

Page & Plant

"Walking Into Clarksdale"

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When I was born I was running
As my feet hit the ground
Before I could walk I was humming
An old railroad sound
Things didn't get much better
When by the age of five
They found me walking into Clarksdale
Trying to keep my friends alive

No time for celebration
There was no known cure
Seems I was born and raised
In the wrong killing floor
And my loved ones gathered round see
If the experiment had worked
I was misplaced, out of time
Privileged and worse

Oh, mama please
Don't cry for me
Tears to the river
Tears to be free

Now I see twelve white horses
Walking in a line
Moving east across the metal
Bridge on highway 49
And standing in the shadows
Of a burnt out motel
The king of Commerce Mississippi waited
With his hound from hell, oh

A shiny noon riverboat taking
Income from the poor
It's floating by the levee in
An artificial pool
There's a six mile tailback
Back on junction 304
A stranger at the crossroads
Believe I've seen his face before

Oh,

Don't cry for me
Tears fill the river
Tears to be free

Oh, I'm sad to be leaving
The sun is going down and I really got to go now
I'm sad to be leaving
The sun's going down and I really got to go now
Really got to go now
I gotta go
I've got to move
I've got to move, yeah, ah

I'm sad to be leaving
Sun's going down and I really got to go now
I'm sad to be leaving
The sun's going down and I really got to go now, oh
hoo hoo hoo

I'm sad to be leaving
Sun's going down and I really got to go now
I'm sad to be leaving
The sun's going down and I really got to go now

Really got to go now, yeah
Oh, gotta go now, yes
Yes, gotta go now
Yeah

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