

Sixteen Horsepower "Phyllis Ruth"

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The chill of Coffeerville, she's in those hills still
Kindness of her face so white
The chill of Coffeerville, Lord, pray it be Your will
That she dwell in Your house tonight

As one with spirit, yes, she goes where it goes
What my little girl sees from the sill, nobody knows
As one with spirit, yeah, she goes where it leads
Oh, boy, that's where my little girl feeds

Should I do, do like you, look long with swing eyes
Never talk about it, Phyllis Ruth
Yeah, I should do as you would
Walk right up to, to that box of wood

Yeah, step up girl
Yeah, gimme your hand
Yeah, Phyllis Ruth

How far is heaven, I'll go tonight
Be a man about it, boy, an' hold you tight
How far is heaven, I'll go tonight
Be a man about it, boy, an' hold you tight, yeah

Gimme your hand
Oh, Phyllis Ruth
[Incomprehensible]

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