

John Fogerty

"Hundred and Ten in the Shade"

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Way out there in the cotton,
Sun beatin' down so hard.
Sweat rollin' off of this shovel,
Diggin' in the Devil's boneyard.
Sure like a cool drink a water,
soft rag to cool my face.
Sure like a woman to talk to...
in this place.

Chorus:
It's a hundred and ten,
Hundred and ten in the shade.
Goin' way down, mama won't you carry me.

Handle so hot I can't stand it.
Might shrivel up and blow away.
Noonday sun make you crazy,
'least that's what the old men say.
Bottomland hard as a gravestone.
Couldn't cut it with an axe!
Gonna lay me down right here,
and that' a fact!

Chorus (twice)

Sometimes late in the evenin'
Everything is quiet and still.
I set here and think about leavin',
Lord, I guess I never will.
Heartache down in that city.
Bright lights scares me anyhow.
Sure like a woman to talk to...
in this place.

Chorus (4 times) and fade

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