

## Tennessee Rain

Joe Strummer

I Well I wish I was drunk in havana  
I wish I was at the mardi gras  
I wish I had me two pretty ladies on a buckboard down on the south Georgia farm  
Run,run,run were the coyotes roam  
Never to return to the transit road  
That's were they bury the american dead  
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Well I wish I had one drop of liquor that runs like a river in the cotton wood hills  
Making me forget the maggots, and the chiggers  
I'd like to spend an evening with a moonshine still  
Run,run,run, were the wild wind blows  
Never to return to the transit road  
I could drink a hatful of the tennessee rain  
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Well I wish I was a helmsman on a clipper bound for the spanish main  
Breathing fancy breezes  
Gold jamaican sugar cane  
Run,run, were the wild wind blows  
Never to return to the transit road  
I could drink a hatful of the tennessee rain  
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shake it out

Run,run, were the wild wind blows  
Never to return to the transit road  
I could drink a hatful of the tennessee rain  
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