

# JAMES TALLEY



**GOT NO BREAD, NO MILK, NO MONEY,  
BUT WE SURE GOT A LOT OF LOVE**

**30TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION**



*James and Jan Talley, 1999*

## An introduction by Chet Flippo . . .

who originally reviewed this album thirty years ago for *Rolling Stone*.

James Talley has been an inspiration to me for thirty years, although I haven't dared tell him that until now. A man of quiet strength who believes so strongly in the vision of his work that he will do whatever it takes to allow that work to find a place to live and breathe—that is a very unusual man in these days and times.

Anytime I hear about any singers-come-lately hailed as the founders of Americana music, I have to laugh, because as James Talley would be quick to tell you, some early troubadours known as Jimmie Rodgers and Woody Guthrie were the parents of the music form that we never called by any name other than good, authentic music of the people. But James was truly its modern-day godfather, the single artist who was most influential in returning to the concept of this honest music of working-class people. It's music that tells people's stories straightforwardly, that chronicles the realities of life, and that stands for eternal human ideals and truths.

James writes and sings from the human wellspring, about as deep as a person can get, and I've always been extremely grateful for what he's contributed to us all with his extraordinary musical gifts.

***Chet Flippo***

Nashville

September 4, 2005

## **A recent e-mail from a listener . . .**

*Thanks for the songs you have written and recorded; especially for the Got No Bread . . . album I had back in '75. The title track from that album has played in my memory for thirty years through good times and bad. Always bringing me hope that "this too shall pass." Three kids and one grandchild later, it plays on.*

*Mary McCollum*

July 12, 2005

**M**ary, I thank you so very much, along with the many, many others who have offered me encouragement through the years, for that is what has sustained me through the many trials of my own life. You are my inspiration. And yes, it has been thirty years since this album was first released by Capitol Records—a full generation has passed. But these songs are your songs, not just mine. They were written for you, to sustain your dreams as well as mine. They are of the people, by the people, and for the people. I did not write them. I just listened to your voice and I wrote it down.

Like about ninety-nine percent of the people who listen to my songs, I am a working person. There are no trust funds or inheritances in my past, present or future. Over the course of a thirty-five-plus-year career, I have made my living solely from music only during a one-year period when I was under contract with Atlantic Records and

Jerry Wexler paid me two hundred fifty dollars a week to write songs, and during the three years I was under contract with Capitol Records and the label supported me by advancing me my future royalties. All the rest of the years of my life, I have worked at one job or another, the same as you.

In my youth in high school in Albuquerque, New Mexico, I worked as a retail sales clerk and at the first McDonald's restaurant in Albuquerque. The sign said: "Over One Million Sold." I thought, "Wow, that's a lot of hamburgers!" I worked as a horse wrangler, a laborer, and a carpenter, and after earning a college degree in fine arts at the University of New Mexico, as a welfare caseworker. I even tried my hand at selling encyclopedias door to door for a short time, until I realized that the only people who would buy them were the very poor and uneducated, who couldn't even read them, so I quit. After moving to Nashville, I worked for the rat control division of the Metro Health Department, and again as a carpenter; and for the past twenty-three years I have been in the real estate business, first in residential sales and then in commercial-investment real estate.

Yes, I performed twice at the White House for Jimmy Carter. I have recorded with B.B. King as my lead guitar player, and my songs have been recorded by Johnny Cash, Johnny Paycheck, Alan Jackson, Gene Clark, Moby, and many others. But I don't hang out with people in the music industry. You won't find me very often on Music Row. I am with ordinary people day in and day out, not with the glamour, the "buzz," and the "stars." I prefer it that way.

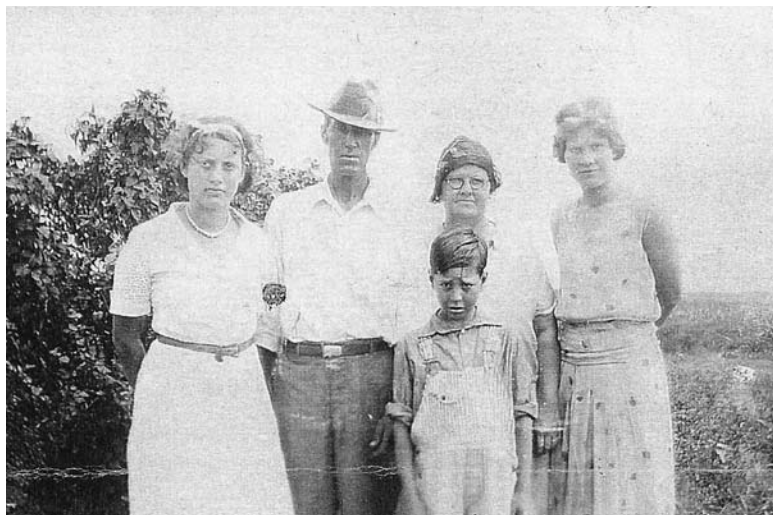
By and large my inspiration has come from the events of my life and my never-ending observation of the American people. As I said in the introduction to *The Road To Torreón*—the story of the Hispanic families I grew up with, and came to know in New Mexico—it was Pete Seeger who set me on the course I've followed by advising me in 1967 to write about the world around me, the world that I knew, and to be true to my own heart and vision and to those for whom, and about whom, I was writing. These songs, then, are songs from life: from my life and the events and lives that have over the years touched and shaped my life.

My parents were from Oklahoma. My mother was a farmer's daughter from north-central Oklahoma, near Stillwater. My father's family was from Welch, Oklahoma, up in the northeastern corner of the state near the Kansas line. My father's father owned a general store in Welch. My parents met while working at Oklahoma Ordinance, a munitions and gunpowder plant near Pryor, Oklahoma, during World War II. They courted to the infectious swing music of Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys at Cain's Dancing Academy in Tulsa. My mother was determined to rise above the poverty of her youth and she did it through education, by working her way through Oklahoma A&M (now Oklahoma State University) in the 1930s. She became an elementary school teacher. My father was transferred from Oklahoma Ordinance to the state of Washington during the construction phase of the Hanford Works in Richland, the now infamous plutonium factory and nuclear waste site where the plutonium for the "Fat Man"—the nuclear bomb that was dropped in 1945 on Nagasaki, Japan—was manufactured. Eventually we all moved to the state of Washington, where my mother taught school and my father continued to work at Hanford.

We lived in many places: tar-paper-covered trailer-houses in the construction camps; government apartments in Kennewick, Washington; and a basement apartment in Kennewick that my parents rented from an old Swedish carpenter named Dave Palmer. Eventually, we got our own brand new little government ranch house, which my parents rented in Richland. Having migrated from Depression-wracked Oklahoma, my parents were looking for work and for better pay, and they had dreams for a better life.

The boom town of Richland was growing up around the Hanford Works, and it needed teachers. By Oklahoma standards, the pay was tremendous; and the schools in those days, funded by federal government war dollars, lacked for nothing in the way of teaching aids and materials. My mother enjoyed teaching there very much. After the construction was completed, my father got a job as a “chemical operator” at Hanford. We were in Richland for five years, and when my parents eventually moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico, they had eight thousand dollars in their bank account—that was the equivalent of a year’s wages for each of them at the time.

The price that was paid, though we will never know for sure, was my father’s health. Shortly after we moved to New Mexico, a large tumor was discovered in one of his lungs. The doctors could not diagnose it. Even after they operated and removed half of his lung, not one doctor could (or would) identify what it was, or why it had grown there. My father’s health deteriorated over the ensuing years, and he suffered three heart attacks—the first at age forty-five. He died at age fifty-seven, in February 1969, about six months after my move to Nashville. He never got to see either of my



*Carr family, Oklahoma farm near Glencoe, OK, 1932; left to right: my mother, Florence; Grandfather, Og; Grandmother, Mary; my Aunt Ruth; and my Uncle Clyde in front*

two sons, and of course they never got to see their grandfather. He never got to hear any of the music I recorded. I never got to share that with him.

My father loved to tell jokes and had a humorous way about him. He had a rich bag of old Okie sayings. As an old song he'd heard said, "Hey Okie, if you see Arkie, tell him I got a job for him out in Californie . . . pickin' pruuunes!" And if he was feel-



ing a little low on his money, he would say, “It ain’t no disgrace to be poor, it’s just unhandy as hell.” Or, “I’m as poor as old Job’s turkey, and he had to lean up against the fence to gobble.” He could also tap dance a little, and often concluded a story or a song with a little “soft shoe” on the kitchen floor. No one was unknown to him; he could and would talk to anyone. He would strike up conversations with total strangers in grocery stores, coffee shops, filling stations, wherever . . . and within twenty minutes they would each know the other’s life story—and they would always know he was from Oklahoma.

My father could play a little guitar, and he had a beautiful tenor voice. He delighted in playing for me the old Jimmie Rodgers songs, popular when he was a young man: “Dear old daddy you shared my heartaches and joys, you tried to bring me up right.” He loved the sentimental songs. A special place in his heart was always reserved for Bob Wills, and one of my dad’s great moments was when he met Tommy Duncan, Wills’ co-writer and vocalist, in a coffee shop in Pasco, Washington. He came home with great excitement and said, “You’ll never guess who I ran into today: Tommy Duncan!” That was our life in the early days of the atomic-energy business. No one really knew in those days of course, except perhaps the scientists, what radiation was or the hazards it presented.

**W**hen I was growing up, my grandparents on my mother’s side, Ogden, or “Og,” as we called him, and Mary Carr, lived in the little hamlet of Mehan, Oklahoma, nine miles east of Stillwater. They were poor people. They had worked their entire lives on farms they did not own, and my grandfather supplemented his farm income by hiring out as a carpenter.

I spent a great deal of time with my grandparents, and I can recall, as a young boy, driving over the old rusty country bridges, and along the red clay back roads to reach their house in Mehan. The house was square, with four rooms, divided equally. One front room was the living room, and had a wall-mounted crank telephone near the front door; the other front room was a bedroom. Behind that room was the kitchen, and next to the kitchen was my grandparents' bedroom. There was no running water, but there was a casing well on the back porch off the kitchen, and a "number 10" bucket with a long-handled blue dipper sat on a small table covered with oil cloth just inside the kitchen door. Everyone drank from the same dipper, and the well water always tasted cool and good, with just a hint of minerals in it. If hot water was needed, it was heated in buckets on the wood stove.

There was a shed-roofed room on one end of the back porch, as well, which was used for storage and where baths were taken in a large oval galvanized tub. The bed sheets had seams in them, as they and the pillow cases were made from old flour and feed sacks. The ceilings were high, and in each room a bare light bulb hung from twisted strands of wire in the center of each room, compliments of the REA, the federal Rural Electrification Administration. In the bedrooms, a string was attached to the pull chain on the light and tied to the steel bed frame, so you could get into bed and turn out the light. The beds all had thick, soft feather mattresses, and as you lay down, everything rolled to the center of the bed.

Outside, on the east side of the house was a storm cellar, which was dug into the red clay earth, and had a heavy metal-covered door on it. Oklahoma is of course famous for tornadoes, and when they would come my grandmother would gather us all up

and we would head for the storm cellar with our quilts and a kerosene lamp—all of us except my grandfather Og, who steadfastly refused to go to the storm cellar and slept through every tornado.

Behind the house was the chicken coop, and behind that was the outhouse. When you went to the outhouse, you had to walk through the coop, with all the chickens pecking at you. As a small boy I learned to gather a fist-full of corn kernels and throw them along as I went to distract these pesky chickens.

The train to Cushing ran past Mehan, but it didn't stop. If you wanted to stop the train, you had to stand out on the track and flag down the engineer. This was my grandfather's job, and I can see him now in his high-top work shoes, his khaki pants, and straw hat, with his pouch of Beech-Nut chewing tobacco sticking out of his hip pocket, flagging down the engineer. Mehan had two very short streets, and on a corner behind my grandparents' house was a small grocery store. There was an old red Coke machine, and one of the local men would stand me up on top of the machine and give me a nickel or a dime to sing. My usual song was "Jesus Loves Me."

These Oklahoma people were true American pioneers. I take great pride in being a part of them. My great-grandfather, Robert Russell Frazier, took part in two Oklahoma land rushes, the 1889 rush and the "Cherokee Strip" rush of 1893, the largest race for land in America's history. (Of course no one gave much thought at the time to the fact that the land rushes were just another way that the federal government took away the land from the American Indians.) These were hardy, hard-working people, but they always had time for jokes and good humor.

After my father's death, the first year I moved to Nashville, my then-new bride Jan and I were returning to Tennessee from my father's funeral in New Mexico. We stopped to visit my grandparents, and my grandmother, then almost eighty years old, said, "Well, if I marry another old man, I'm gonna sleep with him first, and if he snores or pulls covers, I won't have him. I've slept with my rear end out now for over fifty years!" They had known hard times their whole lives, but it was the hand they were dealt, and they knew no other.



*James Talley's grandparents' home, Mehan, Oklahoma, c. 1948. James is standing behind the porch post in the white suit.*

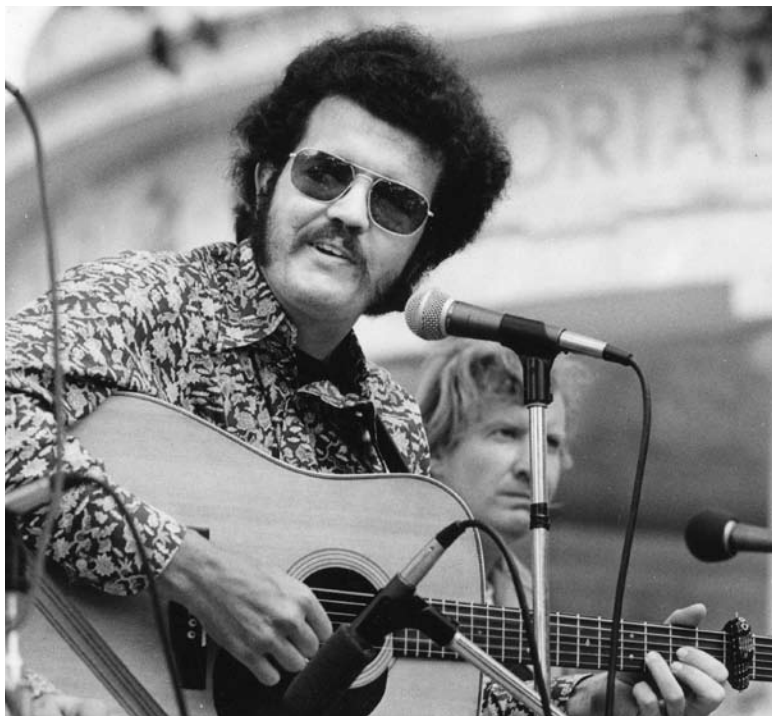
It was, then, this well-traveled mixture of Oklahoma, the Pacific Northwest, multi-cultured New Mexico, and eventually the South that shaped my life and my experience. This diversity is what America is about, still, today, with new immigrants and ethnic groups churning the ever-changing melting pot. It is the wonder, the miracle and strength of America—a big, diverse land, big enough for so many different peoples, and with so many stories to tell.

This album was recorded in 1973. I was still under contract with Atlantic Records, and writing songs as Jerry Wexler had paid me to do—thank you again, Jerry—but since Atlantic's first venture into Nashville was not going too well for them or for me, I decided to record an album on my own. My Atlantic deal was coming to a close and I wanted to have something completed and ready to present to another label. An entire album, I thought, might show what I was trying to do musically. There simply are not many people with vision in the music business. That was true then as it still is today. You have to show them the whole production; they cannot visualize what they cannot hear.

At that time in Nashville, record companies and producers were oriented toward producing singles. Radio airplay was singles-oriented. An album was simply a vehicle to release a group of singles to the consumer, and generally there would be two or three songs the company felt were potential hits, and the rest of an album would be filler: songs (often mediocre) on which the producer, the artist, or some inside publisher controlled the publishing rights. If an album became a hit, these filler songs earned as much money as the hits did from sales. It was a great way to become very rich, if you could control what songs would eventually wind up on an album's release.

But I wanted to make a country album like the Beatles, Bob Dylan, or The Band were making in those days in pop music—an album that had no filler, an album that was all quality songs that meant something and advanced a concept, where the listener could put the needle down on the first track and play and enjoy the entire record from beginning to end. It was a revolutionary concept at the time in Nashville. Mickey Newbury and a few others were also trying to do the same thing. It was the beginning of what twenty-five years later would emerge under the banner of Americana music.

I wanted the album to be a country album, drawn from my roots, and I had been working on a group of songs about my family and our Okie heritage. Larry Burton, a young local attorney friend with some means, had decided to outfit a recording studio in an old house on Seventeenth Avenue in the Music Row area. I traded my carpentry skills for studio time, and got a group of players to come in and “spec” an album—that means play for free in the hope of getting paid some day. It was all a very informal affair. People would sometimes walk in off the street to hear what we were doing, as a then totally unknown John Hiatt did along with some of his friends. We were recording “No Opener Needed,” and John wound up playing the acoustic lead on the song, and he and his friends, along with the rest of the musicians present, sang the background vocals. Steve Mendell heard a guy playing the spoons and invited him down. A sign painter from Louisiana, Johnny Bell, happened by and wound up singing some harmony vocals. Tony Lyons, fresh from Vietnam, with a little Armed Forces Radio experience, wound up being one of the engineers. We had lots of time to experiment and explore and we weren’t limited to the normal



*Smithsonian Folk Life Festival, Washington, D.C., 1974, with Jim Rooney*

Nashville session protocols. It was simply whatever felt and sounded right. With the help of some of my musician friends, Steve Mendell, Gregg Thomas, Doyle Grisham, Johnny Gimble, and some others, we completed what became *Got No Bread, No Milk, No Money, but We Sure Got a Lot of Love*.

We finished the album in the fall of 1973. I thought it was too country-sounding to take to John Hammond Sr., my first musical mentor in New York and the person who had originally sent my material to Jerry Wexler; and I knew Jerry's life at the time and his company's foray into country music were not going well. After my Atlantic contract ended, I was back working as a carpenter. About a year had passed and one day in 1974 I got a call from a producer, Audie Ashworth, who was doing some work for Capitol Records at the time. He explained that Frank Jones, then-vice president of the country division of Capitol Records, was moving back to Nashville from Hollywood. He had purchased a house and it needed some repairs. Could I perhaps do the work? Gerry LeRoy (who shares the cover of my Tryin' Like The Devil album with me) and I went over and worked on the weekends to remodel Frank's house before he arrived to occupy it.

Frank was a real music person and a very gracious man. He had been a producer at CBS for many years, producing with Don Law several Flatt & Scruggs and Johnny Cash albums. He knew and respected John Hammond's ear for talent. He listened to the album and was impressed with it. I had already pressed one thousand copies of the album on my own little Torreon label, and I carried a few copies around in the trunk of my car along with the carpenter tools. I had even released a single from the album, "Give Him Another Bottle," and had hired a young independent promotion



man named Bruce Hinton for six hundred dollars to promote the song to radio. I paid Bruce with my IRS refund check that spring. We were getting some airplay on the AM country station in Nashville, WKDA, from a DJ named Mike Hanes, and one of the songs off of the album, “Red River Memory,” was being played on a Nashville easy-listening country station, WSIX.

A few months went by and Frank Jones called me, and said, “I’ve been hearing your song ‘Red River Memory’ every morning on the radio when I wake up; and while I am driving to the office, I hear ‘Give Him Another Bottle’—what are you doing with your record?”

I said, “Nothing, I’m not selling many out of the trunk of my car!”

He said, “Well, why don’t you come in and let’s talk about it.” When we got together I said, “Look, Frank, if you like this record, I can make you a really good deal on it. All I need is enough money to pay the musicians.”

“How much would that be?” he said.

I said, “Five thousand dollars.” (A real bargain even in those days, but I also knew what the backing of Capitol Records could mean to a young artist: you’ve got to get your foot in the door.)

We talked about what I wanted to do musically, and Frank then introduced me to Bill Williams, who was a couple of years older than me and was head of radio promotion for Capitol. Bill loved the record too, so they decided to purchase it and sign me as an artist with Capitol, and that started my lifelong saga with Capitol Records.



*Warrenton, VA Music Festival, 1975*

(What I also didn't calculate in my five thousand dollar price was the Social Security payments for the musicians. I had to borrow \$500 from my mother in order to sell the album to Capitol.)

The record finally came out in June 1975. I was still working as a carpenter, driving my old black '64 Chevy pickup back and forth to work and occasionally hearing one of my songs on the radio. Bill Williams called me one day and said, "I need you to come in and call radio stations for me, and tell them about your new record."

I said, "I can't, I've got a family and small children; I've got to work."

He said, “How much do you make?”

I said, “Two hundred dollars a week.”

He said, “If I could pay you two hundred dollars a week, do you think you could get a couple of weeks off?”

I said, “Probably.” (My boss in Nashville at the time was very proud to have a recording artist/carpenter working for him).

So I went to Capitol’s offices each morning and called radio stations all day long for two weeks, and at the end of that time, Bill said, “This is ridiculous; we sign an artist, and then don’t give him any support!” So, at the end of the two weeks, Bill and I flew out to Los Angeles to meet with the then-president of Capitol Records, Brown Meigs. At the end of the meeting, I had a ten thousand dollar advance. Bill then took me to BMI to see Frances Preston, who advanced me another ten thousand dollars on my publishing and songwriting. Ten thousand dollars seemed to be the magic number, and of course it was about a year’s salary for a working person in those days.

Then the reviews started to come in on the album. The first, by Greil Marcus in *The Village Voice*, was incredible, and Capitol Records took notice. Bill told me that Capitol’s then-vice president of sales in Los Angeles, Dennis White, asked him, “Who is this guy? Where did he come from? Is he from Texas, where does he live? How can this album be any good; we only paid five thousand dollars for it?”

**T**hat was thirty years ago, and these songs have stood the test of time, and I know they will still move people thirty years from now, because these are songs from life—they are about frailties, certainties, travails, love, sorrow, and the truth. As Marcus said about the album in 1975, “It has little to do with what came out of the Nashville machine . . . there’s not a cliché on it. Every note sounds as if it was played—and what is more, felt—by a living human being. It is an affirmation.”

These songs have brought me some of my greatest joys in life as well as some of my greatest sorrows. They are my dreams, my creations, my children. To this day, I still believe in the power of these dreams. Dreams are our light, dreams are the impossible, dreams are our desire and our longing. Dreams are reaching for something beyond, something around the bend and over the hill. They propel us into the future. They sustain us and give us hope. I still have many dreams left to dream, and many songs left to sing.

Keep the faith!

*James Talley*

Nashville, Tennessee 2005

# Acknowledgments

SPECIAL THANKS TO BOB KNITTEL AND CAVALLIERE KETCHUM, AND TO FLORENCE AND LLOYD, AND ALL THE OTHER OKIES.

Thanks to all the musicians and other personnel that were part of this project, and thanks to the following individuals for their assistance, friendship, and support in various ways over the years as I have explored my fragile dreams: Chris Armour, Katie Bess, Steve Blailock, Dusty Bowling, Analee Canto, Paolo and Anna Carù, Bob Child, David Childers, Robin Cohn, Joe Collier, Dave Collins, Mort Cooperman, Jay Craik, Terry Currier, Connie Daugherty, Marco Denti, Tommy Detamore, Nina Dryer, Gary Eaton, Amber Ferguson, Dennis Flannigan, Chet Flippo, Dan Friedman, Bill Friskics-Warren, Walter Fuchs, Marc Greilsamer, Doyle Grisham, Nora Guthrie, Craig Havighurst, Mark Hill, Rob Hill, Steve Hostak, Greg Johnson, Frank Jones, Eric King, Pat and Donna King, Brady Layman, David Lessoff, Phil Mammano, John and Marty Marmaduke, Ben Montgomery, Mike Noble, Sam Paris, Dave Pomeroy, John Ray, Jim Rooney, Bruce Smith, Kay Smith, Steve Smith, Jim Steinblatt, Jan Stinson, Jack Tarver, Gregg Thomas, Jon Tullis, Jane Weber, Bill Wence, Herb White, Tom White, Bill Williams, Rick Williams, Rein and Els Wortelboer, John Lincoln Wright, Steve Young, Hans Ziemann—and to my uncle, Clyde Carr, and Bob, Mary Martha, Gordy, Joe, Ruthie, Vanita, and Mary Jo—and thanks to Jerome Clark and David McGee for their friendship and for looking over the liner manuscript for me.

And again a special thanks to all those brave, brave souls in radio, both in the U.S. and abroad, who continue to play my music. As always, thanks to my wife, Jan, for whom it has not been easy, and my sons, Justin Louis and Reuben James. And my “fur baby,” my little blue heeler Cheyenne, who brings me so much joy and love. God bless you all!

And always, thanks to Peter Guralnick, who above all others ever reminds me to keep the faith!

# Personnel

**JOHNNY BELL:** *harmony vocals*

**RALPH CHILDS:** *tuba*

**RICHIE CICERO:** *recording engineer*

**RICK DURRETT:** *piano, organ, accordion, electric piano*

**DAVE GILLON:** *harmony vocals*

**JOHNNY GIMBLE:** *fiddle, mandolin and  
electric mandolin*

**DOYLE GRISHAM:** *steel guitar, acoustic guitar, dobro,  
and electric guitar*

**LEE HAZEN:** *recording engineer*

**JOHN HIATT:** *acoustic guitar*

**KARL HIMMEL:** *drums*

**STEVE HOSTAK:** *electric guitar*

**TONY LYONS:** *harmony vocals, recording engineer*

**JERRY MCKUEN:** *acoustic and electric guitar  
and mandolin*

**MICHAEL MARTIN:** *spoons*

**STEVE MENDELL:** *upright and electric bass*

**DAVE POE:** *clarinet*

**WAYNE SECREST:** *electric bass*

**LISA SILVER:** *fiddle*

**TOMMY SMITH:** *trumpet*

**GREGG THOMAS:** *drums*

**JAMES TALLEY:** *acoustic guitar, vocal*

Cover photography: J. Clark Thomas

Reissue album concept/design: Armour & Armour,  
Nashville, Tennessee

Recorded and mixed at Hound's Ear Studios, Nashville,  
Tennessee, 1973

Re-mastering of original recordings: Capitol Record's  
Studio 5, Dave Sinko, Nashville, Tennessee

All selections composed by James Talley / Hardhit  
Music-BMI and Hardhit Songs-ASCAP, except "Big  
Taters in the Sandy Land" by Johnny Gimble/Gardenia  
Music-ASCAP

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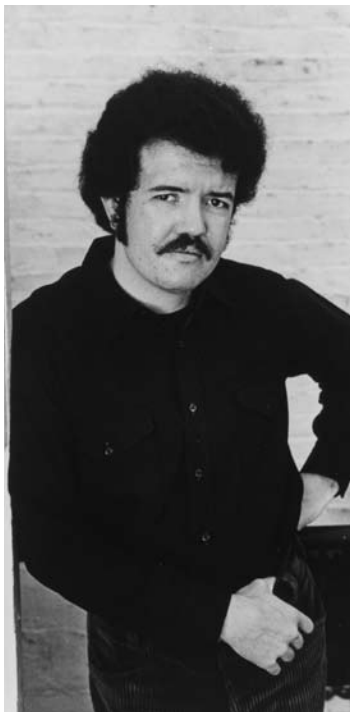


[www.cimarronrecords.com](http://www.cimarronrecords.com)

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# Songs

1. W. Lee O'Daniel and the Light Crust Dough Boys
2. Got No Bread, No Milk, No Money, But We Sure Got a Lot of Love
3. Red River Memory
4. Give Him Another Bottle
5. Calico Gypsy
6. To Get Back Home
7. Big Taters in the Sandy Land
8. No Opener Needed
9. Blue Eyed Ruth and My Sunday Suit
10. Mehan, Oklahoma
11. Daddy's Song
12. Take Me to the Country
13. Red River Reprise



*James Talley, 1974*



*Los Angeles, Capitol Records album cover billboard and performance with Richard Torrance, 1976*

## Discography

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### *Current issue albums . . .*

- JOURNEY – Torreon Productions – 2004; Cimarron Records Issue No. 1012
- TOUCHSTONES – Torreon Productions – 2002; Cimarron Records Issue No. 1011
- NASHVILLE CITY BLUES – Torreon Productions – 2000; Cimarron Records Issue No. 1010
- WOODY GUTHRIE AND SONGS OF MY OKLAHOMA HOME – Torreon Productions - 1999; Cimarron Records Issue No. 1009



*Catalog albums available as special custom releases at [www.cimarronrecords.com](http://www.cimarronrecords.com)*

• **TRYIN' LIKE THE DEVIL** – Original Capitol Records-Torreon Productions - 1976; Cimarron Recordings Issue No. 1002

• **BLACKJACK CHOIR** – Original Capitol Records-Torreon Productions - 1977; Cimarron Recordings Issue No. 1003

• **AIN'T IT SOMETHIN'** - Original Capitol Records-Torreon Productions - 1977; Cimarron Recordings Issue No. 1004

• **AMERICAN ORIGINALS** – Torreon Productions - 1985; Originally released without license by Bear Family Records, Germany; Cimarron Records Issue No. 1005

• **LOVE SONGS AND THE BLUES** – Torreon Productions - 1989; Originally released without license by Bear Family Records, Germany; Cimarron Records Issue No. 1006

• **THE ROAD TO TORREÓN** – Torreon Productions - 1992; Originally released without license by Bear Family Records, Germany; Cimarron Records Issue No. 1007

• **JAMES TALLEY: LIVE** – Torreon Productions - 1994; Originally released without license by Bear Family Records, Germany; Cimarron Records Issue No. 1008

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*James Talley with sons Justin Louis and Reuben James, 1976*

# Song Lyrics

## W. LEE O'DANIEL AND THE LIGHT CRUST DOUGH BOYS

Was in the town of Tulsa 'bout thirty years ago  
At Cain's Academy down in old Oklahome'—  
Well, the dust was blowin' but the music was right,  
And W. Lee O'Daniel played all night.  
For the Light Crust Dough Boys and W. Lee O'Dan  
We drove eighty miles through that blowin' sand—  
My '37 Chevy was a shootin' steam  
Comin' up the hills just east of Pawnee.  
But I wouldn't miss a dance on Saturday night  
For all of them Chevys in that Detroit line—  
I can hear that music in my ears,  
I'm ready to go and I'm shifitin' them gears.  
So just pass me the biscuits and give me your hand,  
You know you're my honey, and you know I'm your man—  
Listen to the fiddler makin' it sing  
And hear the pretty notes of the guitar ring.  
I got no troubles, I'm feelin' no pain,  
I got moonshine whisky down in my veins—  
So let the Light Crust Dough Boys and Old Pappy Dan  
Play us a song we'll never forget . . .  
Now, they say times are rough and money is tight,  
But I don't care on Saturday night—  
I got no money, but I can't sing the blues,  
When I feel like dancin' down in my shoes.  
Was in the town of Tulsa 'bout thirty years ago  
At Cain's Academy down in old Oklahome'—  
Well, the dust was blowin' but the music was right,  
And W. Lee O'Daniel played all night.

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*Jimmy Carter Inauguration, January, 1977*

## GOT NO BREAD, NO MILK, NO MONEY, BUT WE SURE GOT A LOT OF LOVE

Got no bread, no milk, no money,  
But we sure got a lot of love;  
My little gal she calls me honey,  
And she comes from Heaven above.  
Oh, she comes from the green hill-country  
Where the lovin' lasts all night—  
As far back in that country  
As you can stick a butcher-knife.  
Yeah, she is quite a woman,  
And you know I don't like to brag,  
But she can squeeze my dinner  
Out of an old dishrag;  
And when it comes to lovin'  
let me tell you she's all right—  
No she ain't much for talkin'  
When it comes to Saturday night.  
She likes good, clean wholesome music  
That doesn't make her feel uptight,  
So she listens to the radio  
Sittin' on the porch at night.  
She knows I work like a dog on weekdays  
But when Saturday rolls around,  
I put them wheels on the highway  
And I take my little baby to town . . .  
She spends all of my money,  
Just a foolin' around—  
And I'm broke again come Sunday,  
Monday, I'm run down.  
Got no bread, no milk, no money,  
But we sure got a lot of love—  
My little gal, she calls me honey,  
And she comes from Heaven above.

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## RED RIVER MEMORY

From this valley they say you are goin'  
I will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,  
For you know you are taking the sunshine  
That has brightened the path for a while.  
So come and sit by my side if you love me,  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,  
But remember the Red River Valley  
And the cowboy that loved you so true—  
    And deep within my soul  
    I'm trying to recall  
    A treasure that was lost so long ago . . .  
    Many a dream is dead and gone  
    Like the cowboy and his song,  
    Since I loved you on that old Red River shore.  
How I long once again for that valley,  
How I miss those bright eyes and that smile,  
How I need your warm rays of sunshine  
To brighten my life for a while . . .  
Yes, I remember that Red River valley  
And in my heart the love we once knew,  
Yes I remember the songs and the stories—  
For I'm that cowboy that now misses you.

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*James Talley in home office, 1976*

## GIVE HIM ANOTHER BOTTLE

Give him another bottle,  
another bottle of wine—

### CHORUS:

Give him another bottle, let him ease his mind—  
Give him another bottle, Lord,  
another bottle of wine—  
You know it broke his spirit when that  
eight wheel driver died.

You know he was a railroad man, and a good one in his time—  
Birmingham to Memphis, he worked the Southern line,  
But you know he lost his ticket, lost his ticket to ride,  
You know it broke his spirit when that eight wheel driver died.

So, give him another bottle,  
another bottle of wine—

### CHORUS:

Give him another bottle, let him ease his mind—  
Give him another bottle, another bottle of wine,  
You know that it's his Savior,  
you know that it's his life

You see him on the corner, tryin' to bum a dime,  
He ain't got no family, no, he ain't got no wife—  
He ain't got no children, no sunshine in his life,  
So give him another bottle, let him ease his mind.

Give him another bottle,  
another bottle of wine—

### CHORUS:

Give him another bottle, let him ease his mind—  
Give him another bottle, another bottle of wine,  
You know that it's his Savior,  
you know that it's his life.

TAG: You know it broke his spirit when  
that eight wheel driver died.

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## CALICO GYPSY

West Texas sun, shine down on me—

### CHORUS:

All of my dreams, unbroken and free—  
Red rose of summer, bloomin' so sweet—  
Calico Gypsy, my rodeo queen.

Warm as the prairie wind in the Spring—  
Across the wide valleys where the wildflowers green—  
Starlight of morning, rainbow of dawn,  
Memories of good times alive in my heart.

### CHORUS:

Dressed all in Denim, in leather and bows—  
Bright as the midnight moon on the snow—  
Soft as the willow, where the waters run deep,  
Bringing me beauty out on the dark sea.

### CHORUS:

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## TO GET BACK HOME

You know it's hard to get back home,  
Where the grass is green, and the sun is warm—  
Yeah, a home cooked meal would sure taste good  
And the night to spend with the one's you love.  
Now, I had a pal, called her "Sweet Rose"  
We used to meet down at the old drugstore,  
And there's many a time I've walked her home  
On Saturday night from the picture show—  
But you know it's hard to get back home  
And see things die that you once loved so—  
Yeah, the barber shop has long been closed  
Where we used to play 'round the peppermint pole.  
Yeah, you know it's hard, to get back home . . .  
The summer days, they were slow and long,  
Where your mind was free, and your heart was strong,  
And the sun went down through the waving corn.  
Oh, you know it's hard to get back home,  
And there ain't no way, it's been too long,  
But if you see my pal, well, tell her "hello."  
I guess her name will still be Rose.

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*Tex Logan, Smithsonian Folk Life Festival, 1974*

## NO OPENER NEEDED

Honey come in, sit down, won't you join me for a round—  
I could use me a friend who understands—  
And look right here, you see, it's printed on the can:  
"No Opener Needed," if you're mine, then I'm your man.  
There was a time in my life when I had so many plans,  
But my dreams, somehow, they didn't last—  
So please sit down, I'm feelin' kind of sad,  
And there's no opener needed, if you're mine,  
then I'm your man.

If you're mine, then I'm your man,  
It don't matter what I am—  
'cause the only thing I need  
Is right here in my hand . . .

And it's cold, but I'm warm,  
And it really ain't a sin—

So there's no opener needed,

If you're mine, then I'm your man . . .

Now, tomorrow when I awake, I may wonder where I am—  
But tomorrow, let it catch me when it can—  
Please sit down, let me hold your pretty hand;  
There's no opener needed, if you're mine, then I'm your man.

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## BLUE EYED RUTH AND MY SUNDAY SUIT

I been a workin' all week long  
It's Saturday night and I'm a goin' to town—  
I got a woman, blue eyed Ruth,  
And I'm a gonna see her in my Sunday suit—  
I got a white shirt collar and a new pair of shoes . . .  
I got a tank of gas; I got a pint of booze—  
I got a big pink flower in my button hole,  
I got twenty dollars in my old billfold—  
Now, that big old moon is a shinin' down . . .  
For me and my gal to paint the town—  
Maybe I'll take her to a picture show,  
Buy her some popcorn and a Coke—  
Or maybe we'll dance to a country tune,  
At the honky-tonk we can sit and spoon—  
She calls me "Daddy," she holds me tight,  
Yeah, she's my honey on Saturday night.  
I been a workin' all week long  
It's Saturday night and I'm a goin' to town—  
I got a woman, blue eyed Ruth,  
And I'm a gonna see her in my Sunday suit.

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## MEHAN, OKLAHOMA

Og in his khaki pants, suspenders and straw hat,  
Chewin' Beechnut tobacco to beat the band—  
Mary in her Sunday best, flowers on her dress,  
Waitin' on the train to Cushing in the sun—  
And I sang *Jesus Loves Me* for a dime one time,  
For soda-pop and candy, I could sing real dandy,  
most any time . . .

In that grocery store in Mehan when I was five . . .  
But it's been years since I was down that Okie road,  
And now the old folks are gone—  
There's boards on all the windows  
And the train don't run no more—  
And I wonder, does Jesus love me still . . .  
Lord, I do remember it well.

Og in his khaki pants, suspenders and straw hat,  
Chewin' Beechnut tobacco to beat the band—  
Mary in her Sunday best, flowers on her dress,  
Waitin' on the train to Cushing in the Sun—  
And I sang *Jesus Loves Me* for a dime one time,  
In Mehan, Oklahoma when I was five.

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*Uncle Josh Graves, Smithsonian Folk Life  
Festival, 1974*

## DADDY'S SONG

Billy on the hillside, hewin' down a log,  
Sing song Kitty won't you kar-me-oh—  
Kar-me-oh, darke-woah,  
Ask your dad a rumpa-kicky-papa-doodle  
Oot-kat, soot-kat, a Billy met the boot-jack,  
Sing song Kitty won't you kar-me-oh!  
Milked in a dairy when I's five days old,  
Sing song Kitty won't you kar-me-oh—  
Kar-me-oh, darke-woah,  
Ask your dad a rumpa-kicky-papa-doodle  
Oot-kat, soot-kat, a Billy met the boot-jack,  
Sing song Kitty won't you kar-me-oh!  
TAG: Sing a ink, eink, icha-picky-oh . . .  
Dance a little jig on the kitchen floor!

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## TAKE ME TO THE COUNTRY

Take me from the city  
From the sidewalks and the crowds—  
Take me to the country  
Where I can settle down;  
Take me from the people  
Take me to the land,  
And take me in your arms  
And let me love you once again.  
Take me in your arms  
Let me love you once again,  
Remind me there is feeling  
And that life is meant to live . . .  
Yes, take me from destruction,  
From the anger and the pain—  
Take me where the willow  
Is the only one that weeps,  
Take me from the jungle,  
Take me to the clay—  
And take me in your arms  
And let me love you once again.  
Take me in your arms  
Let me love you once again,  
Let me reach out and touch you  
And be happy you are there . . .  
Yes, take me to the country,  
Take me to the land,  
And take me in your arms  
And let me love you once again.

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*Back cover, Childe Harold performance, Washington D.C., 1976, L-R Steve Mendell (bass); Clark Pierson (drums), James Talley; John Sayles (fiddle)*



## Dedication

In loving memory of my parents, James L. Talley and Florence Talley, my aunt Ruth, Og and Mary Carr and all the other Okies that taught me so much.

And for my "Beautiful Boy," my little blue heeler, Shiloh, who left a big hole in my heart August 25, 2005.

*James Talley and Shiloh, 1999*

# GOT NO BREAD, NO MILK, NO MONEY, BUT WE SURE GOT A LOT OF LOVE

## 30TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

*"A hymn for the American ages."  
– Jerome Clark*

1. W. Lee O'Daniel and the Light Crust Dough Boys
2. Got No Bread, No Milk, No Money, But We Sure Got a Lot of Love
3. Red River Memory
4. Give Him Another Bottle
5. Calico Gypsy
6. To Get Back Home
7. Big Taters in the Sandy Land
8. No Opener Needed
9. Blue Eyed Ruth and My Sunday Suit
10. Mehan, Oklahoma
11. Daddy's Song
12. Take Me to the Country
13. Red River Reprise



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