

Clint Black, Bob Away My Blues

Well, I'm goin' down to the river
I've got a canepole in my hand
I've got my redworms
In a Maxwell house coffee can.

I'm gonna sit under a shade tree
On a riverbank where its cool
I'm gonna close my eyes and dream
And let that cork bob away my blues.

Well, I wake up every mornin'
I pick peaches all day
And on Saturday night we'll have a dance or two
We might waller in the hay.

Now the only thing that ever whipped my pa
Was this bad dude called old age
And his last years was his best years
And this is what he had to say.

He siad, boy I've worked this dirt all my life
But things ain't been good for awhile
Why don't you move to the city, make a little money
You might be the first one in the family
Ever to die with a smile.

Well, I took his advice, things goin' well
But my friends are far and few
But whoever said a city boy
Can't have the the country blues?

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Whoever said a city boy
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Well, honey they ain't talked to me and you...