

Hank Williams Jr.

"Cherokee"

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Wake up sweet Cherokee I'm coming home
I see the haze of the fog in the caynon where we used
to roam
But your people didn't like my white man's ways
But I love you Cherokee, don't care what they say

Time is catching up with me cause I've been on the
road
I traveled way up north and then down to Mexico
If I had a nickel for the times I slept in the cold
I'd be a rich man for a while then I'd loose it all

Wake up sweet Cherokee I'm coming home
I see the haze of the fog in the valleys where we used
to roam
The nightmares and scars of the memories have gone
away
And I think I'm coming home to stay

On the way through Oklahoma I had a thought
Wondered if you'd even look at me or talk at all
Cause I told you I had to leave and move along
It was so wrong of me to go alone all on my own

Wake up sweet Cherokee I'm coming home
I see the haze of the fog in the valleys where we used
to roam
The nightmares and scars of the memories have gone
away
And I think I'm coming home to stay

I love you Cherokee, don't care what they say

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