

Clutch, Gravel Road

I'm going down that gravel. Gonna take the right hand road.
I'm going down that gravel. Gonna take the right hand road.
And I ain't stopping till my baby's home.
That girl I'm loving got great long curly hair.
That girl I'm loving got great long curly hair.
But her mother and her father sure don't want me there.

I got to study some scheme, Lord, get my baby back to herself.
I got to study some scheme, Lord, get my baby back to herself.
Lord, I love that woman and I don't want nobody else.

I looked down that road just as far as I could see.
There was a bunch of women and they be following me.

The brook run into the ocean, the ocean run into that deep blue sea.
The brook run into the ocean, the river run into that deep blue sea.
You ought to have seen them women, Lord, they be fishing after me