

A Place to Watch the Sun Go Down

Tony Joe White

Green John Deeres and red Formalls
And old men in overalls
I don't know why
But I remember it all

They would follow the plow
Until their hide turned brown
Sling their sweat into the ground
Looking for a place to watch the sun go down

The river waited at the the end of the day
You could wash the heat away
And the young boys dove out of trees
And horsed around

The times were moving kinda slow
There was no clock said you had to go
We stayed in the water
Until the sun went down

Campfires burning and stories told
A guitar strumming kinda low
It's a good place to go
When the sun goes down

Blue jean jumpers in the fall
Parched peanuts and popcorn balls
I don't know why
But I remember it all

Now I know I gone beyond my time
I should have known when I crossed the line
But the music felt so fine, I was part of the sound
But now I'm looking for a place to watch the sun go down