

Black Clint

"Bob Away My Blues"

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(Troy Caldwell)

Well I'm goin' down to the river
I've got a canepole in my hand
I've got my redworms in a Maxwell house coffee can
I'm gonna sit under ashade tree on a riverbank where
it's cool
I'm gonna close my eyes and dream and let the cork
Bob away my blues

Well I wake up every mornin' I pick peaches all day
And on Saturday night we'll have a dance or two we
might waller in the hay
Now the only thing that ever whipped my pa
Was this bad dude called old age
And his last years was his best years
And this is what he had to say
He said boy I've worked this dirt all my life but things
ain't been good for awhile
Why don't you move to the city make a little money you
might be the first one in
The family ever to die with a smile
Well I took his advice things goin' well
But my friends are far and few
But whoever said a city boy can't have the country
blues
Whoever said a city boy can't have the country blues
Whoever said a city boy can't have the country blues
Well honey they ain't talked to me and you

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