

William Elliott Whitmore

"Lifetime Underground"

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I've played in bars and nursing homes.
And train station's out west.
Carnivals and backyard fires.
And everywhere else in between.

Bless the ones who help the cause.
And damn those hearts of stone.
Couches, floors, and fold out beds.
Just thankful for a place to lay my head.

I miss my farm and family.
The hills and the woods.
I got a girl back there who's good to me.
And I'd be there right now if I could.

I spent a lifetime underground.
And I don't want no grave.
Just throw my ashes in the field.
And hope there's some soil left to save.

I just hope there's some soil left to save.

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