

# Grayson Capps, Love Song For Bobby Long

Brewton Alabama at The Colonial Inn,  
hot day, old orange juice, some vodka on a night stand,  
there's a Chevy Nova with the seat burned out the back,  
from a Winston cigarette, that was stumped into the wind

old Bobby Long was like Zorba the Greek,  
Side-tracked by the scent of a woman,  
Could've been an actor on a moviescreen  
Stayed in Alabama just a dreamer of dreams

He played football against W.S. Neal  
should've seen him running down the field  
I grow old, I grow old where the bottoms of my  
trousers rolled  
it's a love song, for Bobby Long  
A love song, for Bobby Long

INTRO (2x)

he was a handsome man, he had Cherokee cheekbones  
a fair haired boy, where did he go wrong,  
he chose a roadless travel, made all the difference,

now he's chastisezed, critisiezed he don't make no sense  
Brewton called him crazy, he said Bobby Long was nothing but a drunk,  
but all the thoughts in his head was way passed anything they duwmb funk  
it's a love song, for Bobby Long  
a love song, for Bobby Long

but don't get me wrong, Bobby Long was no good,  
he'd drag you down, if he thought he could  
well he would drag you down,  
the road I ride will be the day for me  
won't come along  
the road I ride is gonna set me free  
he's gonna take me home

he was a friend of my papa's he used to drink and tell lies  
praised Flannery O'Connors, smoked cigarettes and filosofhied  
so here I am at The Colonial Inn  
me and Captain Long and my pretty girl-friend  
he charmes her with a poem, then he brakes down and cries  
smile a crooked smile, with his broken cheeck-bone side  
tells about his life, now he's 63,  
he looks me in the eyes, he says come and go with me  
he could walk on water, walk on water  
but you know you drown themselves and wine  
god and a devil, god and a devil,  
god and a devil along inside his mind  
it's a love song, for Bobby Long  
a love song, for Bobby Long