

# Daniel Borzewski, Work Song | Przesłuchania w c

Boys workin on empty  
Is that the kinda way to face the burning heat?  
I just think about my baby  
I'm so full of love I could barely eat  
There's nothing sweeter than my baby  
I never want once from the cherry tree  
Cause my baby's sweet as can be  
She give me toothaches just from kissin me

When, my, time comes around  
Lay me gently in the cold dark earth  
No grave can hold my body down  
I'll crawl home to her

That's when my baby found me  
I was three days on a drunken sin  
I woke with her walls around me  
Nothin in her room but an empty crib  
And I was burnin up a fever  
I didn't care much how long I lived  
But I swear I thought I dreamed her  
She never asked me once about the wrong I did

When, my, time comes around  
Lay me gently in the cold dark earth  
No grave can hold my body down  
I'll crawl home to her  
/2x

My baby never fret none  
About what my hands and my body done  
If the Lord don't forgive me  
I'd still have my baby and my babe would have me  
When I was kissing on my baby  
And she put her love down soft and sweet  
In the low lamp light I was free  
Heaven and hell were words to me

When, my, time comes around  
Lay me gently in the cold dark earth  
No grave can hold my body down  
I'll crawl home to her  
/2x