

Rory Block

"Stomping Ground"

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I've been bitten,
Lord, I've been stung.
Well I was cornered,
And I was almost hung.

Well, I sure made a getaway,
And I'm, almost back on my stompin' ground.

Well, it's been written,
Many, many times it's been sung.
Well, it's well learned by the old folks,
And unheeded by the young.

Well, the grass may be greener but,
Me, I just want my stompin' ground.

Yeah....

Well, I hear the river's swollen,
The bridge is broken down.
Weatherman's heartbroken,
But even he can't stop me now.

Won't you tell the folks I'm leaving,
And I won't be long.
Keep the door wide open,
And you will hear the train I'm on.

I've been bitten,
Lord I've been stung.
Well that's alright I'm going back,
To my old stompin' ground.

Drenched by the rain,
Almost blinded by the sun.
I'm too awake for walkin',
But I'm much too tired to run.

I just want to let my feet sink,
Deep in my stompin' ground.

Well, I been jailed,
Last week I was sprung.
Well, it's in the morning paper,
I've been lookin' all around.

Well, I'm just gonna dig in my heels,
See how it feels.
I'm going back to my stompin' ground.
My old stompin' ground, let's go.

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