

Sweet Home

Old Crow Medicine Show

Two hobos on a railroad line
I'm getting ready to go
Pulling on a bottle of burgundy wine
I'm getting ready to go
Well they couldn't hear that southbound whistle when
The Dixie Flyer burned around the bend
And it punched their tickets for the promise land
I'm getting ready to go

Sweet home, loving heaven heaven
Sweet home, can't ya hear me singing low
Sweet home, lordy I'll be traveling
So throw the gates wide open
Cause I'm getting ready to go

Two magpies on a telephone wire
I'm getting ready to go
Singing to the corn like a heavenly choir
I'm getting ready to go
Old Farmer John must be sleeping sound
They shucked that corn and passed it around
But the old man's wife got her shotgun down
I'm getting ready to go

Sweet home, loving heaven heaven
Sweet home, can't ya hear me singing low
Sweet home, lordy I'll be traveling
So throw the gates wide open
Cause I'm getting ready to go

Listen here pal 'fore your road is run
And your tightrope breaks in two
It's a mighty big world you're standing on
And it keeps going round without little old
You know who
Boodle-am boodle-am boodle-am boodle-am boo
Toodle-am toodle-am toodle-am toodle-am too

Shake a leg, shake a leg, shake a leg, shake a leg now
Break a leg, drag a leg, shake a leg, grab a leg, break a leg, shake a leg now

Well it's so long, good luck, great to know you
I'm getting ready to go
May the Lord above take a liking to you
I'm getting ready to go
Well it's a short life of trouble so don't make more
When death comes creeping 'round your back door
It don't knock twice brother that's for sure
I'm getting ready to go

Sweet home, loving heaven heaven
Sweet home, can't ya hear me singing low
Sweet home, lordy I'll be traveling
So throw the gates wide open
Cause I'm getting ready to go
Throw the gates wide open

Cause I'm getting ready to go