotta  
guts and a few hundred dollars, a guy could get in a busi-  
ness that would make him rich. The attrition rate was high.  
Everyday new stories of friends and acquaintances getting  
caught by the federal customs or U.S. feds filled the air.  
Highjackings, robberies and old style shootouts became com-  
monplace. Between 1970 and 1972 the border was just  
about closed to the small timers. Air mattresses were re-  
placed by airplanes as a means of crossing the Rio Grande.  
Big money paid bribes and pushed the small timers away  
from the borders and into the college towns of southern  
Texas and Louisiana. Marijuana put many a poor boy  
through college. Dealers didn't make good students. It  
was hard to study in the world of marijuana, women, guns  
and country music.

Violence soon hit the small college towns. Towns like La-  
fayette, Louisiana, saw the last stands of young unknowns.  
Jim Bourgoise, as the story goes, took his last stand in front  
of Antlers Bar in Lafayette on October 4th, 1973.

#### BIG JIM BOURGOISE AND ANTLERS BAR

sundown in lafayette town  
streets is empty; there ain't no one around  
'cept big jim bourgoise the dealer holed up down at  
antlers bar  
with the sheriff outside in the deputy's car

#### Refrain

and a night at antlers is a mighty fine thing  
where the folks still two step to the country swing  
swear a finer time just can't be found  
let a louisiana lady swing you round and round  
sheriff looked down his watch; said quarter to six  
said "deputies ya'll get your weapons fixed  
on that open door down by antlers bar"  
said "Jim, come on out; you know you can't get far"

#### Refrain

Jim leaned out; said "sheriff, please go on home  
you wouldn't shoot your second cousin; that much I know"  
sheriff said "i swear by the star i wear  
i'll shoot you deader than dead you don't come out of there"

#### Refrain

Jim decided it was time to make his move  
catch him alive is one thing they would never  
so he yelled "i surrender" shot the deputy down  
when a blast from the sheriff put big jim on the ground

#### Refrain

now there's a message for all you bootleggers out there  
carved into big jim's tombstone down in belle terre  
it says a bootlegger's life is like the cajun dance  
if ya ask the lady, you gotta take the chance



I've seen all kinds a ways a man has to get your money, but the funniest way was in the Bowery in New York City. The winos stand out in the cold by the corner of Lafayette and Houston with buckets of dirty water. When you stop your car, they throw this filthy water on your windshield. Roll your window down and give 'em a quarter and they'll clean your windshield before the light changes. This is called Johnny Cash's Father; it's not about Johnny Cash's father but about the winos in the Bowery.

#### JOHNNY CASH'S FATHER

Some folks say he's nothin'  
when they see him but they're wrong  
he's just a hungry pilgrim  
on a road that's cold and long

so tip your hat to the winos  
say good mornin' to the bums  
who wash cars on the corner  
everytime the red light comes

country music in the mornin'  
country music every night  
down at the Mobil carwash  
by the Lafayette stoplight

he's a worn thin winestone cowboy  
all the way from Tennessee  
pourin' shots into his radiator  
so New York don't make him freeze

and if he had a lousy nickle  
for every time you passed him by  
he'd crawl into the gutter  
and that's just where he'd lie

but since he don't have nothin'  
he'll stay there on the bum  
washin' cars down on the corner  
every time the red light comes

country music in the mornin'  
country music every night  
down at the Mobil carwash  
by the Lafayette stoplight

he was once a rich and famous  
song writer millionaire  
with songs on every jukebox  
and a lot more on the air

till he turned in his cowboy hat  
pedal steel and silver spurs  
for half a pint of muscatel  
and a night out with the girls

so if you think he's lyin'  
when he says bus ticket and meal  
you just aren't understandin'  
how good a good drink makes him feel

he's Johnny Cash's Father  
and Jimmy Rodgers' son  
and everyone in Nashville  
stands amazed at what he's done

so tip your hat to the winos  
say good mornin' to the bums  
who wash cars on the corner  
every time the red light comes

country music in the mornin'  
country music every night  
down at the Mobil carwash  
by the Lafayette stoplight

This is a ghost train story. When I sing it, I think of a wagon train floatin' across the nighttime sky carryin' all the old-time country musicians who "lost their way a long time ago."

#### LONG LONG WAY TO CALIFORNIA (LONGER WAY TO MEXICO)

pull them covered wagons in  
circle around the fire  
let them ponies run the woods  
to fill out their desires

get them guitars near the flames  
let's hear fiddles and mandolins  
banjo pickers reachin' for the stars

#### Refrain

it's a long long way to California  
it's a longer way to Mexico  
where we're headed no one really knows  
we lost our way a long time ago

this wagon train left Boston in 1885  
to many it's a wonder that we are still alive  
but in your world of automobiles  
to us we're the only thing that's real  
we roll by day play country music every night

#### Refrain

your history books will tell you that all of us have died  
wiped out by the cholera in 1889  
but if you look into the clouds, you might see us roll by  
we may be dead but still we're doin' fine

We live in a land of plenty but some people are so greedy that they'll steal from the blind. One of the worst things I ever saw was the way blind people who work in mop factories are treated. I hope the government will step in and do something about the conditions which many blind folks are forced to live under. These organizations that receive tax-exempt status for hiring the blind and being "nonprofit organizations" pay slave wages to people who can get no other job because of their loss of sight.

#### MOP FACTORY BLUES

well my name is Edward Tyner  
and I'm blind as you can see  
my eyes didn't used to work too well  
now they don't work at all  
used to be a welder before I had my fall

#### Refrain

I got them mop factory blues mop factory blues  
and once you got 'em it's impossible to lose  
them mop factory blues

losin' my eyes was tough ya see  
but it weren't the worst thing that ever happened to me  
if you ever go blind, just pray to god  
you don't have to work at the mop factory

#### Refrain



well they pay us by the piece they don't pay us by the hour  
I thought that went out long ago  
and the bosses around here walkin' round like  
they're our saviors think we're too blind to realize  
we're jus' inexpensive labor

Refrain

well I live inside the project down by St. Thomas Street  
every mornin' I walk to work through the St. Thomas fog  
it ain't too bad ya see in a couple of years  
mop factory gonna buy me a seein' eye dog

Refrain

yeah my name is Edward Tyner and  
I'm blind as I can be  
like I said before it weren't the worst thing  
that ever happened to me no  
so if you know a blind man, please do him this one favor  
tell him take a tip from me  
starve before you work at the mop factory

GOD GUTS AND GUNS

it was wet and cold on Bourbon Street and I was hot and dry  
so I dropped into a barroom; they were out of bourbon  
so I ordered rye  
the barmaid stared down at me through the pancake on  
her face  
asked me what a guy who dressed like me was doin' in  
the place  
said I didn't know  
she said it didn't matter though cause business had been  
a little slow  
and as long as I was drinkin' she was gonna  
let it slide yeah she was gonna let it go  
so I stared up at the bar stage where a naked girl  
was shakin' everything she owned  
to the rythm of the latest A.M. radio don't say a damned  
thing drone  
yeah she was tellin' them old conventioners to run away  
from home  
by every once in a while shakin' a couple of parts that was  
previously unknown  
now I was gettin' bored and high; my tab was gettin' higher  
I figured it be best for me to be sayin' my good-byers  
when this one old man come up sat down next to me  
said son you can thank American freedom to God Guts  
and Guns

Refrain

he said God Guts and Guns made America free  
at any price we must keep all three  
God Guts and Guns young man can't you see  
that's the cornerstone of American liberty

well he lectured on the evils of gun control  
threw in a couple of words about how the savior pulled  
himself up out the hole  
said he didn't know for sure but he'd been told  
that the jungle bunnies was usin' welfare to buy weapons  
on the public dole

yeah he talked about Christian society and whiteman's  
privileged destiny race war comin' in 1983  
and if I was a man I'd go out and join the klu klux klan  
told him I was a simple man and all them heavy questions  
of philosophy left me without too much to say  
but didn't he think a few too many people was gettin'  
shot to death these days  
he said now that's what I daon't understand

how come all you young fellos daon't realize  
that if everybody a had a gun on their hip  
nobody would shoot anybody cause everybody would be  
too scared to die  
that made sense  
he repeated his refrain

Refrain

now a crowd it gathered round us two  
for him they'd cheer for me they'd boo  
if I'd had a gun I prob'ly would have shot a few  
but since I didn't I figured it was time to change my tune  
so I told him I'd been meanin' to buy me one of them shootin'  
pens  
only my drinkin' habit kept my wallet thin  
so if he'd kindly buy a round  
tomorrow I'd put my payment down  
well he bought one for me and one for the bar  
just then them hundred and forty seven American legionaires  
struck up a hymn like a bunch of newborn rock and roll  
stars  
they sang

Refrain

now four a clock come; they closed the bar  
we's walkin' down Bourbon Street arm and arm  
cheek to cheek and shoulder to shoulder  
gettin' drunker and feelin' bolder  
looked behind and what did I see?  
all them legionaires followin' him and me  
so we figured we'd show New Orleans who we are  
by pullin' a raid on Pete's gay bar

yeah we beat them sissy's till they was almost dead  
tore the whole damned bar to shreds  
old man grabbed the manager and this is what he said  
said "set ya free if you sing along with me"  
manager began to sing

Refrain

things was gettin' mighty odd when in popped this fellow  
from the riot squad  
hit a couple of female impersonators over the head  
put his hand to my ears and this is what he said  
said job well done boys job well done  
but accordin' to the city's protocol  
seems I'm gonna half to arrest you all  
but don't worry none cause when you get to jail  
fraternal order of police is gonna post your bail  
well went to jail got out all right  
went to court the followin' night  
judge was lookin' hungry and lean  
said thank you boys for keepin' the city clean  
this whole damned story might sound absurd  
but it ain't the funniest thing I heard  
no to tell you the truth the funniest thing  
is when the judge and the jury began to sing

Refrain