

Flatt And Scruggs, Ten Miles From Natchez

Now freight train keeps rolling and leaves a riding to be
There's folks in Natchez that I'm longing to see
The wide cotton's growing and the magnolia's in bloom
Just ten miles from Natchez that's where I'll be making my home
Got a letter from sister she said they miss me at home
The farm is neglected cause papa can't work at the loam
Now they held this mailing mama's hair's turning grey
Just ten miles from Natchez and I'll be back with them to stay

[dobro]

I wanted to ramble you know how a young boy would dream
Off to Chicago searching for fortune and fame
Spent many long nights with the hoboes down by the track
Homesick in Natchez and too much proud to go back
I went to Alaska searching the mountains for gold
I might have stayed but the winters there are so cold
Went down to old Frisco work on the docks for a while
I was doing all right till this bound freight caught my eye
Just ten miles from Natchez that's where I'll be making my home