

Nanci Griffith, Can't Love Wrong

He is from the work of a Southern writer
Where everyman's a fighter
Where the strong survive
And the weak move north to rest
He had lines of silver and hands that delivered
Me down the river
To drift away alone

I will never understand the heart of a lonely man
And why my own wheels are gonna carry me
Far from his gentle hands
Baby, I can't come home
I've been away now just too damn long
Oh, and I can't love wrong
No I can't love wrong

late night when the bars are empty
And my liquor's been plenty
And the fiction read
Rests heavy on my tongue
I miss the sound of his dreaming
I can't believe I am leaving
All that I ever wanted
Because I can't love wrong