

Joe Purdy, Sinkin' Low

I've been sinkin' low, I can't find my baby
I've been sinkin' low, I can't find my baby
I've been high and low, faces of these stone walls
Don't know where she goes, but I know that she's gone

Her skin is dark and softer than a baby's
When she sings to me her voice is sweet as candy
Her lips are rose red, as sweet as cheery wine
Her eyes are green and blue, they can't make up their mind

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Went down to the station, I thought that I would find you
With your suit case on the ground, I knew I was right behind you, yeah
As the train doors closed I saw you through the window
You watched me as I waved; the train took you away

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I know that she's gone

I saw that building burned down, when I got to your front lawn
I thought that you'd be here, yeah, but you'd already gone
I went down to the river, you hid under the water
And then you held your breath, yeah, and then you disappeared

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I've been high and low, faces of these stone walls
Don't know where she goes, I don't know where she goes