

# The Ghost Of Macon Jones

Joe Bonamassa

Where the river keeps on rollin', time marches on  
The sun hides in the shadows, you know where you belong  
You walk in the silence readin' names on the stones  
You can roll with the tide, but you can't hide  
From the ghost of Macon Jones

Well they always came to church, sat up in the back  
Drank the holy water, dapper dressed in black  
Away from the rich folk where they let down his bones  
Now they whisper at the sermons  
They can hear the ghost of Macon Jones

From the time he was a child, it was easy to make friends  
Some swore they found, right up to the end  
When he jumped off that bridge they just watched and went back home  
They all cried to their mommas that they saw  
The ghost of Macon Jones

In the nights, right along  
In your fight, just stay strong  
In the ill-fated wind, just go  
Yeah you need to unlearn, what you've been told

No one knows what happened, 'cause the truth will often lie  
Widows swear he loved 'em, he was born to make them cry  
Sometimes a man believes he's destined to go at this life alone  
If you head down that cold river you'll feel  
The ghost of Macon Jones

Some say he died, with a smile on his face  
Others say he cried, he never found his place  
If you listen to your fears you might hear his restless moan  
When they start digging up your dirt  
You'll meet the ghost of Macon Jones  
If you see your reflection on the water  
That's the ghost of Macon Jones