

## Can't Love Wrong

Nanci Griffith

He is from the work of a Southern writer  
Where everyman's a fighter  
Where the strong survive  
And the weak move north to rest  
He had lines of silver and hands that delivered  
Me down the river  
To drift away alone

I will never understand the heart of a lonely man  
And why my own wheels are gonna carry me  
Far from his gentle hands  
Baby, I can't come home  
I've been away now just too damn long  
Oh, and I can't love wrong  
No I can't love wrong

Late night when the bars are empty  
And my liquor's been plenty  
And the fiction read  
Rests heavy on my tongue  
I miss the sound of his dreaming  
I can't believe I am leaving  
All that I ever wanted  
Because I can't love wrong