

Old Crow Medicine Show

"Levi"

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Born upon the Blue ridge, at the Carolina line
Baptized on the banks of the New River
Brought upon bluegrass and clear moonshine
And tough as iron but a heart soft as leather
Levi, lord, lord, lord, they shot him down
10 000 miles from a southern town
Oh, Levi,

Like a fire on a mountain, running wild with no states
Playing nights at the golden horse shoe
And Indian raids
Now it's parachutes and combat boots
And camouflaged airplanes
And a country boy who don't belong
In the desert anyways

Levi, lord, lord, lord, they shot him down
10 000 miles from a southern town
Oh, Levi,

Well the sandbox sure gets lonesome
And it's 109 degrees
Singing carry my back to Virginia
Lord I'm down here on my knees
In the market square while the bells were ringing
Loud to fill the air
Levi gazed his eyes out, through the rocket glare
Beyond the desert and the ocean
To the furthest fields at home
And when the bullets pierced his body
He was already gone

Levi, lord, lord, lord, they shot him down
10 000 miles from a southern town
Oh, Levi, lord, lord, lord, they shot him down
Oh, Levi, oh Levi.

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