

My dear sweet daddy was the banjo boy
Grew up poor on a little farm
Old dirt town ain't there no more
Just a road through the field was all we found

If you close your eyes and free your mind
You can see the store and the little mill
Brothers jumping down the railroad track
Lotos' voice rolling down the hill

Folklore hovers around the jamboree
Where the tree line meets the sky
Wrap the words in a ribbon
Around her broken wing
That's how you're going to learn to fly

Bob-white whistler through the summer wheel
Don't you know he's got a better view
Grandma claimed a quarter cherokee
I got the blood and the locket
And the picture she drew

Imagination is blessed thing
To have and hold just what you want
You can conjure up a bright light dream
Or find a dark old house to haunt

Dance all night and don't slow down
Jump so high to steal the crown
Bless the child and all we found
Cuss that ivy moon
Promenade a dance hall reel
Never mind the whippoorwill
I found an arrowhead in a cotton field
That was just about to bloom

My old body is going to die someday
I want to turn to dust on a country road
Tune me into the song you play
So this world won't ever let me go