

Bob Away My Blues

Clint Black

Well I'm goin down to the river
I've got a canepole in my hand
I've got my redworms in a maxwell house coffee can
I'm gonna sit under ashade tree on a riverbank where its cool
I'm gonna close my and dream and let that cork bob away my blue
s
well I wake up every mornin I pick peaches all day
And on Saturday night we'll have a dance or two we might waller
in the hay
Now the only thing that ever whipped my pa
Was this bad dude called old age
And his last years was his best years
And this is what he had to say
he siad boy I've worked this dirt all my life but things ain't
been good for
Awhile
Why don't you move to the city make alittle money you might be
the first one in
The family ever to die with a smile
Well I took his advice things goin well
But my friends are far and few
But whoever said a city boy can't have the the country blues
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Well honey they ain't talked to me and you