

Tobacco Road

Eric Burdon

Oh, I was born in a dump
My mama died, daddy got drunk
He left me here to die or grow
In the middle of Tobacco Road

I grew up in a rusty shack
And all I owned was hangin' on my back
The Lord knows how I loathe
This place called, Tobacco Road

But it's home, it's really my home
The only life I'll ever know
But the Lord knows I loathe
Tobacco Road

I'm gonna leave and get a job
With the help and the grace of God
I save my money, get rich I know
Bring it back to Tobacco Road

Well, well, well
Gonna bring me some dynamite, gonna bring me a crane
Got to blow you up, got to tear you down, start all over again
I'll rebuild the town, I'll be proud to show
And keep the name of Tobacco Road

But it's home, it's home
The only life that I've ever known
I despise you 'cause you're filthy
But I love you because you're my home

Tobacco Road, Tobacco Road
Tobacco Road, Tobacco Road
Say you're dirty and filthy
I despise, I despise you 'cause you're filthy
But I love you because you're my home

Tobacco Road, road
Talkin' about a dirty, funky, filthy low down place
Tobacco Road, well, you're so dirty and filthy