

# The Hellbound Hymnal

## Songs for the Damned Vol 1

Composed by  
Half Deaf Clatch











## 1~ Old Time Soul

Modern life means nothin' to me,  
take me back to a simpler way.  
Making music on a broken banjo,  
that's how I'll spend my days.

Say hello, to my old time soul (x2)

Got no time for life in the rat race,  
all I need are my walking shoes.  
Hit the road and do things my way,  
travel on with nothing to lose.

Say hello, to my old time soul (x2)

Modern life means nothing to me,  
take me back to a simpler way...



## 2 ~ Boxcar Bulldogs

I left home at the age of nine,  
went to travelling around.  
I've been a rambling all my days,  
covering a lot of ground.  
Baltimore, St Louis an' Clarksdale too,  
jump in the boxcar an' I'm gone.  
Cos I was born a hobo,  
can't stay anywhere long.

I ride this train,  
rolling on down the line.  
Yeah I ride this train,  
and these tracks are mine.

Well you know sometimes it's tough,  
just to make it through the day.  
Nothin to eat an' no shoes on my feet,  
just hoping good comes my way.  
I've been travelling hard and one day  
I might make it to Paris, France.  
Singing hey Lordy Mama Mama,  
hey Lordy Papa Papa,  
just give me half a chance.

I ride this train,  
rolling on down the line.  
Yeah I ride this train,  
and these tracks are mine.

(continued next page)



Boxcar bullies don't mean me no good,  
stop me from riding the rails.  
God damn bulldogs always on my back,  
like hellhounds on my trail.  
I'm not looking for a fight or trouble with anyone,  
wanna be left all alone.  
Sitting in the boxcar, with my guitar,  
poor boy's a long way from home.

I ride this train,  
rolling on down the line.  
Yeah I ride this train,  
and these tracks are mine.



### 3 ~ 1927 Flood

I'm leaving town, flood water rising up,  
taking all I got an' movin' on to higher ground,  
movin' on to higher ground.

Cryin' O Lord please,  
O Lord please stop the rain.  
I'm cryin' O my Lord.

The river swells an' the levee's about to break,  
ain't no one safe, there's water for miles around,  
water for miles around.

Cryin' O Lord please,  
O Lord please stop the rain.  
I'm cryin' O my Lord.

I lost my friends, high water took em down  
they're dead an' gone, left me without a hope,  
left me without a hope.

Cryin' O Lord please,  
O Lord please stop the rain.  
I'm cryin' O my Lord.

O hear my cries, the heartache it fall like rain,  
and O I pray but the river it keeps flowing on by,  
the river it keeps flowing on by.

Cryin' O Lord please,  
O Lord please stop the rain.  
I'm cryin' O my Lord.



#### 4 ~ Boneyard Bound

Don't need to see a gypsy, to have your fortune told,  
mojo hands and black cat bones, they leave me cold.  
There's only one truth I know, where to draw the line,  
everyones days are numbered, good old Father Time.

We're heading for our final days, we're boneyard bound.  
Bury it all away, in the bone yard now. (x2)

You can meet me at the crossroads, shake the Devils hand,  
make a deal and sell your soul,  
an' be known throughout the land.  
But when your days are over, just bear one thing in mind,  
you won't outsmart the reaper, good old Father Time.

We're heading for our final days, we're boneyard bound.  
Bury it all away, in the bone yard now. (x2)

Drink a herbal potion, from a medicine man,  
drink it everyday, to escape the masterplan.  
No potent brew will save you, an' ain't that just a crime,  
everybody gotta die, good old Father Time.

We're heading for our final days, we're boneyard bound.  
Bury it all away, in the bone yard now. (x2)



## 5 ~ Long Gone Friends

They may be up on high, they may be down below.  
They may be up on high, they may be down below.  
But for the life they'll never know,  
you gotta let them spirits flow.

Raise a glass for long gone friends,  
raise a glass for long gone friends,  
raise a glass and drink to the dead,  
drink to the dead.

Please remember them for the good times and the bad.  
Please remember them for the good times and the bad.  
and I make this toast for the times they'll never have.

Raise a glass for long gone friends,  
raise a glass for long gone friends,  
raise a glass and drink to the dead,  
drink to the dead.

They may be up on high, they may be down below.  
They may be up on high, they may be down below.  
But for the life they'll never know,  
you gotta let them spirits flow.

Raise a glass for long gone friends,  
raise a glass for long gone friends,  
raise a glass and drink to the dead,  
drink to the dead.



## 6 ~ Revelation Road

Preacher, O Preacher  
says end times will soon be here,  
through the trials and tribulation,  
the faithful will have no fear.

I will not follow that old revelation road (x2)

He says rapture O the rapture  
is coming soon to this world,  
all the bad folk, all the sinners,  
will be judged when his Lord's word is heard.

I will not follow that old revelation road (x2)

Preacher, O Preacher  
misguided and blinkered fool,  
don't believe what you're saying,  
I just live by the golden rule.

I will not follow that old revelation road (x2)







## 7 ~ Make Your Own Way

Every dog, well he gonna have his day,  
'an I'll have mine, just in my own time.

Don't need a bright, white light O to find my way,  
through these troubled times, through these dark, dark days.

But Oh, O I don't need to be saved.

And there won't be choirs of Angels, singing me to my rest.  
I live my life how I think is right I'm just trying to do my best.

Singing ashes to ashes dust to dust,  
believe in nothing, in nothing we trust.

You gotta make your own way.

You gotta make your own way.

But Oh, O I don't need to be saved.

And I won't seek absolution for the things I've done,  
all the trouble and strife in this life,  
will disappear when you're dead and gone,  
dead and gone.

But Oh, O I don't need to be saved.

Every dog, well he gonna have his day,  
'an I'll have mine, just in my own time.

Don't need a bright, white light O to find my way,  
through these troubled times, through these dark, dark days.

But Oh, O I don't need to be saved.

Singing ashes to ashes dust to dust,  
believe in nothing, in nothing we trust.

You gotta make your own way.

You gotta make your own way. (x3)



8 ~ 1930 Drought

Been walking miles all day, in the blazing sun.  
Been walking miles all day in the blazing sun.  
Hopin' and a prayin' that the rains will come.

It's a hard, hard life living in these dry well times.  
It's a hard, hard life living in these dry well times.

This road it hurts my feet, and the ground is scorched.  
This road it hurts my feet, and the ground is scorched.  
Dry bones in the valleys, these days have run their course.

It's a hard, hard life living in these dry well times.  
It's a hard, hard life living in these dry well times.

[..and I will guide you all the way,  
satisfy your soul in times of need.  
Like fat on bone, cool drink of water.  
It's your sacrifice, let it bleed..]

No water anywhere, Lord I'm so dry.  
No water anywhere, Lord I'm so dry.  
Hopin' and a prayin' we look up to the skies.

It's a hard, hard life living in these dry well times.  
It's a hard, hard life living in these dry well times.

It's round the corner, it's everywhere I go.  
It's round the corner, it's everywhere I go.  
We're livin' in a dustbowl, that I know for sure

It's a hard, hard life living in these dry well times.  
It's a hard, hard life living in these dry well times.



9 ~ No Hallelujahs

Baptised in black fire waters,  
I was raised a son of the dirt.  
Who will sing hollow hallelujahs,  
who will sing them with me?

The songs of holy refuge,  
they don't mean a thing to me.  
Who will sing hollow hallelujahs,  
who will sing them with me?

Lets drink from the Lethe waters,  
free your mind from sin and blame.  
Who will sing hollow hallelujahs,  
who will sing them with me?



## 10 ~ THE BALLAD OF A.J RAIL

I was travellin' all alone,  
two ravens soared high then circled low.  
I watched a while in the full moons light,  
then they disappeared into the stillness of night.  
Then all at once there was a strange red glow,  
the rain fell hard and the wind did blow.  
And there stood before me was an evil so old,  
the devil spoke to me and my blood ran cold.

He said "listen son you've known hardship and pain,  
you have nothing to lose but plenty to gain.

I have a deal - a pact of sorts -  
name your price so your soul can be bought".

Well I'm no fool and it occurred to me,  
I wouldn't need my soul as far as I could see.

I said "OK sir, I will play your game,  
give me wealth, give me power, give me untold fame.

The deal was done and sealed in blood,  
then he disappeared returned to the mud.

He kept his word I could do no wrong,  
wherever I played they all sang my song.

The years did pass time was good to me,  
I lived my life singing and carefree,  
I had silver and gold, fortune and fame.  
The rich and the poor they all knew my name.

(continued next page)



It was a moonless night of my hundredth year,  
when he came for me and my fate was clear,  
to spend my days with the damned undead,  
there was no hope until these words he said...

"You will sing for me down below,  
in the fires of hell singing songs of woe.  
With guitar in hand chained to the stones,  
despair everywhere, hell is now your home".

It's not all bad, although I'm not free,  
I still play my songs , so Hell ain't a bad place to be.



11 ~ Singing With Old Scratch

If you're a gambling man, shootin' dice, playin' cards.  
Hustling everyday, life made you hard.

Well the preacher talks salvation,  
but I ain't seen nothin' yet.  
Eternal damnation  
seem to be your safest bet, so come on

Sing along, sing along, O sing all you sinners,  
the Devils got the best tunes, down below.

If you're a drinkin' man, don't mean communion wine,  
drinkin' everyday, tastes damn fine.

Well the preacher talks salvation,  
but I ain't seen nothin' yet.  
Eternal damnation  
seem to be your safest bet, so come on

Sing along, sing along, O sing all you sinners,  
the Devils got the best tunes, down below.

If you're a fightin' man, with a violent past.  
Hatin' every man right down to the last.

Well the preacher talks salvation,  
but I ain't seen nothin' yet.  
Eternal damnation  
seem to be your safest bet, so come on

Sing along, sing along, O sing all you sinners,  
the Devils got the best tunes, down below.

I said the Devils got the best tunes, down below.



The End







