

A story from Tom Bitz (Kaleidoscope/Fairfield Parlour)

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I met a person recently on a train, it was going south
I very shyly tried to speak to her but the words, they stuck in my mouth
"Come here," she said to me, in a voice I could hardly see
"Pray, tell me what is it with you? Why are you looking there at me?"

I spoke to her without thinking, I said, "I love you, I do believe!"
She slapped my face with both her hands and asked me if I would leave
I screamed, "Oh no, I didn't mean that, but then again, yes, I think I did!"
She said, "Okay, Tom, come over here," and she opened up the lid

Of the suitcase that she was carrying underneath her arm
From which she took two little bottles, I knew I'd come to harm
She made me drink the liquid and my head began to reel
I soon found myself upon the floor, I could not see or could not feel

When I came to, the train I was in, it had made its final stop
And as I opened up my eyes, there before me was a cop
He said that I was drunk and without money, pride and ticket too
Then they ran me down the County Jail, oh, what else could they do?

I tried to explain about the lady who was with me on the train
But they all stood round and looked at me like I was just insane
I begged for mercy and forgiveness and for a cigarette too
But they gave me six months hard labour, oh, what else could they do?

While in jail, I met an old cowboy, who said he liked me fine
He made me steal a horse for him and I got extra time
Well, the moral of this story, I expect you all can see

If you must fall in love, then take your time, don't do it
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Too easily