

## Marshall Law

### "Bob Away My Blues"

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Well I'm goin' down to the river  
I've got a canepole in my hand  
I've got my redworms in a Maxwell house coffee can  
I'm gonna sit under ashade tree on a riverbank where  
it's cool  
I'm gonna close my eyes and dream and let the cork  
Bob away my blues

Well I wake up every mornin' I pick peaches all day  
And on Saturday night we'll have a dance or two we  
might waller in the hay  
Now the only thing that ever whipped my pa  
Was this bad dude called old age  
And his last years was his best years  
And this is what he had to say

He said boy I've worked this dirt all my life but things  
ain't been good for awhile  
Why don't you move to the city make a little money you  
might be the first one in  
The family ever to die with a smile  
Well I took his advice things goin' well  
But my friends are far and few  
But whoever said a city boy can't have the country  
blues  
Whoever said a city boy can't have the country blues  
Whoever said a city boy can't have the country blues  
Well honey they ain't talked to me and you

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