

Somewhere down in Georgia

Mon Rovîa

Old ghosts still walk along
Cotton fields turned parking lots
Steel and stone can't hide these stains
History still grows in the cracks when it rains

Paint over the past, build it high
It'll never fall under magnolia leaves
I felt their pain, she told me all
These embers still remember
Somewhere down in Georgia
Ooh, ooh
Ooh, ooh

Don't let the sun go down on me
Bearing up a violent history
Red, red blood down every street
They won't look, look to see

That curse still on Mississippi
Till still smiling from Tallahatchie
Countries full of crows and tin men
Who want love without a heart in them
Times are like the walls of Jericho
Raise your voice, it might begin to go
I'm ten toes with many at the ready
And as it comes, stay steady
Take this night away
The devil's here, he's trying to stay

Oh, you better run, mmm
Oh, you better run before the bad man comes, mmm
Before the bad man comes
Oh, you better run before the bad man comes
Oh, you better run before the bad man comes