

# Band Of Annuals, Mercy

I'm a man of humble means,  
And I try not to let it get me down.  
No, I just keep movin' around  
Onto the next town.

Well, I'd rather live my life  
With a hand on this suitcase of mine.  
Yeah, with just enough close to get me by,  
And I'll be just fine.

Nobody, beautiful  
To hear the wind whisper through the trees.  
Nobody, it's sort of sweet.  
I'm missing Kentucky.  
But I guess I'll just keep movin' on.  
Lord, have mercy while I'm gone.

I miss the water and the levy,  
And I miss riding in Adam's old Chevy,  
Knowing how my heart gets awful heavy  
When it's time to leave town.

And the people are always friendly,  
And they like drinking, evidently.  
And also, Lord, let me down gently  
This time.

And nobody, beautiful  
To hear the wind whisper through the trees.  
And nobody, it's sort of sweet.  
I'm missing Kentucky.  
But I guess I'll just keep movin' on.  
Lord, have mercy while I'm gone.