

Produced by Tom Werman

0



7464-35347-2

1. Bounty Hunter (3:53) 2:57
2. Gator Country (3:17) 6:07
3. Big Apple (3:01) 2:58
4. The Creeper (3:15) 3:16
5. The Price You Pay (3:04) 3:00
6. Dreams I'll Never See (7:00) 7:00
7. I'll Be Running (3:59) 2:58
8. Cheatin' Woman (4:33) 3:33
9. Trust Your Old Friend (3:55) 3:53



MOLLY HATCHET



COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO
DIGITALLY MASTERED
ANALOG RECORDING



© 1978 CBS Inc. / © 1978 CBS Inc. / Manufactured by Epic Records/CBS Inc. / 51 W. 52 Street, New York, NY / "Epic," "Epic" and "Epic" are trademarks of CBS Inc., except in Canada where they are trademarks of CBS Records Canada Ltd. Printed in U.S.A. / WARNING: All Rights Reserved. Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws.





Brace Crump Banner Thomas Duane Roland Dave Hlubek Danny Joe Brown Steve Holland

Jacksonville, Florida in the mid-sixties.

While the rest of the world was glorifying The Beatles and surviving the soul explosion, there were numerous hopeful young musicians hanging out and jamming at the Forest Inn on the west side, Greenfield Stables, or downtown at the now defunct Comic Book Club.

While most lay-people tend to categorize Southern musicians with the Macon, Muscle Shoals, or Miami empires, the spawning ground for at least five top Southern bands was actually in Jacksonville. It's a well-known fact the very first Allman Brothers Band jam took place there in the park in 1969 and, of course, the rest is history. Such locals as King James Version, Magi, 1%, and Sweet Rooster contributed their formidable array of local talent to form such bands as Lynyrd Skynyrd, Grinderswitch, and .38 Special. These bands went on to carve their niche in the world of rock 'n roll.

Meanwhile back in Jacksonville, an obscure band called MOLLY HATCHET was dipping in that talent pool once more, coming up with what some would call the best of the rest, but this unprejudiced observer calls THE BEST. These six guys sat back, observed what their fellow bands were doing and what they weren't, then hit the road for the obligatory Southern roadhouse/club/bar circuit.

Okay, MOLLY HATCHET does sound like a strange name for six street-tough, extremely macho Southern boys. The explanation for the name comes from 17th Century Salem where one legendary lady (if one could call her that) named Hatchet Molly would behead her lovers with that hand tool Lizzie Borden made famous. Now the mystery still is what that has to do with these guys but once you listen to the opening bars of "Bounty Hunter" or such cuts as "Gator Country," "Big Apple," etc. you won't even worry about it anymore.

To get on with our story, the guys paid their dues and were referred to manager Pat Armstrong by .38 Special, whose career, along with Lynyrd Skynyrd, he had helped guide in their formative stages. Armstrong drilled MOLLY HATCHET until they were ready for the national recording scene. At the end of '77, Epic Records quickly snatched up this group, knowing a great band when they hear one.

Epic and Armstrong put MOLLY HATCHET together with producer-extraordinaire Tom Werman (Ted Nugent, Cheap Trick, Mother's Finest). Hardly a Southern band producer, you'd say. Well, this ain't Southern country/rock. It's some of the Rockin'est Rock 'n Roll to come out of the South and I ain't just whistlin' Dixie! These boys are Southern and are proud of it, but they cut their collective teeth on rock 'n roll, not the traditional country/blues!

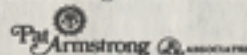
MOLLY HATCHET, a band who lives fast, works hard and

plays tough...well put it on and decide for yourself!

Gail Giddens

Engineered by Antonion Reale
(Lord of the board)
Assistant Engineer: Mike Beiriger
Recorded at the Sound Pit,
Atlanta, Georgia.
Mixed at The Record Plant,
Los Angeles, California, Mastered
at Sterling Sound, New York,
New York.

Executive Production & Direction:
Pat Armstrong & Associates



Dedicated to the memory of:
Ronnie Van Zant and Roxie Brown
MOLLY HATCHET is powered
exclusively by Peavey Amps.



Band members:
Danny Joe Brown—Lead Vocalist
Duane Roland—Lead Guitar
Dave Hlubek—Lead Guitar
Steve Holland—Lead Guitar
Banner Thomas—Bass Guitar
Bruce Crump—Drums

BOUNTY HUNTER

My horse is kicking dust up off the trail,
I'm just getting back from a trip to Hell.
My six-gun she's strapped by my side,
Thunder is the horse I ride.
And it seems to me this is one hell of a way
For a man like me to earn that pay.

Outlaws on the loose,
Running, running from the noose.

Blue steel flashing, hot lead flying
I wonder what they feel like when they're
dying.

Someday soon it might be my turn
Is it worth the money I earn?
And it seems to me this is one hell of
a way
For a man like me to earn that pay.

Outlaws on the loose,
Running, running from the noose.
I'm a bounty hunter, I'll hunt you down,
yeah, I will.

Lead Break

Did you know that \$500 will get your head
blown off?
It will . . . ha, ha, ha.

Blue steel flashing, hot lead flying
I wonder what they feel like when they're
dying.

Someday soon it might be my turn
Is it worth the money I earn?
And it seems to me this is one hell of
a way
For a man like me to earn that pay.

Outlaws on the loose,
Running, running from the noose.
(Repeat)
I'm a bounty hunter, gonna hunt you down.

Written by: Danny Joe Brown, Steven
Jerome Holland, David Lawrence Hlubek

GATOR COUNTRY

I've been to Alabama, people, ain't a whole
lot to see;
Skynyrd says it's a real sweet home, but it
ain't nothing to me.
Charlie Daniels will tell you the good Lord
lives in Tennessee, ha!
But I'm going back to the Gator Country,
where the wine and women are free.

There's a gator in the bushes, he's calling
my name.
And a saying come on, boy, you better
make it back home again.
There's many roads I've traveled but they
all kinda look the same.
There's a gator in the bushes, Lord, he's
calling my name.

Old Richard Betts will tell ya Lord, he
was born a Ramblin' Man,
Well, he can ramble on back to Georgia
and I won't give a damn.
Elvin Bishop out struttin' his stuff with
little Miss Slick Titty Boom,
But I'm going back to the Gator Country
to get me some elbow room.

There's a gator in the bushes, he's calling
my name.
And a saying come on, boy, you better
make it back home again.
There's many roads I've traveled but they
all kinda look the same.
There's a gator in the bushes, Lord, he's
calling my name. Yep.

There's Marshall Tucker a-ridin' a
rainbow, searching for a pot of gold
Well, they can take the highway, baby,
and take all they can hold.
The Outlaws down in Tampa town, yes, a
mighty fine place to be.
They got green grass and they got high
tides and it sure looks good to me.

There's a gator in the bushes, he's calling
my name.
Saying come on, boy, you better make it
back home again.
There's many roads I've traveled but they
all kinda look the same.
There's a gator in the bushes, Lord, he's
calling my name.

Lead Break

Oh, Gator Country, a little bit of that
chomp chomp

Lead Break

Written by: Banner Harvey Thomas, David
Lawrence Hlubek, Steven Jerome Holland

BIG APPLE

New York City, you're so big and tough,
Well here we come, baby, we're struttin'
our stuff.
Well, we look kinda frisky, we're pretty
damn bad
Cause Southern cookin' is all we ever had.
Oh, cook 'em up some greens, baby.

I've seen the mountains up in Tennessee
Sweet little hill woman satisfied me.
We know that it's tough and it's an
uphill battle
But we're running 'em hard, baby, sitting
in the saddle.
Oh, come on, baby

New York City, you're so big and tough,
My pistols are loaded, I feel rough.
Well, we heard of your punks and your
high heel steppers
We're bad Southern boys and don't you
forget us.

Written by: David Lawrence Hlubek,
Danny Joe Brown

THE CREEPER

Oh, listen to my story:

Life is getting stranger, baby
As we travel on.
People don't know the difference no more
Between right and wrong.
Say it's gonna be a cold dark night
When The Creeper comes along.
Watch out for the steel blade, baby,
All shiny and long.

I say it's gonna be a cold dark night
Oh, when The Creeper come along. Yea.

He's tall, he's short, he's fat, he's thin.
He's out for vengeance, he's out to win.
The road he walks is dark and dim
Don't let him catch you out on a limb.
He'll cut your throat, baby, stick you in
the back
Drive off in your Cadillac.
He's more trouble than you think
He'll kill your sugar, leave you in the
drink.

Say, it's gonna be a cold dark night
Oh, when The Creeper come along.

Lead Break

Yea the enemy of Society hurts the
people everyday.
The law's out to catch him, baby, but
there just ain't no way.

I say it's gonna be a cold dark night
When The Creeper come along.
Watch out for the steel blade, baby,
All shiny and long.
I say it's gonna be a cold dark night
Lord, when The Creeper come along.
Yea. . . .

Yes, it's gonna be a cold dark night
Lord, when The Creeper come along.

Written by: Bruce Hull Crump, Jr.,
Steven Jerome Holland, Danny Joe Brown.

THE PRICE YOU PAY

There's a small jail in Georgia that you
all know,
Where the sun's so hot and the daylight
don't show.
Where the moccasin she rests on a soft
bed of sand
You can hear the hound dogs howling out
the land.

It ain't the way I wanted it,
But Lord that's the price you pay.

I said jailer bring me water for my throat
is dry
Four walls, steel bars, I've been watching
passersby
I've been sittin' here so damn long I'm
startin' to cry

The hangman's coming, I'm surely going to die.

It ain't the way I wanted it,
But Lord that's the price you pay.
Oh, honk on it, boy
A little jail cell blues here

Lead Break

I shot a man in Macon over a poker game
I killed another in Atlanta just to build my fame
Well, now I hear them hammers, they're
pounding out my name.

It ain't the way I wanted it,
But that's the price you pay.
It ain't the way I wanted it,
But Lord that's the price you pay.

Hey jailer, how about that water my
throat's still dry
Four walls, steel bars, I've been watching
passersby
I've been sittin' here so damn long I'm
starting to cry
The hangman's coming, I'm surely going
to die.

It ain't the way I wanted it,
But Lord that's the price you pay
(Repeat)
It ain't the way I wanted it,
But Lord that's the price you pay.
Oh, you done run out of rope, son.

Written by: Cecil Berrier, Steven Jerome
Holland, Danny Joe Brown, Bob Huckaba

All songs:
© 1978 Mister Sunshine Music (BMI)
All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission
—except "Dreams I'll Never See":
Copyright © 1969 Metric Music Company
(BMI).
All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission

DREAMS I'LL NEVER SEE

By Greg Allman

Just one more morning I had to wake up
with the blues.
Pulled myself out of bed, put on my
walking shoes.
Went up on the mountain, to see what
I could see.
The whole world was falling right down
in front of me.

'Cause I'm hung up on dreams I'll never
see,
Yeah babe, oh help me babe,
Or this will surely be the end of me, yeah.

Pull myself together, put on a new face
Climb down off the hilltop baby
And get back in the race

'Cause I'm hung up on dreams I'll never
see,
Yeah babe, oh help me babe,
Or this will surely be the end of me, yeah.

I'LL BE RUNNING

Well, I've been stepped on, baby,
By people I thought were my friends.
I tried so hard to make it,
But the bad times never end.
I got just one thing now, baby,
One thing on my mind.
Gonna pack it up, little darlin',
and leave you far behind.

I'll be running,
Yes, I'll be running, on down the line.

Well, I've been locked up, oh yes
They threw away the key
When I needed you then bad, woman,
You up and ran out on me.
I got just one thing now, baby,
One thing on my mind
Gonna pack it up, little darlin',
Ain't no use in crying.

I'll be running,
Yes, I'll be running, on down the line.

Lead Guitar and Harp Break

Yea, life was so sweet, little baby
Now I've got my doubts.
I don't remember checking in
But I'm soon to check out
Got just one thing now, baby
One thing on my mind

Gonna pack it up, yes, Mama
This time I ain't lying.

I'll be running,
Yes, I'll be running, on down the line.

I'll be running,
Yes, I'll be running, on down the line.

Written by: Banner Harvey Thomas,
Danny Joe Brown, David Lawrence Hlubek

CHEATIN' WOMAN

Cheatin' woman, don't you play your
games,
They're so easy to see through.
You spend your time, baby, runnin'
around,
Well, any old man will do.
What about your man out working hard
And trying to change his ways
Do you think about him while you're
playing around
Well what have you got to say?

You're a cheatin' woman
But you sure know how to hide it in
your smile
You're a cheatin' woman
You're sure to get caught up in your lies.
Well cheatin' woman, you always come
home

You don't say nothing at all.
Do you really know just what you want
Cause you're acting pretty small.
Well, what will you do when your looks
are gone
Mama tell me what happens then?
You'll pay the price for playing around
By coming to a lonely end.

You're a cheatin' woman
But you sure know how to hide it in your
smile

You're a cheatin' woman
You're sure to get caught up in your lies.

Oh, you cheatin' woman
Oh, yeah

You're a cheatin' woman
But you sure know how to hide it in your
smile
You're a cheatin' woman
You're sure to get caught up in your lies.

Written by: Steven Jerome Holland

TRUST YOUR OLD FRIEND

I'm gonna tell you about it here
I can't remember how old I was
When Momma said to me,
If it makes you happy, son,
Then be what you want to be.
Now, Lord, that my arms they're
reaching for the sky,

The people I thought were my friends
are starting to wonder why,
And I say

Have some trust in your old friend, baby
I'll be around if you need a helping hand.

I've traveled around, Lord, playing my
songs almost for free,
If you're wondering what it's worth, it
means the world to me,
Now all they do is turn their heads when
I walk by,
I can't see why they don't understand,
hell, they all just wondering why,
And I say

Have some trust in your old friend, baby
I'll be around if you need a helping hand.

The time has come for me to say these
words to all of you,
Y'all always trusted me before, well, I'm a-
doing what I gotta do
You talk about me behind my back and
play your foolish games,

But when it comes to real trust, baby, it's
worth much more than fame,

Have some trust in your old friend, baby
I'll be around if you need a helping hand.
(Repeat)

Written by: Bruce Hull Crump, Jr.,
Duane Curtis Roland

Special Thanks:
LYNYRD SKYNYRD, .38 SPECIAL and
GRINDERSWITCH for their friendship
and encouragement, the Caviness family,
Karen and Kyle, Lynn and Jake Madalin
and Joey, Andrea and Beth, B. Hall,
the Nekros, Barbara and Paul Axtell,
Melodye and Taffy, the Capp Bros., Mike
and Lynda, Michele, Charlotte and
Sidney Drashin.

Metro Music, Marvin Kays Musiccenters,
The Warehouse Sound Studio, Westside
Music, Music City, Grice Electronics—
Audio Lab, Robbie, The Wreck, Wild
Turkey 101, The H & H and Mama Louise,
Sub's and Sud's & Unique Signs, Inc.
and Vans East/Joe Andrews.

Rude Crew: Mike (The Minkey), Kelly
(Mr. Fee Cheeks), Bob (The Wookie),
Jackie (Tin Ears), Tim and Rocky.

Studio Amps supplied by Dirty Don's
P.A. Palace and Soundz Music, Atlanta,
Georgia.

Extra Special Thanks
Tom and Tony—The Best, Don Dempsey,
Lennie Petze, Larry Stessel, Hartley
Peavey, Hollis Calvert, Frank Morris,
Bill Coben, Karen Durr, Jack Armstrong,
and to Pat Armstrong for without his
direction, caring and patience none of
this would be possible. And thank God. . . .