

# Heaven, Sittin Down

Phosphorescent

O I wish I was in heaven, sittin' down  
I wish the road we were taking  
Wasn't made for breaking down  
I wish those nights of pleasure  
And those days of pain  
Weren't so tightly bound  
And I wish I was in heaven, sittin' down

They done kept me out here on this road so long  
Ah, my babe back home she finally said, "So long!"  
I try to call her on some old foreign telephone  
But she is not around  
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I have been out here so long baby my back and my shoulders are tired  
And my mind, though sound, has found itself so wired  
But the wheels on this old thing  
They keep turning around and around  
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