

Lighthouse Family

"Smokes Like Lightning"

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(Sam Hopkins)
Whoa, it smoke like lightnin'
Yeah, but shine like gold
Don't you hear me talking pretty baby
Smoke like lightnin'
Yeah, but shine like gold
Yeah, you know I see my little fair one
Lying there on a cooling bowl
Yes, I see the hearse one morning
Backed up to our door
Don't you hear me talking?
Soon one morning
Backed up to our door
Well, you know I could see my little baby
Lying there on a cooling bowl
Well, my baby died and left me
Laid her on a cooling bowl
Yes, she died and she left me
They laid her on a cooling bowl
Well, they said, Lightnin'
She's gone and left you now boy
You will never see her smiling face no more
Well, it was sad?
Well, I followed my baby, followed my baby
Down to her burying ground
Well, I followed my baby, followed her
Down to her burying ground
Yeah, it didn't hurt me so bad till I'd seen
Poor miss when they let her down
You know I done lost my little fair one
I guess the next thing will be me
I done lost my little fair one
I guess the next thing will be me
Whoa, I ain't dead, no boys
Po' Lightnin' sinking by degree
By degree

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