

# 16 Horsepower, Phyllis Ruht

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 yeh  
She goes where it leads  
O boy - that's where my little girl feeds  
Should I do - do like you  
Look long with swing eyes  
An never talk about it  
Phyllis Ruth  
Yeah I should - do as you would  
Walk right up to that box of wood  
Step up girl  
How far is heaven  
I'll go tonight - be a man about it  
Boy an hold you tight