

Anthony Hamilton, Ball And Chain

Sittin here thinkin,
Damn, im getting a little older
Tryin to find some peice of mind,
Take the weight of the world off my shoulder
(mmm) Got me drivin down the highway
(Got me drivin down the highway)
Tryin to make it thru each and everyday (Everyday)
Take the block and all poverty
Take a truck and move my people down south with me

:chorus:

Trade my ball and chain in for a ticket
On a one way trip into Georgia
Big smiles, apple pies
My people, and blue skies
Tomatoes grow where i can pick em
On an open highway through Georgia
Green grass, tear stains
Shadow dancin in the pourin rain

Sittin here lookin in the mirror
Damn its gettin a little clearer
If i could paint a perfect picture
Would you dare take it with ya
(Take it with ya, take it with ya)
Picture us whistlin while fishin
Picture us dancin while romancin
To a tune the belongs to me and you
My ball and chain we will all be free

:chorus:

We can be dancin, steady romancin
Whistlin while we steady fishin
(Steady fishin)

::Lloyd::

Singin my song til my people come along
Brothers come on
Help em keep our sisters strong
(Oh yeah, trey songz yall)
Go on get a peice of your apple pie
Lets take a ride down 85
Get your folks a better life
Come home
I aint preachin yall
This aint no sermon
I'm teachin yall that we deservin
A life mo' better than this one
Lets get away
So far away

:chorus x2: