

Chris Robinson

"Barefoot By The Cherry Tree"

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Staring out of a window
Into a gray sky scene
Alone stands a widow
With her skin porcelain
To a black limosine
She exits

Lost in a moment
Waiting to be saved
A sigh from a prophet
Who foresaw this day
An kept on his way
No prediction

I just close my eyes
And you're right there with me
Dancing in the sun
Barefoot by the cherry tree

They tell railroad stories
They have the cold hands
They've no fear of dying
Yes they know the sand man
As he walks this land unrelenting

I just close my eyes
Well, and you're right there with me
Dancing in the sun
Barefoot by the cherry tree
Barefoot by the cherry tree

Pulling hard against the steam
No my trouble ain't what they seem
Sleeping out on the tracks
There's no coming back
So ride on sundowner
Ride out of town
I'll be glad when you're not around
To haunt me
Well let's I close my eyes
Well, and you're right there with me
Dancing in the sun

Barefoot by the cherry tree
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