

## Simple Thing

Jonathan Wilson

Well I had me an old red harvester  
She cranked up every time  
But she'd hoe her line with her silver spade  
And turn up on a dime  
And even though the moment, it slipped away  
Even though the farm was just pissed away  
There's one more song I'd like to play  
Knowing it all [?]  
It's just the sort of simple thing  
It goes, "Baby, be mine, baby, be mine, baby, be mine  
All mine, come on, baby, be mine"

Where I used to hear the Norfolk southern whistle  
Blow every night before I went to sleep  
And I'd settle down with [?]  
And my soul I would pray we'd keep  
But that high [?] whistle has faded away  
It was a late night reminder of a dying day  
Just one more time I wanna hear it blow  
Hey, listen, can you hit rewind?  
It's a little simple thing  
It goes, "Baby, be mine, baby, be mine, baby, be mine  
All mine, come on, baby, be mine"

And my daddy got to where he couldn't play his guitar  
So he handed it down to me  
And he learned me a few old gospel songs  
And the murder ballad he'd released  
And even though his life just whittled away  
"The present's a gift" is what my daddy used to say, I  
Can still hear him whispering from miles away  
His breath filters through the pines  
Hey, it's just a little simple things  
It goes, "Baby, be mine, baby, be mine, baby, be mine  
Yeah, baby, be mine, baby, be mine, baby, be mine  
All mine, come on, baby, be mine  
Come on, baby, be mine"

Baby, be mine