

Dusty Springfield, Natchez Trace

(Neil Goldberg / Gil Slavin)

Oh, ho
He rode into Virginia
Rollin' thunder, ridin' high
I was servin' table
Waitin' for that ride

My arms around his body
Well, we rode a thousand miles
He taught me how to love
He taught me how to fly, oh, ho, my

Hungry together
Racin' the weather
Into the Natchez Trace
Warmin' and feedin' him
All the way to Cumberland, oh, ho, yes

And I had his child in Memphis
And we watched him ride away
And now you know what a girl like me
Is doin' here today
I'm sorry mister, you can't stay

Hungry together
Racin' the weather
Into the Natchez Trace
Warmin' and feedin' him
All the way to Cumberland, oh, ho, yes

And when the piper gets to play
Somebody's got to pay
And now you know what a girl like me
Is doin' here today
Oh, I'm sorry mister, you can't stay
I'm sorry mister, you can't stay

Hungry together
Racin' the weather
Into the Natchez Trace
Warmin' and feedin' him
All the way to Cumberland, oh

When the piper gets to play
Somebody's got to pay
And now you know what a girl like me
Is doin' here today
Oh, I'm sorry mister, you can't stay
I'm sorry mister, you can't stay, oh, ho, ho, ho
Sorry mister, you can't stay
Sorry mister, you can't stay, no
Sorry mister, you can't stay, oh, ho, ho, ho
Sorry mister, you can't stay
Sorry mister, you can't stay, no
Sorry mister, you can't stay, oh
Sorry mister, sorry mister