

## Juble Lee's Revival

Mickey Newbury

When the orphans no longer will sleep at her door  
When her sad minuet songs are not sad anymore  
When fortune is fleeting and fame is a bore  
Tell me where will she go

When the musics all over and the dancing has stopped  
When she sits in her bedroom and stares at the clock  
Silently watching her dreams slowly rotting  
Away in the depths of her soul

Yes it's Houston to Mobile Atlanta  
Be damned if I know how much more she can stand  
But I say pick up your Holy Bible  
Pack all your clothes  
And let me count the new scars in your hand

707 it's Baltimore bound to be  
One of those nights  
I can tell  
She cries as she sits back  
And she straps herself  
Into her private aluminum cell

While Jesus sat quietly  
His head in His Hand  
Man in the very back row  
Turn to him pleading  
Can you understand  
How to put more on her back  
Than her clothes

And in a flash of white satin  
She was out the back door  
In a limousine she was racing away  
While hundreds came forward to kneel on the floor  
Lord tonight only one soul was saved

Just some renegade drifter she had met in the Park  
With answers to hell only knows  
Someone to lie between her in the darkness  
And fill in the time between shows

For the orphans no longer will sleep at her door  
And her sad minuets are not sad anymore  
Fortune is fleeting and fame is a bore  
So tell me now where will she go