Jim Lauderdale "Sandy Ford (Barbara Lee)"

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Railroad bridge is washing down the gorge at Sandy Ford

Where you stand there on the shoreline, oh will you come aboard

Come aboard

This might be the last ketch running, might not be no more

While they bloody up the water upstream, making civil war

Civil war

Oh, Barbara Lee, reckon I got to go Cross Caroline and points below

By the time tobacco's ripe and ready to be dried They might come and catch me if I've got no place to hide

Place to hide

If I am rested I might have join the war One side or another, I may see your face no more Face no more

Oh, Barbara Lee, reckon I got to go Cross Caroline and points below

This is my faithful promise which I make of my free will I may point my gun and fire but I won't shoot to kill Shoot to kill

I'll keep your picture with me, right here near my heart Inside this leather notebook, thick enough to stop a dart

Stop a dart

Follow in the footsteps of the wind

As it rolls east to west and back again Treat me like a stranger if I ever cross your door Another faceless soldier in the time of civil war I know you don't love me but you could if you took time I got a face like Lincoln, and if ugly was a crime Was a crime

They'd lock me up and throw away the key down clear to hell
But I got a disposition sweet as April in the dell
In the dell

Oh, Barbara Lee, reckon I got to go Cross Caroline and points below

Sugar in the sugar bin and honey in the hive I do what I have to do in order to survive To survive

What they do in civil war, in peacetime they call crime Climb inside my dream of love and pray for better times Better times

Oh, Barbara Lee, reckon I got to go Cross Caroline and points below Oh, Barbara Lee, reckon I got to go Cross Caroline and points below

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