

Harlan Howard, I've Gotta Leave You Baby

Did you hear that whistle blow don't you know what that means
Gotta grab my bag and head for the track when I hear that whistle scream
We both knew someday it would end this way my rambling fever would rise
We've had lots of fun but the fun is done and I've gotta leave you baby
Well a baby's gotta cry a bird's gotta fly a man's gotta lie and we all gotta die
The days gotta end and the rivers gotta bend and I've gotta leave you baby

Well I've had this feeling more each day this restless urge to roam
Kept thinking back to the miles of track from New Orleans to Nome
Do the goal still play around old Frisco Bay how's the fishing up in Maine
Where the so many things tugging at my heart streams I've gotta leave you baby
(ac.guitar)

There's an Eskimo that I used to know I told him I'd be back
Got a cowboy friend out in Nelaband who shared with me his shack
When you've lived like a tramp in a hobo camp it kinda gets in your veins
I know you feel bad I know you'll be sad but I've gotta leave you baby
Well a baby's gotta cry...
Yes I've gotta leave you baby