

Dirt roads and dry land farming
Might be the death of me
But I can't leave this world behind
And my debts are not like prison
Where there's hope of getting free
Seems I can't leave this world behind

And I've been from here to Lawrence, Kansas
Trying to leave my state of mind
Trying to leave this awful sadness
Lord I can't leave this world behind

South of Delia there's a patch
Out back by the willow trees
Where I can't leave this world behind
And it's a fenced in piece of nothing
I hear voices on my knees
And I can't leave this world behind

Some prophecies are self-fulfilling
And I've had to work for all of mine
Better times will come to me, God willing
Lord I can't leave this world behind

This world must be frightening
Everybody's on the run
And we can't leave this world behind
My house is a wooden one
And it's built on a wooden one
Seems we can't leave this world behind

Preacher says that when the Master calls us
He's gonna give us wings to fly
But my wings are made of hay and corn husks
So I can't leave this world behind
No I can't leave this world behind