John Henry

Caamp

These days aint so easy mama gotta watch your back
I take my whiskey straight chewin' on pieces from my past

And I'm no John Henry I do my best
With this guitar strapped to my back child, I'm headed west

Go to sleep when the sun comes up now on this deadbeat town
Come alive in the moonlight mama when that sun goes down

And I'm no John Henry I do my best
With this guitar strapped to my back child I'm headed west

Walk away from my grave with these boots still on
Lord a soul needs savin' so I grab my gun, so I grab my gun
And I'm no John Henry I do my best
With this guitar strapped to my back child, I'm headed west

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