

It Was Not a Pretty Sight

The songs that follow were written about events also described to me by my good neighbor, Tom Pyle. The little Polish fellow was Tom's friend at work. The fellow with the car to sell was Tom himself, and so was the fellow arrested for possession of a gun in a bar; both stories are true as told. The other stories are based on real events, but the details are not necessarily precisely correct. I sing these songs to a tune that came out somewhat similar to the melody in Tom T. Hall's wonderful story, *Two Weeks in a Country Jail*.

There's a little Polish fellow at the factory where I work
He's a good beer-drinkin' buddy, but he's got this funny quirk
When he ever tells a story, if it's wrong or if it's right
He always ends by saying, "It was not a pretty sight!"

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
He always ends by saying, "It was not a pretty sight!"

He told about this guy he knew who said that he would bet
The woman that he could not win was not invented yet.
He said he always wowed them with his devastating charms,
And before the night was over they'd be lying in his arms.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight.
Such macho braggadocio was not a pretty sight.

They were sitting in a downtown bar, sipping lager beer
When my friend said, "Well, I think I see the lady coming here."
She walked into the bar and took a table all alone.
My friend said you could see that she was muscle to the bone.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight.
The way that fellow looked at her was not a pretty sight.
The waitress came and took her order for a double scotch.
My friend's friend said, "Just lay your money down and watch!"

He walked up to her table with a smile upon his lips,
And sat down close beside her with a hand across her hips.
It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight.
The way he snuggled up to her was not a pretty sight.

He got a quick reaction of a sort he did not seek.
He felt that lady's elbow as it jabbed across his cheek.
She came up from that table like a panther from its lair.
With two hands on his buckle she removed him from his chair.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight.
The way she jerked him to his feet was not a pretty sight.
She grabbed him by the collar and she groined him with her knee,
"On weekends I'm the bouncer but I'll do this job for free."

Just before she threw him out the door she gave a grin,
And told him it was better not to show his face again.
It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight.
The way she tossed him out that door was not a pretty sight.

* * *

My neighbor the mechanic had a souped-up car to sell
He put it in the papers and he advertised it well
A fellow came to see it on a Sunday morning late
My neighbor had been drinking, but he said he'd demonstrate.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
The way he staggered to that car was not a pretty sight.

He took her down the road into the old church parking lot
Spun her in the gravel, he was really getting hot
He brought her down that rural road one hundred miles per
Scattering dogs, cats, and chickens, leaving feathers, blood, and fur.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
The neighbors all agreed that it was not a pretty sight.

He tried to slide a right hand turn and hit a concrete wall
Everyone came running but he wasn't hurt at all
He broke that car in half and left it hanging on the wall
And the fellow said he guessed he didn't want it after all.

* * *

My neighbor used to drink and have a little too much fun
One evening in a bar a fellow saw he had a gun
My neighbor, who collected them, said this one it was tops,
But the barkeep saw him show it, and he went and called the cops.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
The way that barkeep looked at him was not a pretty sight.

My friend just then decided to depart the neighborhood
But his buddy with the car was not prepared to leave for good
He said, "Just climb into the back seat and duck down out of sight.
The cops will never find you, and I'll be along, all right."

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
A grown man hiding in a car is not a pretty sight.

The cops were not exactly dumb, they searched the parking lot
They found my neighbor hiding there, and roughly dragged him out
They slapped the handcuffs on him and then threw him in the back.
When he asked if he could just explain they gave his head a crack.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
Believe me when I tell you, it was not a pretty sight.

One cuff was snapped across my neighbor's fancy wrist watch band
He said it hurt and stopped the circulation in his hand
The cops replied that his complaints were making them both sick
One reached around and popped him with the end of his nightstick.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
That bump upon my neighbor's head was not a pretty sight.

My neighbor is part Cherokee and built just like a steer
Those officers they did not grasp his temperament, I fear
They drove down to the jailhouse, and they jerked him through the door
If they did it once again they'd do it differently, I'm sure.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
The look upon my neighbor's face was not a pretty sight.

They passed the sergeant at the desk and headed down the stair
That is when they found themselves both flying through the air
The sergeant at the desk leaped up to aid them in their fight
Right quickly he discovered that he'd booked the selfsame flight.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
The way those cops went down the stairs was not a pretty sight.

They dragged him to the basement just to slam him in the hole
One had planned to kick him in, but he telegraphed his goal
My neighbor quickly stepped aside and kicked him in instead
He slid across the jail cell floor and cracked his lovin' head.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
The way my neighbor slicked that cop was not a pretty sight.

Somehow the whole thing ended with my neighbor going free
And he decided that the local bars were not the place to be
One cop said, "If you plan to do that trick again, just send a note to me,
And I'll make sure I'm off that night, and that's a guarantee.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
What my neighbor did while drinking, it was not a pretty sight.

* * *

My little Polish buddy used to brag about his wife
He said pleasing her was all that he would ever seek in life
He said she loved him dearly and he'd tell about her charms
All day at work he'd think about the next time in her arms.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
The way he'd roll his eyes and swoon was not a pretty sight.

One morning he decided that he simply could not wait
He jumped into his car and roared out through the factory gate
He never even told the boss why he was feeling blue
That longing for his darling wife had put him in a stew.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
To see a grown man lose his cool was not a pretty sight.

He turned into his driveway, took the front steps with a bound
Tip-toed toward the bedroom when he heard a tiny sound
He thought he would surprise her, but she surprised him too
Some other guy was doing just what he'd come home to do.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
The way that fellow jumped and ran was not a pretty sight.

Next day when the word had passed, the men all gathered round
To hear the gory details of the sordid mess he'd found
Did the fellow ever find his clothes, and did they have a fight?
He just shook his head and muttered, "It was not a pretty sight!"

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
Never mind about the details, it was not a pretty sight.

* * *

The guy who runs the power tools beside me on the shift
Acts as though he knows it all and keeps the crew all miffed
He puts the safety shields away where they cannot be found
He says that they're just Mickey Mouse and hard to work around.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
To watch him working those machines was not a pretty sight.

When first I knew this fellow all his fingers numbered ten
But now he has to use his toes or count his thumbs again
Pointing with precision is no longer his best suit
And typing with his pinkie has become his main pursuit.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
Believe me when I tell you, it was not a pretty sight.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
Believe me when I tell you, it was not a pretty sight.

* * *

This fellow wasn't wrapped too tight.

He wasn't playing with a full deck.

He didn't have both oars in the water.

It was not a pretty sight, not a pretty sight
You're free to use this ending, it was not a pretty sight.

It Was Not a Pretty Sight

There's a lit-tle Pol-ish fel-low at the fac-tory where I work

He's a good beer drink-in' bud-dy, but he's got this fun-ny quirk.

When he ev-er tells a stor-y, if it's wrong or if

it's right. He will al-ways end by saying "It

was not a pret-ty sight"

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