

Richard Shindell

"Lawrence, KS"

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Dirt roads and dryland farming might be the death of
me

But I can't leave this world behind

My debts are not like prisons where there's hope of
getting free

And I can't leave this world behind

I've been from here to Lawrence, Kansas

Trying to leave my state of mind

Trying to leave this awful sadness

But I can't leave this world behind

South of Delia there's a patch out back by the willow
trees

And I can't leave this world behind

It's a fenced-in piece of nothin' where I hear voices on
my knees

And I can't leave this world behind

Some prophecies are self-fulfilling

I've had to work for all of mine

Better times will come to me, God-willing

Cause I can't leave this world behind

This world must be frightening, everybody's on the run

And I can't leave this world behind

My house is a wooden one and it's built on a wooden
one

Seems I can't leave this world behind

Preacher says that when the master calls us

He's gonna give us wings to fly

My wings are made of hay and corn husks

So I can't leave this world behind

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