Waitin' For The Evenin' Mail
(Sittin' On The Inside, Lookin' At The Outside)

By BILLY BASKETTE

Passing by the jail this morn—
Just as I passed by his way—

Heard a hard-luck brother moan—
I could hear this brother say—

"I'm in here,— Right where I don't belong, —
"Looks like I am in this jug to stay, —

"Never done no wrong. As
till a later day. — My

I passed by his window—
trial is called for Tuesday, —

I could hear him moan—his song—
On the twenty-seventh of May. —

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Sittin' on the inside, Lookin' at the outside, Waitin' for the even' mail

Four walls and a ceilin', Lawdy what a feelin', Just

a mean old low-down jail; Separatin' me from every

thing but the even' mail, I'm like a ship without a sail.
Wrote my one-time mamma, Down in Jackson-ville Said:'Sweet mamma, I'm in jail,'--

Honey, please don't fail me, Hurry up and mail me, bail''

That's just a year ago, And I'm still on the inside,

Lookin' at the outside, Waitin' for the ev'nin' mail'
Patter

Had a letter handed to me, yesterday, From a mam-ma that I met on Mobile Bay, She said "honey won't you please send me down some bails, They caught me foolin' with the ev'nin' mail? Had another letter from a man named Stout, Sayin' he was gonna get me, when I get out, Said that he was gonna meet me right at the gate, But he don't know how long he has to wait.