

## Chris Thile "Wayside"

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Standing on the corner  
With a nickel or a dime  
There use to be a rail car  
To take you down the line

Too much beer and whiskey  
To ever be employed  
And when I got to Nashville  
It was too much soldiers joy

Wasted on the wayside  
Wasted on the way  
If I donâ€™t go tomorrow  
You know Iâ€™m gone today

Back, baby, back in time  
I wanna go back when you were mine  
Back, baby, back in time  
I wanna go back when you were mine

Black highway all night ride  
Watching the times fall away to the side  
Clear channel way down low  
Is cominâ€™ in loud and my mind let go

Peaches in the summertime  
Apples in the fall  
If I canâ€™t have you all the time  
I wonâ€™t have none at all

Oh, I wish I was in Frisco  
In a brand new pair of shoes  
'Cause Iâ€™m sittinâ€™ here in Nashville  
With Normanâ€™s Nashville blues

So come all you good time rounders  
Listeninâ€™ to my sound  
And drink a round to Nashville  
Before they tear it down

Back, baby, back in time  
I wanna go back when you were mine

Back, baby, back in time  
I wanna go back when you were mine

Hard weather, drivin'™ slow  
Buggies and the hats in town for the show  
Oh darlin', the songs they played  
All I got left is the love we made

Back, baby, back in time  
I wanna go back when you were mine  
Back, baby, back in time  
I wanna go back when you were mine

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