

Rocking Chair Blues

Mipso

I was born in the country
And raised in the town
I spent every Sunday
Wand'ring around
I raised lots of cane
'Til my momma would cry
She prayed my harvest
Would wither and die
Wither and die, Lord
Wither and die

These slow-going highways
And red-running river I choose
The song of the siren
The rhythm of nothing to lose
Every step off the front porch
Is a step into rocking chair blues

I went down to Oxford
To find me some blues
I measured my miles
By the holes in my shoes
I listen for autumn
And followed the sound
And left off the things
That fell to the ground
Fell to the ground, Lord
Fell to the ground

These slow-going highways
And red-running river I choose
The song of the siren
The rhythm of nothing to lose
Every step off the front porch
Is a step into rocking chair blues

If I wandered away, would you call me back?
'Cause I'm already gone
I'm drifting astray
And humming the highway song

I was born in the country
And raised in the town
I spent every Sunday
Wand'ring around
Wand'ring around, Lord
Wand'ring around