

Bobby, Baby

Lera Lynn

There's a bump on the hill, where your body lies
There's a stone in the ground, reads "this man did try"
If you look to the east, you see your estate
Weathered and hollowed out by your mistakes

Oh Bobby, baby, we all know the truth
You were looking for love in all the bad that you'd do
Bobby, baby, we all know the deal
Your row was hard and long and straight up a hill

Your mother was gone, your daddy did wrong
Your brother died by his own hand
Your wife tried so long, but you she disowned
Your daughter was lost with your land, with your land

Every once in awhile, I still can see
Your blue eyes searching a way to be free
And I go to your grave, bottle in hand
And pour out your freedom right there in the sand

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