

The Ballad of Barnes Jones

We called him Bad News Barnes
We called him Sideways Jones
We called him trouble and The King of Rubble
And The Inventor of the Bloody Nose
We called him mean and stupid
We called him insolent and rude
In the oil patches of eastern Oklahoma
Even the roughnecks called him crude

The day he enlisted
Was declared a holiday
By the mayor who led
An impromptu parade down Main
And when he left for Vietnam
No one shed a tear
Including his dear old mom
Who just said I'll see you in a year

Repeat chorus

Imagine our surprise
When he was buried with honors
For diving on a grenade
To save the lives of 4 others
They really are a band of brothers
Now we've named a street after him
A school and a pool hall too
And tonight I'll be playing this little number
In a joint called The Barnes Jones Saloon

Imagine that

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