**DID YOU TRY TO ABSCOND WITH A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE?**

This song was first published in 1927 in Carl Sandbug’s American Songbag. But it obviously harks back to an earlier time when the Territories were a place a person could get a new start, and sometimes, of necessity, with a new name. You can hear this song performed by Jimmy Driftwood at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Gc_GFaOBj1s> (Jimmy sings completely different lyrics, which pretty well clinches the fact that this is a folk song. So just pick the verses you like.)

**WHAT WAS YOUR NAME IN THE STATES**

**D A D**

What was your name in the States?  
 **G D**

Was it Thompson or Johnson or Bates?  
 **G A G D**

Did you happen to draw on your mother-in law

**A D**  
Or sink the old lady with weights, my friend,  
 **A D**

Oh, What was your name in the States?...Oh!

*(Repeat last line in Jimmy Driftwood version)*  
  
What was your name in the States?  
Was it Murphy, MacDonald or Gates?  
Did you hold up a bank as a juvenile prank  
And pack up the money in crates, my friend,  
Oh, What was your name in the States?...Oh!  
  
What was your name in the States?  
Now you must have had some honest traits.  
Did you try to abscond with a beautiful blond?  
Such minor offenses we tolerates,  
Oh, What was your name in the States?...Oh!  
  
What was your name in New York?  
Was it Clancy, O'Toole or O'Rourke?  
Are you wanted for life 'cause you left your poor wife  
When she caught you sniffing a cork, my friend,  
Oh, What was your name in the States?...Oh!  
  
What was your name in the East?  
And how recently was you released?  
Are you ridin' the rails 'cause you held up the mails?  
Or was it the females you held, you beast!  
Oh, What was your name in the States?...Oh!  
  
What was your name in the States?

You will find we’re a bunch of good skates.

Simply tell us your crime and how long you’ve done time

And the bartender won’t raise your rates.

Oh, what was your name in the States?..Oh!

What was your name in the States?  
Though you've suffered the cruelest of fates,  
'Way out here in the West ev'ry body's a guest,  
So line up and fill up your plates, my friend,  
Who ever you was in the States!