

Gillian Welch, Wayside/Back In Time

3. Wayside/Back In Time

Standing on the corner with a nickel or a dime
There use to be a rail car to take you down the line
Too much beer and whiskey to ever be employed
And when I got to Nashville, it was too much soldiers joy
Wasted on the wayside, wasted on the way
If I dont go tomorrow, you know Im gone today
Back babe, back in time
I wanna go back when you were mine
Back babe, back in time
I wanna go back when you were mine
Black highway all night ride
Watching the times fall away to the side
Clear channel way down low
Is comin in loud and my mind let go
Peaches in the summertime, apples in the fall
If I cant have you all the time, I wont have none at all
Oh, I wish I was in Frisco in a brand new pair of shoes
Im sittin here in Nashville with Normans Nashville blues
So come all you good time rounders listenin to my sound
And then drink a round to Nashville for they tear it down
Back babe, back in time
I wanna go back when you were mine
Back babe, back in time
I wanna go back when you were mine
Hard weather, drivin slow
Buggies and the hats in town for the show
Oh darlin, the songs they played
All I got left of lovin me
Back babe, back in time
I wanna go back when you were mine
Back babe, back in time
I wanna go back when you were mine