

## **Jim Lauderdale** **"Sandy Ford"**

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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  
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