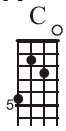


Song for a Deckhand's Daughter

written and performed by James McMurtry
mandolin chord arrangement by John Tauxe • 23 Feb 2013 • <http://mando.tauxe.net>

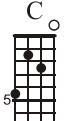
A



He'd always whistle *Jolie Blonde*



On his way out the back door on a Friday night



So many times he just stayed gone



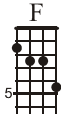
And rarely did he try to treat your Mama right



B



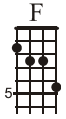
Shut off the tractor with the field half mowed



Set the brake and headed down the road



Came home for Christmas, never said where he'd been



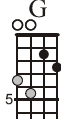
With no presents for the children, only stories for the men



CHORUS



Still your Mama called him Daddy



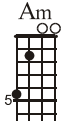
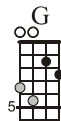
She never told him no



Said she couldn't help but love him



You wondered how it could be so



A

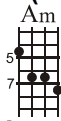
He'd work two weeks out on a river barge
She worked in the factory, never missed a day
He'd spend his week off holding up the bar
Never took him long to drink a deck hand's pay

B

Wind off the river cut the lines on his face
And left him dreaming of some other place
Maybe Memphis town or Baton Rouge
When it's cold in Cape Girardeau there's nothing much to do

CHORUS

A (INSTRUMENTAL)



[repeat]



B

And if his suitcase wasn't standing in the hall
He might not be coming home at all
All the sides of him you never knew before
Would be drifting down the river to another back door

CHORUS [slightly different lyric]

Still your Mama called him Daddy
She couldn't tell him no
Said she couldn't help but love a man like that
You wondered how it could be so

OUTRO

Am C/B C