

## **Dave Matthews Band And Dave Matthews "Leave Me Praying"**

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Oh man, excitement, oh that we call it  
Oh a child's gonna lie on the line and we go over  
Oh proud and strong, we're cuttin' down our babies  
and mothers  
And leave them to die while we plant our grain and call  
it home  
Oh I swear this life we're leadin' leaves me crazy  
Still I should call it a home  
Take this sword, I said it was stolen, plan to love it like  
no other  
Oh my grand-father's saying "Oh man you charge  
You chagewhen the trumpet calls  
And blow on your flute and pound on your drum, it  
calls"  
No mother and no child could resist this pounding  
And drive on to the west, we will plant, we will grow,  
yeah  
Oh wait and see my heart is bleeding  
Still I should call it home  
And teach my babies, my son and my daughter, to  
blow this place  
And share it with no one, yeah  
Oh press hard and shout in our drunken pounding  
And I'll plant my wheat, I will hold my land dear  
I will protect my ones, I will protect my golden  
And I'll stand up on top and scream that I own it  
But what of the spirits that lie in the soil  
Then should I call it up out  
And then I will tell my son and my daughters to hold it  
so dear  
And share it with all, yeah  
And then I will tell my sons and my daughters to hold it  
dear  
And share it with everyone  
This land is your land, this land is my land  
From California to the New York Islands  
From the red wood forests to the cold stream waters  
This land was made for you and me  
\*random scatting\*

