

## Dusty Springfield "Natchez Trace"

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(Neil Goldberg / Gil Slavin)

Oh, ho  
He rode into Virginia  
Rollin' thunder, ridin' high  
I was servin' table  
Waitin' for that ride

My arms around his body  
Well, we rode a thousand miles  
He taught me how to love  
He taught me how to fly, oh, ho, my

Hungry together  
Racin' the weather  
Into the Natchez Trace  
Warmin' and feedin' him  
All the way to Cumberland, oh, ho, yes

And I had his child in Memphis  
And we watched him ride away  
And now you know what a girl like me  
Is doin' here today  
I'm sorry mister, you can't stay

Hungry together  
Racin' the weather  
Into the Natchez Trace  
Warmin' and feedin' him  
All the way to Cumberland, oh, ho, yes

And when the piper gets to play  
Somebody's got to pay  
And now you know what a girl like me  
Is doin' here today  
Oh, I'm sorry mister, you can't stay  
I'm sorry mister, you can't stay

Hungry together  
Racin' the weather  
Into the Natchez Trace  
Warmin' and feedin' him

All the way to Cumberland, oh

When the piper gets to play  
Somebody's got to pay  
And now you know what a girl like me  
Is doin' here today  
Oh, I'm sorry mister, you can't stay  
I'm sorry mister, you can't stay, oh, ho, ho, ho  
Sorry mister, you can't stay  
Sorry mister, you can't stay, no  
Sorry mister, you can't stay, oh, ho, ho, ho  
Sorry mister, you can't stay  
Sorry mister, you can't stay, no  
Sorry mister, you can't stay, oh  
Sorry mister, sorry mister

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