



LUCINDA WILLIAMS

Happy Woman Blues

LUCINDA WILLIAMS

Happy Woman Blues

1. **Lafayette** 3:40
2. **I Lost It** 2:52
3. **Maria** 3:45
4. **Happy Woman Blues** 3:08
5. **King of Hearts** 4:02
6. **Rolling Along** 2:46
7. **One Night Stand** 2:53
8. **Howlin' at Midnight** 3:49
9. **Hard Road** 2:29
10. **Louisiana Man** 2:23
11. **Sharp Cutting Wings (Song to a Poet)** 3:26

All songs by Lucinda Williams © 1980

*Additional notes and lyric sheet enclosed.
Originally released in 1980 as Folkways FTS 31067.*

Produced by Lucinda Williams and Mickey White

Lucinda Williams: lead vocals and acoustic guitars
Mickey White: acoustic rhythm and lead guitars, harmony vocals
Rex Bell: electric bass and harmony vocals
Andre Matthews: electric rhythm, lead and slide guitars
Ira Wilkes: drums
Mickey Moody: pedal steel guitar
Malcolm Smith: fiddle and viola

Special thanks to Wade Landreth.

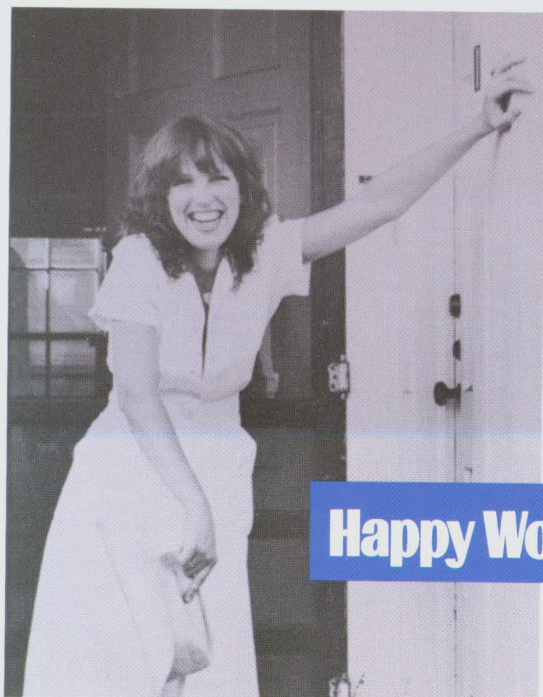


Happy Woman Blues is the first recording to establish Lucinda as a songwriter of note. Lucinda's country and blues roots are evident throughout these compositions, and are off-set by her fresh, contemporary treatment. Liner notes by renowned critic John Morthland offer a passionate glimpse into the mind and career of this truly original artist.



Smithsonian
Folkways

Smithsonian/Folkways Recordings
Center for Folklife Programs and Cultural Studies
955 L'Enfant Plaza, Suite 2600
Smithsonian Institution
Washington DC 20560



LUCINDA WILLIAMS

Happy Woman Blues

LUCINDA WILLIAMS

Happy Woman Blues

1.

Lafayette

3:40
2.

I Lost It

2:52
3.

Maria

3:45
4.

Happy Woman Blues

3:08
5.

King of Hearts

4:02
6.

Rolling Along

2:46
7.

One Night Stand

2:53
8.

Howlin’ at Midnight

3:49
9.

Hard Road

2:29
10.

Louisiana Man

2:23
11.

Sharp Cutting Wings (Song to a Poet)

3:26

All songs by Lucinda Williams c. 1980

Produced by Lucinda Williams and Mickey White
Reissue production coordination: Matt Walters
Engineered by Mickey Moody

Recorded at Sugar Hill Studios, Houston, Texas,
April, May, June 1980
Remastered by Joe Brescio at The Master Cutting
Room New York, N.Y.

Originally issued in 1980 as Folkways FTS 31067

Lucinda Williams: lead vocals and acoustic guitars
Mickey White: acoustic rhythm and lead guitars, harmony vocals
Rex Bell: electric bass and harmony vocals
Andre Matthews: electric rhythm, lead and slide guitars
Ira Wilkes: drums
Mickey Moody: pedal steel guitar
Malcolm Smith: fiddle and viola

Special thanks to Wade Landreth

The daughter of an English lit professor, Lucinda Williams was born in Lake Charles, Louisiana, and spent most of her youth moving from college town to college town in the American South and South America: Atlanta, Macon, Vicksburg, Jackson, Santiago (Chile), Baton Rouge, New Orleans, Mexico City. It was a household in which the heart and the head counted equally: The academic influence was strong, but Lucinda’s father was also an unreconstructed Hank Williams fan, and the earliest music she remembers hearing was the Methodist hymns of her kinfolk.

By the time the family moved to Fayetteville, Arkansas, in 1971, Lucinda already knew her folk and traditional ballads, and their modern extensions via performers like Joan Baez and Peter, Paul and Mary; she loved Bob Dylan like her father loved Hank Williams. In Arkansas, she learned

about the blues, and soon after that she was on the road for a couple years. By 1974, she had settled in Austin, Texas, but when that town’s cosmic cowboy scene played itself out, she moved over to Houston, where acoustic writers like Nanci Griffith and Lyle Lovett were holding forth at Anderson Fair in the Montrose District. “It was a real special place,” she recalls, “everybody hangin’ out, everybody real quiet and listening. It was a songwriter’s haven, an original acoustic folk bar in the true sense of the word.”

At Anderson Fair, she began coming into her own. Around the turn of the decade, she financed and recorded two albums for Folkways, Moe Asch’s legendary New York City label. Ramblin’ On My Mind, the first, featured traditional country and blues—but “blues as metaphor,” as Lucinda described them, blues as a sort of two-way mirror which, regardless of the hardships reflected, also reveals something better on the other side. She then moved to New York City for eight months, playing the Greenwich Village folk clubs and taking an ambivalence-wracked stab at cracking the music business, before returning to Houston in 1980 to cut Happy Woman Blues, this album of all original material.

“It definitely sounds like I was younger then, it’s more innocent musically,” she says today. “Not as contemporary, either, but at the time I was real pleased, real excited, by it.” Just the same, Lucinda

is beginning to bend classic forms like blues and Cajun to her own ends, making the traditional sound more contemporary and the contemporary sound more traditional. She remembers coming to the studio one day to find the engineer, on his own initiative, had overdubbed drums on everything; she was still enough of a folkie to be uncomfortable with that sound, and still insecure enough to defer to his judgment anyhow.

Lucinda continued to kick back and forth between Houston and Austin until 1984, when she moved to Los Angeles. By the end of the decade, after enduring several major-label near-misses (she was holding out for creative control) while building a strong local following, she had successfully gone the indie route, and was touring internationally. Unabashedly romantic and idealistic, and inevitably disappointed or angry as a result, songs like “The Night’s Too Long,” “Passionate Kisses,” “Changed the Locks” and “Big Red Sun” were being hailed for the way they translated classic Southern folk motifs into modern pop terms. But as Happy Woman Blues demonstrates, Lucinda Williams had been heading in that direction for the last ten years; it just took most everyone else that long to catch on.

John Morthland
Austin, Texas

Lafayette

Oh my sweet Lafayette, how I'm gonna miss you!
You feel so good, Lafayette, now I've come to greet you.
Tell all my friends I've come back again,
I couldn't stay away; I was gone only a day,
But I'm comin' back to my sweet Lafayette.

I'm goin' down to Lafayette, I don't care how long I'm gone.
It's so hard to leave you, Lafayette, now I know where I belong.
When that sweet fiddle sounds and Clifton gets down,
That music sounds so good to me; I just might dance until three,
And I gotta get back to my sweet Lafayette.

Oh, those boys in Lafayette, smilin' so pretty!
Those sweet boys in Lafayette, they sure do look good to me!
We danced all night long to a sweet Cajun song,
Drinkin' and jivin' 'til dawn; I could dance on and on,
Doin' a two-step in my sweet Lafayette.

Take me back Lafayette, way down on the bayou!
I'm your girl, Lafayette, I'm gonna hang around you.
Eat that gumbo and roll and tumble,
And do crazy things every night; soon I'll be feelin' alright,
When I get back to me sweet Lafayette,
When I get back to my sweet Lafayette.

I Lost It

Refrain:
I think I lost it,
Let me know if you come across it,
Let me know if I let it fall along a backroad somewhere.
Money can't replace it,
No memory can erase it,
And I know I'm never gonna find another one to compare.

Give me some love to fill me up,
Give me some time, give me some stuff,
Give me a sign, give me some kind of reason.
Are you heavy enough to make me stay,
I feel like I might blow away,
I thought I was in heaven, but I was only dreamin'.

Refrain:
I think I lost it,
Let me know if you come across it,
Let me know if I let it fall along a backroad somewhere.

Money can't replace it,
No memory can erase it,
And I know I'm never gonna find another one to compare.

I just wanna live the life I please,
I don't want no enemies,
I don't want nothin' if I have to fake it.
Never take nothin' don't belong to me,

Everything's paid for, nothin's free.
If I give my heart, will you promise not to break it?

Refrain:
I think I lost it,
Let me know if you come across it,
Let me know if I let it fall along a backroad somewhere.
Money can't replace it,
No memory can erase it,
And I know I'm never gonna find another one to compare.

Maria

Maria, you're still wild and restless
And I can just see ya ridin' in a rodeo.
You might even make it down to Texas
Or you might head out west to New Mexico.

So pack up all of your belongings,
A pick-up will take you where you wanna go.
You can ride out when you hear mountains calling,
Out to Canada or the canyons of Colorado.
New York city was always your home
But in your heart you know you were born to roam,
And you're gonna leave as soon as you get the money,
After you sell everything you own.

Maria, is loneliness a virtue,
Or does it steal you blind and leave you split apart?
Maria, can you give me an answer,
Are the songs we sing worth the broken heart?

The highway has always been your lover
And someday you may know his name.
Wherever you stay, it wouldn't really matter
'Cause all those cities start to look the same.

Some folks will try to take your heart away
And just when you think you've really got it made,
You wake up and find madness in the morning,
But damn the pain and damn those restless days!
Damn the pain and damn those restless days!

Happy Woman Blues

Tryin' hard to be a happy woman,
But sometimes life just overcomes me,
Everyday I'm workin' just to pay my dues.
Lay down at night, my mind is so confused.

Goin' down south with the New York City blues,
Gotta hit the road before I blow a fuse,
I might buy me a Cadillac or a Chevrolet.
I don't care what model as long as it takes me away.

I've been hiding my heart in a trunk.
Can you come see me when my ship has sunk?
You can give me lovin, that I can't refuse,
And love is the one thing that's sure to cure my blues.

Goin' down the road with a heavy heart,
Tryin' to find lightness in the dark,
Tryin' to live my life, tryin' to get satisfied.
My mind is in the city but my heart is in the countryside.

Repeat 1st verse

Tryin' hard to be a happy woman,
But sometimes life just overcomes me,
Everyday I'm workin' just to pay my dues.
Lay down at night, my mind is so confused.
Lay down at night, my mind is so confused.

King of Hearts

Can you relieve me, baby?
Take your heart from your sleeve,
And put it on the line,
Put it right here beside mine.

I can't seem to read you
Most of the time,
Don't you know that I need you?
Will you ever be mine?
Love is a gamble, I knew it from the start.
Whoever's holding the cards, please deal me
the King of Hearts,
Please deal me the King of Hearts.

If you came to my door
And you asked me for more,
I'd lay down beside you,
I'd never deny you.

And if I had lots of silver
I'd give some to you,
And if I had lots of gold,
I'd make a rich man of you.

Everytime I see you, I want to fall in love again,
I would like to free you, but you won't even let
me in,
You won't even let me in.

Can you relieve me, baby?
Take your heart from your sleeve,
And put it on the line,
Put it right here beside mine.

I can't seem to read you
Most of the time,
Don't you know that I need you?
Will you ever be mine?

Love is a gamble, I knew it from the start.
Whoever's holding the cards, please deal me
the King of Hearts,
Please deal me the King of Hearts.

Rollin' Along

Well, I'm rollin' along the highway,
Livin' the life I'm used to.
I thought about you all the way
From Little Rock to Houston,
And now I can't seem to get you off my mind,
But you're tied to somebody else;
I think about you all the time
And I just can't help myself.

Refrain:
Sometimes I don't know right from wrong,
I find it easy to fall;

It's hard when I've been up all night long,
That's when I want you most of all.

Well, I'd love to see your smilin' face,
If I could just take one more look,
But you left me only one last trace
On the pages of your book,
But words can't hold me every night
And words can't kiss me in the mornin',
Look out, Honey, I've got love in my heart,
And it's growin' and it's burnin'!

Refrain:
Sometimes I don't know right from wrong,
I find it easy to fall;
It's hard when I've been up all night long,
That's when I want you most of all.

Repeat 1st verse

Well, I'm rollin' along the highway,
Livin' the life I'm used to.
I thought about you all the way
From Little Rock to Houston,
And now I can't seem to get you off my mind,
But you're tied to somebody else;
I think about you all the time
And I just can't help myself.

Refrain

Repeat refrain

Thats when I want you most of all.

One Night Stand

Refrain:
Just another one night stand,
Just another man to forget,
Just another empty hand
With nothin' left to bet.

It doesn't really matter what I say,
There's no one here to blame.
I'll just close the door and walk away,
Let down once again.
I can't even say you lied to me
'Cause you ain't said nothin' yet;
You never even tried for me
There's nothin' to regret.

Refrain

I'd like to speak to you someday
but the words won't come out right.
How can it feel so wrong today
When it felt so right last night?

I claim no hold on anyone,
No silken strings to bind,
No promises unbroken,
No messages to find.

Refrain

Repeat refrain

Howlin’ at Midnight

Howlin’ at midnight, winter creepin’ in,
Feel like I’ve gone and lost my best friend,
My best friend, lost my best friend.
This car’s headed down the wrong track again.

I ain’t got nobody, I’m nobody’s girl,
Gonna get in my Mercury and drive around the world,
Around the world, all around the world.
When I reach that mountain top, I’ll stand with flags unfurled.

She’s up in New York City tryin’ to make it big,
Wrote me a letter yesterday sayin’ I ain’t got no gigs,
Ain’t got no gigs, I ain’t got no gigs.
If you wanna send me somethin’, make it a two dollar rig.

She’s up in New York City tryin’ to be a star,
Told me you’re wastin’ your time where you are,
Where you are, where you are.
Gotta get yourself out of all those Texas bars.

Repeat 1st verse
This car’s headed down the wrong track again.

Hard Road

How long have you been hangin’ around,
Your eyes fixed to the cement ground?
Your heart is warm, your hands are cold,
You know the truth, but the story gets old.

You stood on the corner for a long time,
People passin’ by gave you nickels and dimes.
They think you’re one of the nameless,
‘Cause you got no record and you ain’t famous.

Refrain
Oh, Bill, I know how you’re feelin’,
Your heart’s on fire and your head is reelin’,
But with the spirit to guide you and a friend beside you,
You know you’ll win if you’re only willin’.

The sun’s so hot and my heart is thumpin’,
Let me buy you a beer or somethin’,
You’ve been travelin’ a hard road,
Sit down, Bill, and lighten your load.

If you need a friend give me a call,
I’ve got your picture on my wall,
From one compadre to another,
I love you, Bill, as I would my brother.

Refrain

Repeat refrain

Louisiana Man

Refrain
Louisiana man with a style his own,
Not like some other men I’ve known,
With his cowboy boots and his hats he wore so well;
Caught me eye on the very first day

And I never will forget the way
He played guitar and he sang just like an angel.

Thoughts of you flicker past,
Goin’ on down the road so fast,
The trees and the bushes and the telephone poles fly by.
I never seem to have the time,
I’ll just have to keep you on my mind,
How I wish I could keep you by my side.

Refrain

Country man with a heart of gold,
One more kiss before I hit the road,
Hold me one more time before I go.
Nights will be longer now
But I’ll get along somehow,
I’ve learned how to do it all before.

Refrain

Sharp Cutting Wings
(Song to a Poet)

You’re the one, you’re my shinin’ star,
You’re the one I’ve been waitin’ for;
Let’s fly away to some foreign country
Where nobody knows who we are.

I wish I had a ship to sail the waters,
I wish I had about a hundred dollars,
But I’ll just stand with this glass in my hand,
Feelin’ like nothin’ even matters.

Refrain

Your words run thru me like the blood in my veins;
I could swear I knew your love before I knew your name,
Before I knew your name.

Everyday I miss your smilin’ face,
No one here can ever take your place;
The sun can shine down over my town
But it never shines in my days.

I told all the stars above
I’m gonna shower you with my love.
I won’t demand you, I’ll try to understand you,
My love is as free as a dove.

Refrain

Repeat 1st verse

Folkways and the Folk Music Revival

Moses Asch founded Folkways Records in 1947, but had been recording folk, blues, and jazz musicians since the early 1940s — among them Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly, and Mary Lou Williams. Asch wanted to capture the whole world of sound through recordings, and to make available to the public the voices of those who rarely found a hearing on mass-market national media.

Folkways Records had a tremendous influence on musicians and public alike. Asch not only issued the first recordings of fledgling performers such as Lucinda Williams, Doc Watson, and Dave Van Ronk, he also reissued anthologies of out-of-print 78 rpm recordings that inspired them. In addition, Asch encouraged Sam Charters, Ralph Rinzler, Mike Seeger and many others to visit rural areas, record the best musicians, and release them to an enthusiastic audience on Folkways.

Many performers recorded their first one or two albums for Folkways, before moving on to other record companies that promised better distribution and higher royalties (whether or not they delivered them). Other performers recorded their last albums for Folkways — recordings made when their music was perhaps no longer commercially fashionable but still possessed the musical artistry that made it popular in the first place.

Folkways provided a service to the public that no other record company has ever offered on such a large scale: Asch kept every recording he issued in print, whether it sold 5 copies or 5000 copies each year. This meant that if someone took a sudden interest in a given style or performer, every Folkways album ever issued of it was still available. People could discover and rediscover the Harry Smith Collection, and the first recordings of many important artists.

Following Asch's policy, the Smithsonian Institution is keeping all the Folkways recordings available. Contact us and we will send you a free catalogue. In addition, we are re-issuing part of the collection on a new label, Smithsonian/Folkways. Happy Woman Blues is one of these re-issues. Among the projects already completed and available on CD and cassette are:

Lucinda Williams, *Ramblin'* (SF40042)
 Jean Ritchie and Doc Watson at Folk City (SF40005)
 Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry Sing (SF 40011)
The Doc Watson Family (SF 40012)
Pete Seeger, Singalong at Sanders Theatre 1980 (SF 40027/28)
 Reverend Gary Davis, *Pure Religion and Bad Company* (SF 40035)
American Banjo Three Finger and Scruggs Style (SF 40037)
Mountain Music Bluegrass Style (SF 40038)

The Folkways Years Series: Anthologies that bring you the breadth and brilliance of Folkways artists, compiled from their various albums by knowledgeable specialists accompanied by extensive liner notes.

Sonny Terry, *The Folkways Years* (SF 40033)
 Brownie McGhee, *The Folkways Years* (SF 40034)
 The New Lost City Ramblers, *The Early Years 1958-1962* (SF 40036)
 Dave Van Ronk, *The Folkways Years 1959-1961* (SF 40041)

You can find Smithsonian/Folkways Recordings at your local record store. Smithsonian/Folkways, Folkways, Cook, and Paredon recordings are all available through:

Smithsonian/Folkways Mail Order
 414 Hungerford Drive, Suite 444
 Rockville, MD 20850
 phone (301) 443-2314
 fax (301) 443-1819
(Visa and Mastercard accepted)

For a free catalogue write:

Folkways Catalogue
 Center for Folklife Programs and Cultural Studies
 955 L'Enfant Plaza Suite 2600
 Smithsonian Institution
 Washington, D.C., 20560 or fax 202/287-3699
 or telephone 202/287-3262.

LOUISIANA MAN

Refrain: Louisiana man with a style his own,
Not like some other men I've known,
With his cowboy boots and his hats he wore so well;
Caught my eye on the very first day
And I never will forget the way
He played guitar and he sang just like an angel.

1. Thoughts of you flicker past,
Goin' on down the road so fast,
The trees and the bushes and the telephone poles fly by.
I never seem to have the time,
I'll just have to keep you on my mind,
How I wish I could keep you by my side.

Refrain: Louisiana man with a style his own,
Not like some other men I've known,
With his cowboy boots and his hats he wore so well;
Caught my eye on the very first day
And I never will forget the way
He played guitar and he sang just like an angel.

2. Country man with a heart of gold,
One more kiss before I hit the road,
Hold me one more time before I go.
Nights will be longer now
But I'll get along somehow,
I've learned how to do it all before.

Refrain: Louisiana man with a style his own,
Not like some other men I've known,
With his cowboy boots and his hats he wore so well;
Caught my eye on the very first day
And I never will forget the way,
He played guitar and he sang just like an angel,
He played guitar and he sang just like an angel.

Copyright ©1980 Lucinda Williams

SHARP CUTTING WINGS (Song to a Poet)

1. You're the one, you're my shinin' star,
You're the one I've been waitin' for;
Let's fly away to some foreign country
Where nobody knows who we are.
2. I wish I had a ship to sail the waters,
I wish I had about a hundred dollars,
But I'll just stand with this glass in my hand,
Feelin' like nothin' even matters.

Refrain: Your words run thru me like the blood in my veins;
I could swear I knew your love before I knew your name,
Before I knew your name.

3. Everyday I miss your smilin' face,
No one here can ever take your place;
The sun can shine down over my town
But it never shines in my days.
4. I told all the stars above
I'm gonna shower you with my love.
I won't demand you, I'll try to understand you,
My love is as free as a dove.

Refrain: Your words run thru me like the blood in my veins;
I could swear I knew your love before I knew your name,
Before I knew your name.

Repeat 1st
verse You're the one, you're my shinin' star,
You're the one I've been waitin' for;
Let's fly away to some foreign country
Where nobody knows who we are.

Copyright ©1980 Lucinda Williams

Other Record by Lucinda Williams

LUCINDA
Ramblin' on My Mind

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31066 STEREO

Ramblin' On My Mind (Robert Johnson)
Me and My Chauffeur (Memphis Minnie)
Motherless Children (Traditional)
Malted Milk Blues (Robert Johnson)
Disgusted (Lil' Son Jackson)
Jug Band Music (Memphis Jug Band—
add. verses Geoff Muldaur)
Stop Brekin' Down (Robert Johnson)
Drop Down Daddy (Sleepy John Estes)

Little Darling Pal of Mine (A.P. Carter)
Make Me Down a Pallet on Your Floor (Traditional)
JAMBALAYA (On the Bayou) (Hank Williams)
Great Speckled Bird (Rev. Guy Smith)
You're Gonna Need That Pure Religion (Traditional)
Satisfied Mind (Joe Hayes & Jack Rhodes)



Houston blues singer Lucinda heard New York was tough, but now she's made an album.

LADY SINGS THE BLUES

You can't let it get you down," blues singer and songwriter Lucinda Williams says, back home in the Bayou City from New York following the release of her first album. "People told me, 'Forget it—there's too much competition,' but the people there responded to my music really well." She cracks a sunny southern smile. "I was getting to be a hot little item in the Village."

And with good reason. For the last three years, Lucinda, twenty-six, has been a regular attraction at a number of Montrose watering holes such as Anderson Fair, Houlihan's, and Corky's, night after night belting out hardcore versions of the blues gospel according to Robert Johnson, the Rev. Gary Davis, and other greats. Her repertoire includes classics such as "Stop Breakin' Down," "Drop Down Daddy," "Maltese Blues," and "Great Speckled Bird." Her reputation for inspired renditions of the old masters at last earned her a recording contract from Folkways producer Moe Asch. Last September she met with local guitarist John Grimaudo in Jackson, Mississippi, and in a tight three-day session they completed the album—*Lucinda: Ramblin' on My Mind* (Folkways FTS 31066). Then it was off to New York City.

Bolstered by the success of her new record, Lucinda began to make the rounds of the many country bars and folk clubs that have sprouted up in Manhattan like stumpweed in the sidewalk. Soon she was playing at the Lone Star Café, The Other End, and Folk City, a mainstay of the New York folk music scene. If she didn't exactly take the Big Apple by storm, she certainly turned a lot of heads with what one *Variety* reviewer called her "no-frills" approach to the blues and her "excellent personal originals, most

of which have strong southern and southwestern influences."

"I'm very strong in my roots," she explains. "I was born in Lake Charles, Louisiana, and after I was three we moved all over the South—Baton Rouge, Vicksburg, Jackson, Macon, Atlanta, Fayetteville. The southern tradition, the hymns, the country music are in my blood."

Although she scoffs at city kids who've "never been south of the Mason-Dixon Line singing, 'I'm just a Texas cowboy and I ride the open range,'" Lucinda's not one of those blues purists who treat their songs like antiques. "They're into preservation," she says, "sort of like museums. I identify with those songs from my own point of view. It's all in your perspective. For instance, a lot of women don't like the old blues songs," she adds. "They feel they're degrading. But I look at them as metaphor; I change the gender. I still write songs dealing with women becoming more aware, taking a stand."

Now that she's back in Houston, Lucinda plans to stay through the fall, playing at some of her old hangouts and developing new material (an album of originals is in the works). Meanwhile, Nemperor Records, a CBS subsidiary, has reportedly taken an interest in her, and she's been encouraged to return to New York by some formidable friends—among them the peripatetic Bob Dylan, who is rumored to be starting his own record label.

"Pure fate," she says of their meeting. "I was playing at Folk City when Bob Dylan walked in. It was a guest set, it wasn't even my gig. The owner introduced us, and he said he liked my stuff. I gave him an album, and he said he'd be doing some shows. Who knows?"

Enrique Pasa

Photograph by F. Carter Smith

LITHO IN U.S.A.

MUSIC
LIBRARY